

THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

VOL. XXVI.—NO. 45.

NEWTON, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1898.

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Men's and Ladies' Patterns, Highest Quality with all Latest Improvements.



BARGAINS. We are closing out a small lot of \$85.00 wheels, entirely new at \$25.00 each; also a few at \$20.00 each. Best bargains in Boston to-day.

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Makes every home a paradise. The field of pleasure is boundless with Gloria health, but poor health spoils all. "GLORIA" is a sanitary beverage. Gives the vigor and pleasure of youth. Half a day of new and vigorous life in every drink. Try it. 5 CENTS A GLASS.

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IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD. HALF A LOAF OF OUR BREAD IS BETTER THAN MANY A WHOLE LOAF BOUGHT FROM ANY OTHER BAKER. WE ALSO BAKE DAINTY CAKES, DELICIOUS PIES AND HOME-MADE DOUGHNUTS. TEL. 224-3. GOODS DELIVERED.

F. L. BEVERLY, Baker,
354 Centre St., Newton.
"A Bakery for 10 years."

STOVES

and every variety of

Household Goods

—AT—

BENT'S FURNITURE ROOMS,

64 Main St., Watertown.

NEWTON.

—Planos, Farley, 433 Washington street.

—Mr. Fred Marshman is in Wolfboro, N. H.

—Robert S. Cady is in Canterbury, New Hampshire.

—Miss Mary Sloane is at Nantasket for three weeks.

—Mrs. J. T. Lodge is at Outera park, Tannersville, N. Y.

—Developing and printing for amateurs done by E. E. Snyder.

—Mrs. J. N. Bacon is at Essex, the guest of her son, for August.

—Dr. Reid is at Dublin, N. H., the guest of Prof. and Mrs. Baermann.

—Driver Osborne of Hose 1 Company is enjoying his annual vacation.

—Mr. E. Kempshall and family left the first of the week for Swampscott.

—Mr. W. H. Holbrook was registered at the Ocean Side, Magnolia, last week.

—Mrs. Sheppard and family of Maple avenue have returned from Harwich.

—Mr. D. B. O. Bourdon and son have returned from Poland Springs, Maine.

—Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Frisbie will spend the month of August at West Newfield.

—Postmaster G. H. Morgan has returned from a two weeks' outing at Brant Rock.

—Mr. J. R. W. Shapleigh and family of Newtonville avenue have returned home.

—Miss Jean Hart of Morse street has been a guest at the Hillcrest, Temple, N. H.

—Miss Bassett of the Free Library has returned from her vacation at Mt. Moosilauke.

—Mr. S. A. D. Sheppard will conduct the regular session of the Baptist Sunday school.

—Alderman K. W. Hobart and family are at the Ocean-side, Marblehead Neck, for August.

—Miss Effie Whiton of Church street has returned from her outing at Winthrop Highlands.

—Joseph Kelley of Newton beats the big bass drum in the 5th Regiment band at Framingham.

—Prof. Stanton and family left this week for Chautauqua, where they will remain for three weeks.

—The Misses Wyng of Tremont street have gone to Wigginsboro, Mass., for the month of August.

—Mr. R. F. Cummings and family of Richardson street have returned from an outing at Ogunquit.

—Mr. H. E. Barker of Park street was registered at the Rockledge, Popham Beach, Maine, last week.

—Mr. John Van Baskirk and family of Richardson street have been enjoying a visit in Portsmouth, N. H.

—Slight repairs at trifling cost will greatly extend the usefulness of your shirts. See Blackwell's adv. on page 4.

—Mr. H. M. Bacon and family of Fairview street left this week for Essex, to remain until the middle of September.

—Miss Alice R. Bizelew of Jewett street has been the guest of Miss Bertha Howe.

—Mr. Mitchell Wing and family of Hallowell avenue left Saturday for a short visit at the Rockland House, Nantasket Beach.

—Mrs. Lydia C. McDuffie, recently in town the guest of friends, has returned to Somerville where she is staying with her daughter.

—Mr. A. Harold Handley, cornetist, is furnishing the music at Gray's Inn, Jackson, N. H. This is his second season at that popular White Mountain resort.

—Mrs. Helen Van Anderson will give a lecture on "Life Principles and their application to Character and Health," Monday, August 8th, 3 P. M., 7 Maple street. All cordially invited.

—The Boston & Albany house which stood on the sidewalk on Centre place, is being moved to the lot in the rear of the Graphic office, and will be fitted up for rental. The sidewalk on the street can now be completed.

—Some time Sunday night two new houses on the Farlow estate on Waverley avenue, belonging to C. W. Smith, were entered by joint pipe thieves. Only a small quantity of pipe was taken, but the houses were damaged to the extent of about \$50.

—Newton's team would have had an easy time with the West India eleven in the cricket game on Morse's field last Saturday afternoon, but rain prevented. When the game was played the visitors had scored but 24, and the home team had but one wicket down for 24.

—Friday's heat caused considerable suffering among horses in Newton. Seven deaths were recorded. The city lost two valuable animals, and most of the other horses affected belonged to local contractors.

—The largest number of deaths was reported from the south side of the city.

—Although unpleasantly near the storm center last Saturday Newton fortunately escaped any serious injury. No damage of consequence was reported. Watertown suffered the loss of the town barn, and Mt. Auburn street five electric wires were struck by lightning, and stalled for nearly an hour.

—The pictures of birds at the Free Library have attracted much admiring attention from visitors, and the exhibition will be continued, owing to repeated requests. The walls of the main waiting room of the library are covered with the pictures, all of which are colored, and it is a very instructive as well as interesting exhibition.

—On Stearns' field last Saturday afternoon the Nonantum baseball club met the University City nine of Cambridge. The visitors had piled up nine runs against Nonantum's goose-egg, when the rain made it necessary to stop the game. The clubs will meet in Cambridge, August 13. The batting order of the clubs was as follows: Nonantum—Lindsey, Spellman, Green, Miller, Dunn, Kennedy, Powers, J. Collins, P. Collins; University City—Redmond, Heaton, Wastop, Hartman, Robinson, Henderson, Erhart, Coleman and Leiby.

—While Patrolman Richard Goode was patrolling his route on Washington street in the vicinity of Armory hall about 2:15 o'clock, Monday morning, he discovered two colored men looking in the windows of the armory. For a time he watched their movements. The men did not see the officer, and having apparently satisfied their curiosity in regard to the armory building, began looking in the first story windows of houses in that vicinity. The patrolman started toward the men, and both ran at his approach. Seizing the railroad fence they attempted to jump the railroad embankment. The patrolman was soon upon them, and placing them under arrest, brought them to station 1. They could give no good reason for their presence in Newton, and claimed to have come recently from Atlanta, Ga. In court the men were sentenced to six months each at the state farm at Bridgewater. Patrolman

Goode has been commended for what is considered a very clever capture.

—Mr. James Macomber is visiting out of town.

—Mrs. May of Centre street is in Maine on a visit.

—Mr. W. C. Bates of Tremont street is away for a week.

—Miss Ensign of Billings Park is away on a vacation trip.

—Miss Sarah C. Murray is at Fort Dodge, Iowa, for the summer.

—Cashier B. F. Bacon and wife have returned from Magnolia.

—Mr. and Mrs. Howard B. Allen of Park street are at Gloucester.

—Mrs. E. A. Whitney of Jefferson street is visiting in Ashburnham.

—Miss Sarah Parker has returned from her visit at North Scituate.

—Mr. W. C. Whitney of Jefferson street left Friday for Ashburnham.

—Mr. C. W. Loring and family are at the Pratt cottage, Princeton, Mass.

—Mr. and Mrs. Bert Aston have returned from their vacation trip.

—Dr. T. O. Loveland and family left this week for an outing in Maine.

—Mrs. M. B. Whiting and the Misses Whiting are guests at Fitzwilliam, N. H.

—Letter carriers Wm. and James Dunn started Wednesday on their annual vacation.

—Letter carriers Keefe and Farwell have returned to duty after a two weeks' vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McNichol of Maple avenue are visiting relatives in the Provincies.

—Patrolmen R. B. Conroy and Peter McAlister have returned from their vacations.

—Mr. Robert Barber of Pittsfield has been staying here this week the guest of friends.

—Mr. J. H. Cristle and family of Grassmead street, left this week for North Scituate.

—Mr. A. R. Weed was last week among the guests at Jefferson Falls house, Jackson, N. H.

—Mr. Earle H. Barber of Maple circle is spending a few weeks in North Bridgetown, Maine.

—Mr. and Mrs. Morton Cobb of Claremont avenue have returned home after a brief absence.

—Mr. Gilman B. Paine was registered at the Mount Pleasant house, White Mountains, last week.

—Miss Minnie Coolidge, Miss Belle Barnes and Mrs. Barnes are summering at Chatham beach.

—Mrs. McLaren of New Bedford has been visiting her son Mr. John McLaren of Waban street.

—Mrs. P. A. Murray and children are at Northport Camp Ground, Maine, for the month of August.

—Miss Mary McLehlan left recently for Berlin Falls, N. H., where she will be the guest of relatives.

—Mr. Andrew S. March and family of Park street, left this week for the Cotochet House, Waban.

—Mrs. Horace Edmonds of Centre street has been at Manchester-by-the-Sea, the guest of Mrs. E. C. Fitch.

—Mr. J. Henry Bacon and family are expected home this week from their summer home at Chateaufort, Essex.

—Mr. Herbert Woods of Watertown will have charge of the men's meeting next Sunday afternoon at the Y. M. C. A.

—Mr. Howard Travis of Eldridge street has been at Magnolia this week, the guest of Mr. Charles Billings of Franklin street.

—Mr. L. L. Whitcomb and family of Richardson street, are summering at the Mount Lookout house, Contoosook, N. H.

—Mrs. Mary A. Pyne of Beverly, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Hart of Morse street, returned this week to her home.

—To complete your vacation before going and returning is to have your face adorned with one of Burns' artistic hair cuts. Coler's Block.

—Mrs. W. F. Whitney, Master Walter Whitney and Miss Bertha M. Knowles of Bacon street, leave this week for Contoosook, N. H.

—Mr. Reuben Ford and family will return to Newton the latter part of this month and occupy their residence on Tremont street.

—Mr. Henry Bagbee came down from Watertown Sunday, and is spending his two weeks vacation with his parents at their home on Emerson street.

—Miss Blanche N. Small of Truro who has been here for several weeks is now staying with her brother at his home on Commonwealth avenue, Boston.

—Mrs. George D. Byfield of Eldridge street has returned from a month's visit to her parents in Delaware and will spend the rest of the season at North Scituate.

—At the Methodist church next Sunday morning at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. will be held the union vacation services. Prof. J. W. Churchill of Andover, Mass., will be in charge.

—Mr. H. E. Bothfield came down from Jefferson, N. H., last Friday, to be near his brother as long as there was any danger, and will return to New Hampshire tomorrow.

—Mr. C. F. Kendall, son of Col. L. H. Kendall of the First Infantry Volunteers, now at Chickamauga Park, Ga., with Miss Winnie Pillsbury of Biddeford, Maine, and Miss Angie V. Roberts of Litchfield, Maine, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Harrington of Church street.

—Some of the members of Co. C, U. S. V., now in camp at Framingham, have been prolonging their leaves of absence without the necessary permission from headquarters.

—At evening parade last Saturday the following findings of the court martial were read: For absence without leave, Private McCarthy of Co. C five days' hard labor and fine of \$5; Private Cronin of Co. C five days' hard labor and fine of \$5; Private McGovern of Co. C five days' hard labor and fine of \$5; Private McGovern of Co. C five days' hard labor and fine of \$5; Private McGovern of Co. C five days' hard labor and fine of \$5; Private McGovern of Co. C five days' hard labor and fine of \$5.

—Mr. Gullian H. Van Voorhis died Sunday night at the Newton Hospital after a short illness. Mr. Van Voorhis had been removed to the hospital Thursday to undergo an operation, which though successful, he failed to survive. Mr. Van Voorhis was born in Boston 51 years ago. For the past six years he has resided in Newton, making his home on Newtonville avenue. He was a prominent member of Grace Episcopal church, and well known in Newton society. As a business man he was associated with the lumber trade in Boston for many years, with an office at 130 State street. He leaves a wife, one daughter and two sons. The funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at the house, Rev.

Dr. Shinn officiating. The interment was at Mount Auburn.

—Mr. Frank Hussey has been the guest of friends here this week.

—Mr. A. E. Whitney of Manele, Indiana, is here visiting relatives.

—Mr. E. T. Fearing and family of Park street are at Pacham, Vermont.

—Mr. Samuel Howe and family of Tremont street will remove this month to Grassmead street.

—The new incandescent lights recently placed in position at the southeast and northwest corners of the iron bridges over the B. & A. were operated for the first time this week, with much success.

—Mrs. Caroline M. Corey, widow of the late Jacob A. Corey, died Wednesday morning at the home of her son-in-law, Mr. James W. French, on Washington street. Mrs. Corey was a daughter of Simon Wilkinson, and was 72 years old. She was a resident of Wellesley Hills, but had been visiting her daughter in Newton. The funeral services will be held this afternoon, and the interment at Mt. Auburn cemetery.

—Arthur Alfred, 12 years old, of 27 Thornton street, for striking a playmate, August Harris, in the eye last Monday evening, came before Judge Kennedy this morning on a charge of assault and battery. Alfred has been in court before, and according to those residing in the neighborhood, has a most unfavorable reputation. The case was heard, and the boy found guilty. He was given a severe reprimand by Judge Kennedy, with the warning that appearance in court again would mean a sentence to the reform school. Alfred's father and Probation Officer Lattie will care for his future, hoping to accomplish his reform.

—Dr. J. F. Bothfield is now considered to be out of danger and is rapidly recovering from the effects of the operation for appendicitis, which took place at the Newton Hospital last Saturday morning. Dr. Packard and Dr. May were in charge, assisted by a number of Newton physicians. The operation was very successful, but the effects of the other left the patient in a very critical condition, and several times during that period hope was given up, but the skillful care of the nurses and attending physicians finally showed favorable results. The doctor's many friends throughout the city will be glad to hear that his recovery is now considered certain.

—Henry C. Godfrey, 45 years old, and no permanent address, was before Judge Kennedy this morning on a charge of vagrancy. He had attempted to borrow five cents from Photographer Kelly of the Stevens building, yesterday afternoon. Dr. H. C. Spencer, also of the Stevens building, met Godfrey in the hallway, and recognized him as a man, whom it is alleged stole a pocket book from Dr. Spencer's Chelsea office last Saturday. He invited the man to have a soda, and in the meantime dispatched a boy to police station 1. Patrolmen Conroy and O'Halloran met Godfrey, and he was given six months in the house of correction.

WABAN.

—There will be no services in the church during this week.

—Mr. D. Q. Baker is occupying his new house on Windsor road.

—Mr. Southwick's house on Waban avenue is progressing rapidly.

—Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Hill are stopping at Mrs. De L. Shepley's, Beacon street.

—Mrs. Myron C. Pease's brother, Mr. A. I. Davenport, lies critically ill at Elliot Hall.

—Mrs. B. S. Cloutman and daughter, Miss Hattie Severance, are at York beach, Maine.

—Miss Lou E. Locke returned Monday from Chatham where she has been visiting friends.

—Mrs. C. S. Norris and daughter left Tuesday for their summer home, Sunnyside, Warren.

—Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cook's little daughter Bertha M., is on a month's visit to her grandfather Mr. M. K. Norwood of Duxbury.

—Mr. L. H. Bacon and family have returned from a two weeks' visit to Mr. Bacon's brother, Winthrop, of the Winthrop Steamship Company.

—J. Simeone & Son who conducted a fruit store here have removed to West Newton. It is understood a cobbler will occupy the store vacated by them.

—Mr. F. S. Miller and family have returned from New York, but start Wednesday for one of the Maine beaches where they will remain two weeks.

—Mr. W. S. Carr has just received a letter from his former coachman, Morton Crowley, who is confined in the Marine Hospital, New York, owing to wounds received in the battle of El Caney, near Santiago, Cuba. After leaving Mr. Carr's employ he enlisted in the 7th Infantry, U. S. Regulars, and in a letter that the reports of the hardships they had to endure down there are not a bit exaggerated as they were something terrible. His wounds are severe but he will recover.

Albany's Back Bay Station.

The Boston & Albany railroad will have two stations in the Back Bay, one for inward and the other for outward business, and plans for them have been made by A. W. Longfellow, Jr., and those for one have been submitted for the approval of the building department. This one is for inward business, and will be located between Huntington avenue and Dartmouth street. It will be a handsome structure of granite and brownstone, 80 feet long and 30 feet in width. One of the most interesting features about it is that a baggage room is provided, indicating an intention to handle baggage at the Back Bay. The waiting room will be 60 by 28 feet, and there will be several smaller rooms for offices, etc.

The outward station will be located on the other—the north—side of the Albany tracks.

Cutters' Silks.

John C. Meyer & Co. is the youngest spool silk and thread house in the country, and has made a success of the business, not by the price of their goods, but by the quality, and by the keeping up of the high standard of the Meyer Threads and Cutter's Spool Silks. These goods are for sale by all the leading dry and fancy goods houses throughout the country; if you cannot obtain them of your dealer, send to them direct, and your order will be filled, and samples and prices will be furnished on application. Also the ladies will find that the Cutter's high grade Art and Crochet Silks are made out of the finest grade of raw stock, and are acknowledged by art and needle experts in the needle world to be the longest, strongest and smoothest on the market.

Lake Chautauqua via the Fitchburg and Erie Railroads is a popular combination. Rate for the round trip from Boston only \$14.20.

NEWTON UPPER FALLS.

—Mr. James Ackroyd of Elliot street has returned from his vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Burke have returned from a visit at Colchester.

—Mrs. E. W. Sabin of Boylston street has returned from her vacation.

—Rev. F. J. McConnell has returned from a sojourn at Wells Beach, Maine.

—Rev. Mr. King of Oak Hill preached at the Baptist church last Sunday morning.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Sherman have been attending the camp meeting at R. I.

—Miss Carver and friend of Delaware, Ohio, are guests of Rev. F. J. McConnell.

—Mr. H. E. Locke of High street has returned home after a western business trip.

—Rev. H. J. Davis, pastor of the Baptist church, preached at North Easton last Sunday.

—An electric car of the Newton & Boston street railway was struck by lightning during Saturday's storm, and was delayed for some time.

—Mr. William K. Dunham and family of Cottage street have returned from an outing at Nantasket.

—Mrs. O. G. Billings of Oak street has returned from a visit to Philadelphia and Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

—A number from this place will attend the Veteran Firemen's league muster at Portland, Me., Aug. 18th.

—All the business men have decided to close their stores each Wednesday afternoon during the month of August.

—The Newton Upper Falls baseball team will meet the Institutions of Roxbury on Dudley's field tomorrow afternoon.

—Over 700 people of this village attended the picnic held by the parish of St. Mary's church at West Medway, last Saturday.

—Waldo Jones, supposed to be of this place, died in New York on the first day of August as the result of injuries received while protecting a little girl from two intoxicated roughs. A small plain handkerchief was found in the left vest pocket.

—Mr. Thomas Pleton, who was injured at Petter's Machine Works July 26, is doing well at the Newton Hospital. He was seriously hurt but not so badly mangled as was reported at first. His right leg was burned through to the bone by the wheel on which he was working, and his left leg was slightly burned. His head and body were not hurt.

—A trolley wire that was blown down at the junction of Sumner and Chestnut streets Saturday evening in the thunder storm caused a little excitement for a short time. Someone tied the wire about a tree. The bark of the tree being wet it soon became charged, and several passers-by received an unpleasant shock in their attempts to repair the damage.

—Next Thursday evening at the lodge hall on High street, the recently elected officers of Perseverance lodge, 122, I. O. G. T. will be installed. The new board consists of the following members: John Temperley, Chief Templar; Lina Ross, Vice-Templar; John H. O'Brien, Secretary; Mrs. J. L. Babin, Financial Secretary; Mrs. Alma Conly, Treasurer; Lizzie Clark, Marshal; Alex. McDougall, Past Chief Templar; Mrs. George Wright, Chaplain. The lodge is in a splendid condition financially, and a number of new members constantly being enrolled is very gratifying.

—Officer Seaver has returned to duty after a vacation of two weeks.

—Several families from here who have been at Green Harbor during July returned home this week.

—During the destruction of the yellow block some very old pieces of money were found by some of the workmen. One piece dating 1802 is very well preserved.

—An intoxicated individual created amusement for a number last Monday by attempting to get on a bicycle he was trying to ride and falling off. He was arrested in Wellesley a little later by day officer Armitage.

—Mr. John Dolan has taken off the roof of the machine room of the Finlay mill, leaving the place clear for the next improvement by the park commission to build a granite wall. The work, it is stated, may commence in a short time.

A Reliable Institution.

This can be truly said of the Bryant & Stratton Commercial School of Boston, which, as our readers will notice by the advertisement in this week's issue, will reopen Tuesday, Sept. 6th.

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

A little once grew near a lily,
A stately lily and a tiny lily,
And the wind waved the one to the other,
And the spirit of love was there.

And unto the lily and thistle
A sweet little flower was born,
And the lily bent down to caress it,
And her finger was pricked by a thorn.

The blood that the pale, pure lily,
In the joy of her motherhood, shed,
Gave the sweet little stranger its color,
Gave the rose its beautiful red.

The rose that unto the lily
And unto the thistle was born,
By the lily was given its beauty,
By the thistle was given its thorn.

—Cleveland Leader.

AN UNCLE'S CHOICE.

Mr. Theophilus Templeton leaned back very comfortably in his leather chair, brass nail studded leather chair, rested his elbows on the arms, brought his finger tips together and looked very benign and important.

"A rich man, eh? Well, yes, I am a rich man—what some people would call a very rich man—and the beauty of it is I made my fortune myself. When I started out for myself, a lad of 10—that's 50 years ago or more—I had all my worldly goods in a red handkerchief, slung on a stick over my shoulder. Today—I say it with out boasting—there's not a finer line of steamships afloat than the City, and I own 'em all—every blessed baker's dozen of 'em."

Fred Warrington listened respectfully—a handsome young fellow, with a wide awake, frank look in his blue eyes, and a general manly bearing about him that recommended him wherever he went, very especially to ladies.

"And yet, with all your wealth, your beautiful home, your family, affectionate nature, you have used all your life in accumulating riches. You have never married—never had a real, true home," he observed.

"That's the rankest kind of nonsense, my boy. I never married because I never yet saw the woman I wanted. But it's a good thing for a young fellow to settle down. I believe that, if I didn't practice it, I hope you'll marry early, Fred."

A little twinkling in Warrington's handsome face.

"I agree with you there, sir, to a T. I think I shall marry early."

Mr. Templeton bestowed a satisfied look on him.

"All right, my dear boy. Marry early and marry to please me, and I'll remember you handsomely. I'll give you a country house to live in in summer time and the town residence for winter. I'll give you ten thousand a year income, and your wife shall have the handsomest diamonds Street's can collect."

Any one in the world would have thought Fred Warrington was transported to the seventh heaven of rapture at the bewildering prospect held out to him, but he merely looked a little graver as he bowed courteously.

"I know you are just as good and generous as it is possible for man to be, Uncle Phil, but—"

Fred hesitated in his speech, and a thoughtful frown gathered on his forehead.

Mr. Templeton looked the surprise he felt.

"But! Where can the 'but' be to such an offer as that? You've only to marry to please me. By Jupiter! Frederick, it isn't possible you're already in love!"

"Already and engaged to the sweetest and dearest little girl!"

Mr. Templeton remorselessly cut short the loverlike enthusiasm.

"Oh, of course, of course! But who is she? What is her name?"

"She is Miss Rose Fleming, and she is a music teacher, and her eyes are—"

Mr. Templeton looked sternly across the green table.

"I don't care whether they are black or green, you can't marry her. I've picked out a wife for you, and the quicker you get clear of your music teacher the better."

Fred colored; then the look of wild-eyed defiance Uncle Phil was acquainted with came into his eyes, making them deep and darkly blue.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said quietly, "but a fellow prefers to pick out his own wife. I have chosen Miss Fleming."

"The deuce you have! Well, then, let's hear what you have to say when I tell you the lady I have in my eye for my future niece is the most beautiful, cultured, refined girl who ever flashed into west end society. She's rich, too, and just the very daisy for you. A music teacher, indeed, when Beatrice Lovett is to be had for the asking!"

"Which doesn't raise her in my estimation," Fred avowed serenely.

"What!" Mr. Templeton said sternly. "Fred, you're a fool!"

And then Fred laughed, which had a most exasperating effect upon the old gentleman.

"I say you shall marry her, and I want you to put on your hat and go with me at once and be introduced to her. She's staying at Mrs. Saxony's. Come along, sir!"

Fred rose promptly.

"Certainly. I'll go and be presented to her, and I dare say there will be no reason why I shall not admire her immensely, but as for falling in love with Miss Lovett—"

He laughed and shrugged his broad shoulders, then put on his hat and went out with Mr. Templeton to meet the charming young lady intended for his destiny.

It was a beautiful little villa not far from Mr. Templeton's stately mansion, a little back from the parade, and it made a very pretty picture, with its white lace draperies floating in the stiff sea breeze, and the spray from the fountains blowing in a rainbow shower, and the gay striped awnings fluttering from the scalloped borders in the July sunshine.

The liveried footman bowed his best and regretted to be obliged to inform the gentlemen that Mrs. Saxony was not in. A swift look of dismay on Mr. Templeton's face perhaps touched that functionary's tender heart, for he hastened to assure them that Miss Lovett was in the drawing room. "Would they walk in?"

midway down the path and turned to look back at Mrs. Saxony's house.

"By Jove! There she is at the window—Miss Lovett! Isn't she a beauty? Isn't she sweet enough to turn any fellow topsy turvy? Look, Fred—there's the wife I picked out for you! Can your music teacher beat that?"

And Mr. Templeton seized his unoffending nephew by the sleeve and gesticulated emphatically toward the open window where a girl sat, beautiful indeed—marvelously beautiful, fair and dainty, with dark, lustrous hair braided on a proud little head, and straight, heavy dark brows that made the purity of her complexion still more dazzling. A rosebud of a mouth, a round, handsomely chiseled chin, a white dress, with creamy lace and a pink rose at her throat, made a picture fair enough to indeed have turned any man's senses "topsy turvy."

She did not raise her eyes from her book, and she was unconscious of their eager gaze.

"So you're struck, eh? So you'll give the old man credit for having good taste, will you? You wouldn't mind having her for your wife after all, I suppose."

Fred drew a long breath, then quickly linked his arm in Mr. Templeton's and drew that gentleman away.

"She is the sweetest, most beautiful ever saw. I'll marry her tomorrow! I shall have her," he said.

"And how the old gentleman laughed, and drew that gentleman away."

"Music teacher notwithstanding, eh?" he said.

And then Fred laughed, and Mr. Templeton generously decided not to be too sarcastic on the poor boy.

Almost at the same moment a tall, lovely girl, several years older than the fair in white by the window in Mrs. Saxony's drawing room, entered and went up to her.

"Absorbed in your book still, Rosalie? It is time for my lesson, isn't it?"

And Rosalie Fleming laid down her book, and for an hour she and Miss Beatrice Lovett devoted themselves to the music lesson, to be interrupted by a gentleman who had climbed the footman to permit him to enter the music room unannounced and to whom Rosalie flew with a little shriek of delight.

"Fred, oh, Fred! How did you know I was in Brighton? I only came yesterday to assist Miss Lovett with her music. This is Miss Lovett, Fred—Mr. Warrington, Miss Lovett."

And before he had finished his very delightful remarks, Mr. Warrington related to the ladies the mistake his uncle had made.

"And I am sure Miss Lovett will not blame me if I insist that I shall marry you, little Rosalie, and the sooner the better, before Uncle Phil discovers his mistake."

And the next week there was a quiet wedding at the local registrar's office while Mr. Templeton was taking his siesta in his chair, with his handkerchief over his face, dreaming of the days when beautiful Miss Lovett would reign royally in his nephew's home.

At 8 o'clock the same night he was electrified by the receipt of a note from Fred.

"I have been and gone and done it, Uncle Phil," it said. "I promised you I would marry the lady you selected for me, and I shall present her to you in an hour. There's nothing like striking when the iron's hot, is there?"

And punctually on time Fred appeared, his bride on his arm, lovely as the morning, blushing like a rose, her blue eyes shining like stars, her sweet red mouth quivering as she looked wistfully up into Mr. Templeton's face when Fred presented her.

"We've quite stolen a march upon you, but this is my wife, Uncle Theophilus—Mrs. Fred Warrington, fast and sure."

"I'm astonished and dumfounded and delighted, my dear. However did you do it, Fred?"

But before Fred could make the explanation he deemed incumbent a servant announced a lady, who came sweeping in in garments of deep purple velvet—a girl with tarry eyes and hair as golden as sunshine.

"Miss Beatrice Lovett!" said the servant.

And then—well, the scene is indescribable, but with two lovely women beseeching him to forgive, and the pearly purple eyes making him feel the queerest around his heart he ever had felt, somehow—he never knew how—Theophilus Templeton slipped a key into the lock and accepted the situation with the best grace at his command until six months afterward, when he triumphantly announced to his nephew that the luckiest day of his life had been when he mistook Rosalie for Miss Lovett.

"For since you wouldn't have her for your wife you shall have her for your aunt and help yourself if you can!"

But as no one was at all anxious to help Mr. Templeton married his beautiful young wife, and it is a question who of the quartet is the happiest—Pauline Montague in Spare Moments.

The Reporter's Blunder.

"Here!" said the city editor to the new reporter. "There's something wrong about this story of the murder."

"What is it?" the new man asked.

"I don't know what it is, but there's something the matter with it. I've read it through twice and can't make it out."

"I said 'the murderer struck the deadly blow with some blunt instrument,' didn't I?"

"Yes; that's here all right."

"Did I say there were evidences of a deadly struggle?"

"Yes, you've got that in three times."

"Well, I can't imagine what it is that I've omitted. I remember saying that the 'murderer stole upon his victim like a cat approaches a mouse,' so that can't be what you're alluding to."

F THOU HADST NEVER SMILED.

If thou hadst never smiled on me
Or fondness for me shown,
Despair's dark shadows would not now
Around my heart be thrown.

The hopes I cherished long ago,
In happy boyhood's years,
Have perished—have been washed away
By many bitter tears.

Yet still my heart in secret shall
With fond affection beat,
Although we never more on earth
Again in love may meet.

So fare thee well; the die is cast,
Death soon shall close the scene,
But you and I shall never be
The same as we have been.

—New Work Ledger.

BOILING WATER WITHOUT FIRE.

The Only Trick About It Is to Stir It Long and Hard Enough.

It is possible to make a pail of water boil without putting it on the fire and without applying external heat to it in any way. In fact, you can make a pail of water boil by simply stirring it with a wooden paddle. The feat was performed in the physical laboratory of Johns Hopkins university in Baltimore, and any one may do it with a little trouble and perseverance.

All you have to do is to place your water in a pail—it may be ice water if necessary—and stir it with a wooden paddle. If you keep at it long enough, it will certainly boil. Five hours of constant and rapid stirring are sufficient to perform the feat successfully. The water will after a time grow warm, and then it will grow hot—so hot, in fact, that you cannot hold your hand in it, and finally it will boil.

Professor Ames of Johns Hopkins annually illustrates some of the phenomena of heat by having one of his students perform the trick in front of his class. It is a tiresome job, but it is perfectly feasible.

The point which Professor Ames wishes to illustrate is what is known as the mechanical equivalent of heat. It requires just so many foot pounds of work to develop a given quantity of heat. By turning the paddle in the water at a regular speed it is possible to find out just how much work is required to raise the temperature of water one degree. The best measurement so far made, and in fact the one which is accepted as the standard of the world, is that which was measured in Johns Hopkins university.

Heat is developed in almost any substance which is subjected to continuous or very violent action. It is an old trick for a blacksmith to forge with his hammer. Long continued and violent hammering on two pieces of wire will heat them to such an extent that they can be welded together.

A lead bullet, if shot directly at a stone wall, will develop heat enough by the contact to melt and fall to the ground a molten mass. There are many other occasions wherein this mechanical development of heat becomes manifest.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Ethics and Business Clashed.

"I first began my practice," the doctor remarked between the puffs of a cigar, "down in a little town in Georgia. Business came pretty slow, and I had made up my mind that I should not advertise, and I want to tell you how it came out. The proprietor of one of the little papers came to me one day with the remark:

"Doctor, I want a little ad from you for The Weekly Razor."

"I couldn't do it, my good friend," I replied, "for it would be a flagrant violation of professional ethics."

"What's the matter?"

"Why, the rules of the profession."

"Oh, I see! Well, couldn't you let me use your name in cases where you are called?"

"Yes, no objection to that."

"And you'll pay me for it?"

"Not a cent," I replied, perhaps a little harshly, for I thought the editor was trying to work me.

"Out he went, apparently angry, but I paid no attention to it. One day I was looking at The Razor, and in it was the notice of the recovery of a little girl in the town, and at the conclusion was the brief but flattering compliment, 'Dr. Gannt in attendance.' I confess I thought better of the fellow and was pleased. The next week, however, one of my patients died, and at the conclusion of a very pathetic obituary notice was that same line, 'Dr. Gannt in attendance.' You ought to have seen me get to the office and get an advertisement in The Razor."

—Denver Times.

Eye Language.

No part of the human countenance engages our attention so frequently as the eyes. When face to face in conversation, we do not look at the lips—although, as a rule, the attention is very quickly taken by any movement—but at the eyes of the person with whom we are speaking. In fact, one usually feels that there is a sense of incompleteness in the association of mind with mind by means of conversation if there is not a continual interchange of glances, making a kind of running commentary on the words spoken.

Now, why is there this continual meeting of eyes accompanying all kinds of human intercourse? Partly no doubt it is attributable to certain habits of comparatively recent date. The eye, "the window of the soul," is a more truthful exponent of the inward thoughts than the tongue, and, seeing that speech is very frequently used not to tell the thoughts, but to conceal them, we look to the eyes for confirmation or the reverse for what our ears are taking in.—Louis Robinson in Popular Science Monthly.

Furniture Polish.

One of the best homemade floor and furniture polishes comes to us from the Japanese. It consists of one pint each of linseed oil and cold strong tea, the whites of two eggs and two ounces of spirits of salt. Shake well before using. Put a few drops on a pad of soft silk and rub hard, then polish with an old piece of silk. The work is tedious and fatiguing, but the effect is almost equal to new.

Oak Poisoning.

Before exposure to poison oak or immediately after poisoning may be avoided by a hot bath in which has been dissolved two tablets of bichloride of mercury. Relief may be obtained after poisoning has occurred by washing the inflamed part frequently with a strong solution of green soap. After bathing with formalin.

Elongated rifle bullets are made from leaden rods. A machine cuts them into the required lengths, stamps them into shape by means of steel dies and drops them finished into a box at the rate of 7,000 an hour.

Birds of prey are able to look at the sun without being dazzled because there is a membrane under their eyelids which they can pull down at will.



Feeding the Fire.

The most powerful engine must stop if the fires are not fed. Man is the most wonderful piece of machinery in the world, yet no matter how strong and well made his body (frame) may be, if the fire of life within him is not constantly fed his limbs and muscles become powerless and useless.

The reason men become helpless and diseased is because the food they eat, which is the fuel of life, is not properly digested and appropriated by the stomach and nutritive organs. It is not completely transformed into the strength and working power which is to man what steam is to the engine.

That wonderful power-making "Golden Medical Discovery," invented by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the "Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute," of Buffalo, N. Y., imbues the human digestive juices and blood-making glands with capacity to extract abundant nourishment from the food. It builds up organic tissue, nerve fiber, hard muscular flesh and working force. It gives a man steam.

What it did for Mr. F. S. Hughes, of Junction, Hunterdon Co., N. J., is given in his own words. He writes: "I received your kind letter, and in reply would say that mine was a bad case of kidney and liver trouble, and that six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and four bottles of 'Pelle's' effected a complete cure. It is well known that almost every engineer is troubled more or less with kidney trouble, especially on our fast express trains. I run one hundred and forty-four miles on these trains every day in the week, and have had no return of the trouble since taking the remedies, nearly three years ago."

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M. C. HIGGINS,
PRACTICAL PLUMBER

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Having had twenty-two years' experience in the business in this city, perfect satisfaction is guaranteed.

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T. J. HARTNETT,
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Monuments, Head Stones,

Tablets, Posts,
Markers and Statues.

Fine stock at manufacturers' prices.
35-53 MAIN ST., CAMBRIDGEPORT.

Newton and Watertown cars stop at the door.

Mr. Somers wishes to announce to his Newton customers that his Spring Woolens for Gentlemen's Wear, embracing a choice line of specially selected fabrics for the season, are now displayed. An early call before the rush of the season will insure the best of attention.

C. B. SOMERS, Tailor.

149A Tremont St., Cor. West St.,
BOSTON.

Are you troubled in getting
Trousers that Fit?
We will solve
the difficulty.

503 Washington Street,
BOSTON.

FINE DRESS SUITS A SPECIALTY.

Established 1869.

SIMPSON BROTHERS,
(CORPORATION) CONTRACTORS FOR

Concrete Walks and Driveways, Asphalt Floors,

Artificial Stone Walks and Steel-Bound Curbs.

We have been awarded the sidewalk contract for the City of Newton for 1898, and are ready to receive orders or give estimates for work in private grounds.

P. O. Address, Newton, or Boston Office, Room 58, 166 Devonshire St.

Telephone 1155, Boston. Refer to 20 Years' Work in Newton.

WILL ADD TEN YEARS TO YOUR LIFE.

RUBBER TIRES.

Applied to any carriage, new or old.

Moderate Prices.

P. A. MURRAY,
CARRIAGE BUILDER

200 to 210 Washington St., Newton.

WATER BUGS AND ROACHES.

Clear them out with our Exterminator.

No dust. No trouble to use.

Price, 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. If your drug-gist or grocer does not keep it, we will mail package on receipt of price.

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Cole's Block, 367 Centre St., New'ton.

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Parties having Second-Hand Bicycles, Furniture, Carpets, Stoves, etc., to sell will find it to their advantage to drop us a postal card and we will call.

GILSON AUCTION ROOMS,
567 Main St., Waltham, Mass.

FRED A. HUBBARD,
Pharmacist.

ASSOCIATES' BLOCK, 425 CENTRE ST.,
NEWTON.

SUNDAY CLOSING HOURS:
From 10.30 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 4 P. M.



DEMAND THE OLD RELIABLE
FRAZER'S GREASE

USE THE BEST

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of all local entertainments to which admission fee is charged must be paid for at regular rates, 25 cents per line in the reading matter, or \$1 per inch in advertising columns.

OUR STATE BOSS.

It is asserted by a prominent Republican politician that there is no state in the Union so under the thumb of any boss as Massachusetts is under the thumb of Senator Lodge. He says that he has been investigating the situation, and he finds that every Republican town and city committee in the state is already fixed for the re-election of Senator Lodge. The machine republicans will run the caucuses and will see to it that only Lodge men are nominated for the Legislature. The dreariness of the outlook led this politician to be very blue regarding the success of any effort to defeat Lodge. He did not see how it could be done, and he had evidently been studying the question with much attention to detail. "Lodge never stops working in politics," he affirmed. "He is always at it, and that is the reason why it is so hard to do anything. He had this election all attended to long ago."

There is but little doubt of the truth of all this, and yet what has Senator Lodge ever done for the state of Massachusetts in his public career? The business men of the state do not like him, as he never has time to attend to them, unless it is something that will redound to the advancement of Mr. Lodge personally. It would be difficult for even Mr. Lodge's warmest friends to tell what he has done for his own state, with his force bills, his immigration bills, his bimetalism, his bill for the recognition of the insurgents in Cuba, and his other measures, all of which failed, and all of which were not popular in his own state. The jingo policy has never been popular in Massachusetts, and yet Mr. Lodge has been one of the loudest jingoes in Congress.

One trouble is that Mr. Lodge has no sympathy with the common people, no bonds of contact with them, and does not understand them. For this reason he always takes the unpopular side of measures, even when he is taking them up because he thinks that he is taking the popular side. His failure in politics has its humorous side, especially as he is always under the impression that he has just found out what will advance his popularity.

It would be much to the advantage of Massachusetts and of the nation, to trade off Mr. Lodge for some man of principle, one able to see in public matters something besides his own personal interests, and capable of giving wise advice when called on by the national party leaders. Business men say that the business interests of Massachusetts are utterly neglected by him, and yet in spite of all the growling and all the dissatisfaction, it is believed that Mr. Lodge has built up such a machine for himself that effective opposition to him is hopeless.

There have been several attempts to start a movement for a better man, and the latest is in favor of Councillor William Plunkett of Adams, who would stand well with the business men and with the party men, and who would be a strong candidate. If the people could be aroused, there is no doubt but that they could smash the machine, as bosses are not popular in Massachusetts.

TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

The stories of the suffering of the sick and wounded soldiers on the hospital ship Concho have caused great indignation among the people of this country, as it was something that might easily have been avoided. It is only another instance of the way the war department has been mismanaged.

The ship left Santiago for New York with putrid water, insufficient supplies and no ice, although those in charge knew that the sick and wounded men would need all of these things. The ship became a thing of horror long before the voyage was ended, and popular indignation has been aroused to such an extent that the war department has been stirred up to make an investigation.

The medical department of the army is thoroughly aroused over the attempt to cast odium upon it, and the responsible officials assert that they propose to have the investigation of the Concho broad enough to name the persons responsible for the criminal blunders.

Maj. Gen. Shafter is scored severely by medical officers, who claim that his arbitrary orders were largely the cause of the mistake which inflicted so much unnecessary suffering upon soldiers convalescing from fever or recovering from wounds inflicted in battle.

Surgeon General Sternerberg is not one of the popular heroes of the war, and his comments on the work of the Red Cross nurses have not recommended him to popular favor.

The failure of the commissary department has been scandalous ever since our troops have been taken to camp, but not

ing else could have been expected from the officers in charge, most of whom were appointed merely because they had a political pull with Secretary Alger, and he soldiers have had to suffer from the consequences of such unit appointments.

One would have thought, nevertheless, that the medical department of the army would have been efficiently managed, as it would have been an easy matter to have foreseen what supplies would be needed, and there was no lack of medical men to volunteer their services, at the outset of hostilities. These men were not welcomed by the Surgeon General, but rather the reverse. So much sticking for red tape and too little regard for the comfort of the sick seems to be two things that are the matter with the medical department, and it is to be hoped that the investigation will be thorough and impartial, without any suspicion of whitewashing methods. The country pays for the best service and that is what we should have.

The scandals in the medical and commissary department give some idea of what we may expect in our management of foreign colonies, Hawaii and the other islands we annex, where the officials are appointed by means of these "influences" or as rewards for political service, and who go into the thing for what they can make out of it. They can be depended on, most of such appointees, to get in "on the ground floor" of whatever enterprises are going on.

Who will be the Representatives from Newton, this fall, is a question that is exciting some interest. The present representatives have held office the usual two terms, and if the old custom is followed, new men will be chosen. As a United States Senator is to be elected, this fall, to succeed Mr. Lodge, the question becomes of some importance. Possibly the men have already been picked out, as Mr. Lodge is not a man who leaves anything to chance, and has a pretty firm hold on the machine, and all the voters of Newton will have to do will be to attend the caucuses and nominate them, after their names are revealed. Some people assert that this is the way things are done in Newton, while others assert that it all depends on the caucuses, and any good man has a chance. As the caucuses in the various wards usually call out a baker's dozen of voters, it is very easy to see that the right men are chosen. As the men who have the most to do with naming the candidates are close friends of Mr. Lodge, it is hardly possible that any one unfriendly to him will be able to carry more than one or two of the wards, and meanwhile it is a subject for hot weather speculation as to the identity of the lucky two who have been decided upon. So far no names have been mentioned.

The war has caused the election in Pennsylvania to be lost sight of, but the contest is still on between those who believe in honesty in public and private life and the supporters of Quay. Mr. Wanamaker, who made so many damaging revelations of Quay's dishonesty and corruption, has of late been very quiet and it is hinted that Quay has induced Alger to give Wanamaker enough government contracts to keep him from making any further opposition. There are three candidates for governor in the field, Quay's man, a free silver Democrat, and Dr. Swallow, the prohibition candidate, whose platform is simply "honesty." There is a rumor that all the Quay opponents are to combine to elect a majority of the legislature, who will vote against Quay, but there is little hope of their succeeding. Besides his command of the government patronage, it has been proved that he is furnished a large amount of money by corporations, and Pennsylvania voters are the most easily bought of any in the country. Quay's proved dishonesty in the theft of public funds, and in other ways, makes him a fit representative of the average Pennsylvania Republican, judging from the corruption that prevails in that state.

The Supreme Court of New Hampshire has made a sensation by deciding that all sidewalk cleaning ordinances are illegal, as they are in violation of the constitution of the United States. As this is the first decision of the kind, one wonders whether the New Hampshire supreme court decided that way because of any legal arguments they may have discovered, or only to call attention to New Hampshire, and secure some free advertising for that state as a summer resort. It is a hot weather decision, and there will be plenty of time for it to be overturned before snow and ice comes, and meanwhile every man who dislikes to shovel snow, and their number is legion, will be talking about New Hampshire, and landing the wisdom of its judges. A correspondent calls attention to the decision, and wonders what New Hampshire lawyers would think of Newton's mongrel sidewalk ordinance?

GREAT improvements are being made on Farlow hill, and many of the streets are now so far along that it is possible to form an idea of how this section will look when completed. Some half dozen or more houses are in process of building, and a small army of men are being employed there. The fine views from most of the section, and the large and expensive houses that are being put up, show that this locality will be one of the best in Newton, and it is probable that within a very few years a street railway will pass near the hill, although the Tremont street electric is now only five minutes distant. It is the most extensive development that has been undertaken in Newton, and the lots already sold show that it is to be a very successful one. Ward Seven has hitherto grown very slowly, but this enterprise will bring a large increase to the value of property in the ward.

REV. MR. JERNEGAN, who has achieved such fame for his success in extracting gold from the credulous, and from sea water, is a graduate of the Newton Theological Institution, and was considered a bright student. Jernegan has fled to France, and is supposed to have carried off a large amount of money, leaving his friends here in great trouble. One of his classmates in Newton, Rev. Wm. F. Arrington, who was connected with the aquatic gold business, has been arrested,

and the papers for the past week have been full of the troubles of the too confiding investors.

WALTHAM'S tax rate is \$16 this year, a reduction of \$1.50 from last year. The total valuation of the city is \$18,829,024, of which \$4,483,524 is personal property. The real estate shows an increase of only \$149,000, which shows how the Watch City has been affected by the hard times. The reduction in the tax rate is brought about by the cut in the running expenses of all the city departments during the first of the year, which may contain a hint for Newton. Our running expenses have not been cut down, to say the least, although no city of its size pays a larger amount of money in salaries.

SPEAKER Reed was renominated without opposition, of course, and seems to be the most popular man in Maine. In his speech of acceptance he gave utterance to this sentiment, which the great majority of Americans will endorse.

The problems after the war will be the most troublesome, and will demand the most earnest efforts of us all. For my part I hope that all these problems may be worked out consistently with our time-honored and dearly bought institutions, and with the traditions of our wise forefathers.

It has been left for a woman to establish a record for riding from New York to Boston. Mrs. A. M. C. Allen of Worcester covered the distance in twenty-four hours, making 45 seconds. The distance made was 254 miles, and as all know who have tried it, the route includes some terrific hills, and many bad roads, but Mrs. Allen kept right on in the mud and rain, and did something that no man has yet accomplished.

OVER two thousand men were in line at the State House, Monday morning, to secure a place on the list of the civil service board for city work. Only 500 men were to be chosen, and even these have little chance of work for some time, but it shows what a large number of unemployed there are in Boston.

It is expected that the Newton tax rate will be announced by the 15th. The great increase in valuation of Washington street land, based on the claims for damages of the owners, will, it is said, largely increase the valuation of city real estate.

THE tax rate in Brookline this year is \$11.80, but if you think that is low, you had better see how high the assessors value property there. They say Newton assessors are not in it when compared with those of Brookline.

WALTER H. PAGE has become the editor of the Atlantic Monthly, succeeding Horace E. Scudder. Mr. Page has been really the editor for the past year, having had charge during Mr. Scudder's absence in Europe.

FIRST Assistant Postmaster General Perry S. Heath is making good use of his opportunities, as he has secured the charter for "The First National Bank of Honolulu." That ought to be worth a snug sum to him.

CAMP ALGER is in bad condition and is to be removed. What else could be expected under such a name.

"But," said the government official, "how are we going to keep the people in Spain from getting excited and revolutionary when they receive news of the termination of this war with America?" "Oh, I am prepared for that," replied the able Spanish editor. "I have an article already in type, saying that Spain has finally succeeded in working off her worthless and rebellious colonies on the United States."

A member of the House asked speaker Reed the other day if he did not think that Hawaii should come into the Union before Cuban annexation was discussed. Mr. Reed thought a moment, and then dryly replied: "Some people prefer to lose to yellow fever; but, if I had to have both, I should take the yellow fever first."—Argonaut.

Book Agent—I have here a very valuable work on "What to Do Until the Doctor Comes." Mr. Owen Does—Don't want it. Why don't you get out something on what to do when the collector comes?—Indianapolis Journal.

The honors between Sampson and Schley ought to be easy. If one hadn't done it the other would have done it; and the postscript of the former was as important as the letter of the engagement. Still, if Sampson had done what Schley would have seen to it that the flag was—Judge.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again; but, in the meanwhile, there is usually time to get out several war extras.—Puck.



Re-opens for 38th Year
TUESDAY, SEPT. 6.
Reservation of desks made daily by mail or upon personal application.

The School is the MOST MODERN and HIGHEST GRADED institution of its kind in America. Its plans and methods are widely but unsuccessfully imitated.

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Pupils of either sex admitted on equal terms. PROSPECTUS POST FREE. Office, No. 608 Washington Street. Hours, 9 a.m. till 4 p.m.

H. E. HUBBARD, - - Principal.

THE "JENKINS EAR" ISSUE.

It Resulted in a New Era of Activity in England.

Spain claimed to be the mistress by decree of the pope of all the seas and continents covered by the vague title of "the Spanish main," and so for two centuries, whatever was the case in Europe, perpetual war raged in the tropics.

By the Assiento treaty the British were allowed to dispatch one ship, not exceeding 900 tons, to the Spanish main each year, but what parchment skin of treaties could keep the volume of the world's trade flowing through such a petty squirt? Illegal traders in the Spanish main abounded, and Spanish guarda costas were not gentle in their methods of suppressing them. Captain Jenkins, with his vessel, the Rebecca, sailing from Jamaica to London, was stopped and searched off the coast of Havana by a Spanish revenue cutter. Jenkins was slashed over the head with a cutlass and his left ear was chopped off. A Spanish officer then tore off the bleeding ear, flung it in the owner's face and bade him "carry it home to his king and tell him what had been done." The story of how that little morsel of brown, withered flesh turned out a spark which kindled the inarticulate slow burning wrath of the English nation into a flame and swept England itself into war Carlyle tells.

The "Jenkins ear" question, which once looked so mad, was sane enough, and covered tremendous issues. Half the world lay hidden in embryo under it "Colonial empire"—whose is it to be? Shall half the world be England's for industrial purposes, which is innocent, laudable, conformable to the multiplication table at least and other plain laws, or shall it be Spain's for arrogant, torpid, sham devotional purposes, contradictory to every law? The inculcated "Yankee nation" itself, biggest phenomenon (once tugging at the beautiful) of these ages—this, too, little as careless readers on either side of the sea now know it—lay involved. Shall there be a Yankee nation? Shall there not be? Shall the new world be of Spanish type? Shall it be of English? Issues which we may call immense! Among the then extant sons of Adam where was he who could in the faintest degree surmise what issues lay in the Jenkins ear question? And is it curious to consider now with what fiercer, deeper breathed doggedness the poor English nation, drawn by their instincts, held fast upon it, and would take no denial, as if they had surmised and seen? For the instincts of simple, guileless persons (liable to be counted stupid by the unwary) are sometimes of prophetic nature and spring from the deep places of this universe."—Cornhill Magazine.

Married Daily For Three Days.

A couple were married on the North Side last week for the third time within three days, and it happened in this way. Invitations had been issued for an up to date wedding, with a reception to follow. The young people, to be sure they made no mistakes on the all important night, decided to have a detailed rehearsal two days beforehand. Incidentally the groom to be secured the marriage license, so as to have all things in good time.

A minister who was not otherwise was sent for, and at the request of the couple went through the whole ceremony with them. The young man solemnly promised to take "honor, love and obey."

To be doubly sure that no mistakes should occur the ceremony was rehearsed again in the same way the following evening.

When the few friends had departed, a thought flashed through the mind of the bride to be.

"Mother," she exclaimed, "I don't see why I am not as much married now as I ever will be."

The mother was agast at such a suggestion, but the father and the neighbors were consulted, and all decided that the couple were at that stage married not only once, but twice.

The wedding, however, was solemnized as intended, and the little god of love rests happily over the home of the lovers, who are contented with anything, because they are, it is thought, thrice bound together.—Chicago Journal.

A Famous Journalist "Beat."

Lord Mayo, viceroy of India, had been assassinated in 1872. The situation was critical, and there was extreme interest to know who was to be Lord Mayo's successor. Mr. Gladstone was then prime minister, and it was never easy to conjecture what Mr. Gladstone might do, especially where a personal question had to be taken into account, judgment of men not being through the whole community with them. Mr. Gladstone's strong point, Mr. Delane was a great diner out. "That was one way in which he came into contact with life, and in London there are few better ways for the purpose of general politics, and especially of high politics.

He met at dinner Sir William Gull, then the leading physician of London. There was a discussion at table upon the effect of climate on constitutions. "By the way," said Sir William, "Lord Northbrook was asking me today whether I thought the climate of India would suit him." The subject dropped—no more was said. Mr. Delane drove straight to The Times office, and The Times next morning announced that Lord Northbrook had been appointed viceroy of India. His sole authority was this casual remark at dinner.—George W. Smalley in Harper's Magazine.

Bicycles Abroad.

In his book, "Going Abroad—Some Advice," Robert Luce gives some valuable hints for bicycle tourists. Regarding the transportation of wheels, he says: "On the continent the railway companies treat bicycles like any other personal baggage. Where trunks go free, a bicycle goes free; where there is a charge by weight, the bicycle is weighed, but the cost cuts little figure. In England trunks go free, but bicycles do not, the system of charges being much like that with us, and there is complaint of the expense on short journeys. It costs 4 or 5 shillings to get the wheel across the channel. No covering or crating is necessary after you reach Europe, but in sending the wheel across the ocean you should crate it. Some companies insist on it. The charge for taking it over may be 10 shillings."

Preparatory.

"Our new pastor, the Rev. Mr. Allwell, preaches a great deal about heaven. You remember the good old Dr. Searus, his predecessor, was always preaching about the other place."

"Yes, he was blazing the way for Broth or Allwell."—Chicago Tribune.

Lives Lost In Coal Mines.

It is said that every 110,000 tons of anthracite coal mined in Pennsylvania costs the life of one workman and more than two serious injuries. Every 360,000 tons of bituminous coal means the life of one miner and injuries to at least three others.

Real Estate Mortgages Insurance

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Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Herbert F. Miller to Arthur C. Kollock dated August 19th, 1893 and recorded in the Middlesex Deeds 4th 234 Page 212 will be sold at public auction, upon the premises, for the purpose of foreclosing the same on Saturday the twenty-seventh day of August 1898, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage namely: A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated on the easterly side of Lexington street in that part of Newton aforesaid called Auburndale being a part of lot number "11" on a plan of real estate of Timothy H. Carter surveyed in June 1870 by Marshall Rice and recorded with Middlesex SS, Dist Deeds in plan book 18 page 3. Said premises are bounded and described as follows, viz. Beginning on Lexington St. by land now or late of Pond thence running south 56° East by said land of Pond one hundred (10) feet thence turning and running southerly on other land of grantor and by a line parallel with the easterly line of Lexington street sixty-six and eight twelfths (66-12) feet to a point; thence turning and running northerly on other land of grantor and by a line parallel with the first above described course one hundred feet to Lexington St. and thence by said street northeasterly sixty-six and eight twelfths (66-12) feet to the point of beginning. Three hundred dollars to be paid down and other terms made known at time and place of sale.

ARTHUR C. KOLLOCK, Mortgagee.

August 5th 1898.

MARRIED.

WALLIS—DOUGLASS—At Newton, August 1, by the Rev. George W. Mansfield, Francis B. Wallis and Edna Douglass, daughter of the late Capt. Alexander Washburne of Kingston, Mass.

MELLIE—BUTLER—At West Newton, July 27, by Rev. C. J. Galligan, William Mellie and Mary Butler.

McGOWAN—RODDY—At Newton Centre, July 28, by Rev. D. J. Wholly, Patrick McGowan and Mary Roddy.

KANE—GRILLAM—At West Newton, Aug. 1, by Rev. C. J. Galligan, John Kane and Eliza Graham.

CHIRACCHIA—SANTILLA—At Boston, July 30, by Rev. H. Battaglia, the two Chiracchia, and Maria Santilla both of Newton.

CHIRACCHIA—SANTILLA—At Boston, July 30, by Rev. H. Battaglia, Antonio Chiracchia and Maria Santilla.

DONNELLY—McQUILLAN—At West Newton, July 31, by Rev. C. J. Galligan, Simon Donnelly and Catherine McQuillan.

DIED.

DAVIS—August 2nd, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Sarah M. Davis, wife of the late Luke Davis, of Otis street, West Newton.

LAKRENCIE—At Newtonville, August 2, Eunice W., widow of William A. Lawrence, 74 yrs. 5 mos. Funeral from her late residence, Friday, August 5, at 2:30 P. M.

BABARD—At Newton, July 28, Joseph, son of John and Mary Babard, 1 mo., 14 ds.

LOVEWELL—At Newton Lower Falls, July 29, Emily A., wife of Frank M. Lovewell, 47 yrs. 5 mos., 16 ds.

PARADIS—At Newton, July 30, Floreda, daughter of Atchey and Emilie Paradis, 4 mos., 16 ds.

KIRKLEY—At West Newton, July 31, Eva May, daughter of Frank L. and Grace Kirkley, 9 mos., 14 ds.

VAN VOORHIS—At Newton Hospital, July 31, Gulian Henry Van Voorhis, 55 yrs., 2 mos., 1 ds.

MURRAY—At Nonantum, Aug. 2, Ella T., daughter of John W. and Margaret Murray, 9 mos.

MORRELL—At Nonantum, Aug. 2, Mary J., daughter of Edward and Mary Morrell, 8 mos., 17 ds.

MILLER—At West Newton, Aug. 4, Adair C. Miller, 6 mos., 22 ds.

CORRY—At Newton, Aug. 3, Caroline M., widow of Jacob A. Corry, 72 yrs., 3 mos.

HAFFERMEHL—At Newton Centre, Aug. 3, suddenly, John Haffermehl, 78 yrs., 4 mos. Funeral from the residence of his grandson, Charles Haffermehl, Parker street, Friday, Aug. 5, at 2 o'clock. Funeral private.

The French having succeeded in driving American patronage out of their land establishments, have followed it up with a coup that will be even more effective on the sea. La Bourgogne's record will not soon be forgotten.—Truth.

Lake Chautauqua was never more popular than this season. The cause perhaps is the Fitchburg Railroad low rates and superb service.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

RATES—50 cents first insertion for not exceeding 5 lines, and 25 cents each time thereafter, in advance.

Wants.

WANTED—A Lady's Wheel in good condition in exchange for piano lessons by a competent teacher. Address P. Graphic Office.

For Sale.

FOR SALE—A carriage that cost \$350, Russian back, good style. Also a Stanhope covered buggy, modern, cost \$200. Both for sale at a bargain. Both are second-hand. Apply to W. THORP, 35 Pelham street, Newton Centre.

HAY FOR SALE—Loose English, Rowen and meadow. Also nice oak wood. Write for prices. Coolidge Bros., 80, Sudbury, Mass. 1

To Let.

TO RENT—5 houses in Newton Centre, 2 at Newton Highlands, one at \$40, one at \$50 per month. Very desirable. 4 furnished houses at Newton Centre for the season. Prices \$25 to \$100 per month. W. Thorpe, Newton Centre.

Miscellaneous.

FOUND—A purse containing a sum of money, between Chestnut Hill and Reservoir. Apply to L. Joyce, Winslow Road, Eliot, Mass.

ASSOCIATED CHARITIES—The office hours of the Secretary of the Associated Charities are from 9 to 10 every week day and from 7:30 to 8:30 Saturday evenings. The Provident Committee will be at the office to distribute clothing Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings. Mr. R. Martin, Secretary. Office, Newtonville Square.

Norumbega Park, AUBURNDALE.

NATURE'S OWN RESORT.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN. ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN. RUSTIC THEATRE. PLAYS EVERY EVENING.

Stage Attraction for Next Week.

GORMAN'S MERRYMAKERS.

A selected company of American and European Celebrities.

KNOWLTON & ALLEN'S FAMOUS BAND play in Music Court every afternoon from 1:15 to 5:30 and during supper.

Entertainment continuous, 1:30 to 10:00 P. M. Round Trip on Commonwealth Ave. Railway including admission to Park, 15 cents.

Pigeon Hill House, (EVERGREEN AVE.) AUBURNDALE.

Opposite Newton Boat Club, 2 min. from Riverside Station. Boating, Canoeing, Tennis, etc. American and European Plan.

Special terms to permanent guests.

E. E. MARDEN, Prop.

Shirts Made to Order.

A Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Best Material. First-class Work.

NEWTONVILLE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.

—Mrs. Curtis of Bath, Me., is the guest of friends here.

—Mr. Ernest Booth registered at Nautilus Inn, Hull, last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. N. W. McClure of Gibson road are summering at Truro, Mass.

—Mr. Dyer and family of Walnut street are enjoying two weeks in the Cape.

—Mr. and Mrs. Decatur of Otis street are at Rangely Lakes for a few weeks.

—Mr. Samuel J. Brown and family are at Hotel Pemberton, Hull, for August.

—Master Chester Griswold of Foster street is recovering from his recent illness.

—Mrs. Charles Johnson of Washington street is at her summer residence at Hull.

—Miss Lydia Thompson of Foster street is enjoying a month's trip through Maine.

—Miss Edith McMann of Cabot street has gone to Northampton for a few weeks.

—Mrs. F. E. Brooks of Norwood avenue has leased the Carter house on Austin street.

—Miss May Clark of Otis street is enjoying a few weeks' stay among the woods of Maine.

—Mr. William H. Sylvester and family are at Wellesley Hills for the month of August.

—Miss Lulu Moulton has returned from New Hampshire, where she passed her vacation.

—Mr. E. W. Robinson and family of Highland terrace have returned from Gloucester.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Judson of Trenton, N. J., are the guests of friends here for a few weeks.

—Mr. A. J. Dodge left this week for Nova Scotia, where he will be the guest of his mother.

—Mr. George L. Woodworth and family of Washington park are at the seashore for a month's stay.

—Mr. Thomas Elwell and family leave today for Maine, where they will remain during August.

—The new concrete walks on the south side of the track add much to the comfort of pedestrians.

—Miss Helen Gaudet of Washington street has gone to Maine, where she will pass her vacation.

—Mrs. Sherwood and Miss Josephine Sherwood have gone to Ogunquit for the month of August.

—Mr. M. C. Taylor and family of Walnut street left this week for a two months' stay at the seashore.

—Mrs. R. Hollings of Washington park has returned from Vermont, where she passed her vacation.

—Mrs. N. H. Brown and Miss Nellie Brown of Walnut street have returned from the mountains.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hill are at Camp Buena Vista, Haines Landing, Rangeley, Maine, for a few weeks.

—Rev. A. Eugene Bartlett of Hyde Park is the guest of his parents at their summer home, at Gump, N. H.

—Mr. E. M. Rumery and family have returned from New Hampshire, where they passed the month of July.

—Dr. Otis E. Hunt of Washington park left this week for Poland Springs, where he will remain several weeks.

—Dr. George H. Talbot and family of Walnut street are enjoying a few weeks' rest in Prince Edward's Island.

—Capt. G. Frank Elliot and family of Lowell avenue left this week for their summer residence at Woods Hole.

—There are letters remaining in the post office for Clifford Allen, C. N. Converse and Miss Alma Poppler, 3 Lindon street.

—Dr. W. E. Hunt of Walnut street has returned from New Westminster, where his family will remain until later in the season.

—Mr. A. J. McGlinchey and family of Roxbury will occupy the house at Highland park recently vacated by Mr. Robert Buntin.

—Mr. Curtis Abbott and the Misses Alice and Olga, sailed Thursday for the British Isles, where they will make a month's stay.

—Mr. T. Aubrey Byrne, who holds a government position in New York, is passing his vacation with his family on Walker street.

—Mr. Robert Buntin and family have moved from Highland park to their new home corner of Austin street and Lowell avenue.

—Mr. Samuel J. Brown and family, formerly of this place, are at Hotel Pemberton, Hull, for the remainder of the warm season.

—Col. Frank B. Stevens will take a trip through England and the continent. He sailed Thursday on the Hamburg steamer Furst Bismarck.

—Miss Mabel W. Hall of Brooks avenue left Wednesday for Annapolis, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mundy for a short stay.

—Mrs. H. M. Soule and Master Howard Soule of Brooks avenue accompanied by Mrs. H. E. Soule of Portland, Me., are at the Bellevue, Intervale, N. H., for a month's stay.

—Master Harry Stoddard of Newtonville leaves today for Hampton Beach, N. H., where he will be entertained by Mrs. Osgood and family at their summer camp.

—Mr. George Breeden of Walker street leaves today for New York. He sails tomorrow on the Lucania for London. Mr. Breeden expects to remain abroad several months and will visit all leading places of interest in England and the continent.

—Mrs. Eunice W. widow of the late William A. Lawrence, died Tuesday at her home on Washington street. Deceased was seventy-four years of age. She resided here for many years and possessed a large circle of warm friends. Four sons survive her, William, mayor of Orange, N. Y., Walter of Brockton, and Arthur of Marietta, Ohio. The funeral will take place this afternoon from her late residence.

WEST NEWTON.

—Miller pianos, Farley, Newton.

—Mr. E. E. Hurd is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

—Miss Ethel Gammons is enjoying a few weeks' vacation at Monmouth, Me.

—Mr. Richard Murray and family of Washington street have returned from Greenfield, where they passed several pleasant weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Williamson of Highland street are at York Harbor, Me., where they expect to remain several weeks. They register at Hotel Albracca.

—Detective Roche of New York was at police headquarters Monday with a warrant for Everett H. Merritt of that city. Merritt is wanted by the Metropolitan police on several charges. It is said he is a Neptunian. Merritt called at Capt. Huestis' office last Friday afternoon, and declared he was a forger and thief. He said the New York police had been in search of him for four years. Capt. Huestis locked the man up, and communicated with the New York police, and as a result

Merritt was taken back to Greater New York to face the music.

—Mr. W. H. French was in town for a short time this week.

—Capt. J. W. Weeks is registered at the Pemberton, Hull, for a short stay.

—Mr. Harry Glazier of River street is enjoying a two weeks' carriage trip.

—Miss Gertrude Haynes of Eden avenue has returned after a month's vacation.

—Mrs. C. N. Fyfe and family of Perkins street are enjoying a month's vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wilder M. Bush of Temple street are enjoying a month at Kineo, Me.

—Miss Helen A. Brigham is enjoying her vacation at the White Mountain House, N. H.

—Miss M. C. Baird left this week for Orange, where she will remain until September.

—Rev. S. H. Dana, D. D., delivered the sermon at the Congregational church last Sunday.

—Mr. H. B. Day and family of Prince street are enjoying the warm season at Wianan.

—Mr. Henry F. King and family of Temple street are enjoying a few weeks at the seashore.

—Mr. and Mrs. George A. Walton of Chestnut street are passing a few weeks in Vermont.

—Mr. Fred L. Felton and family of Chestnut street are at Hull for the month of August.

—The regular meeting of John Elliot Lodge, A. O. U. W., will be held Wednesday evening.

—Mr. W. E. Rice and family of Cross street will enjoy a few weeks' stay at Truro, Mass.

—Dr. and Mrs. Fred F. Thayer of Walnut street will enjoy a few weeks at Pigeon Cove.

—Mr. C. A. Willison and family of Prince street have returned from their summer's outing.

—Prof. Henry C. Sheldon and family of Cherry street will pass the month of August in Maine.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Humphrey of Webster street are enjoying a few weeks at Sandwich, N. H.

—Judge George A. Blaney and family of Valentine street are enjoying a month's outing at the seashore.

—Mr. Harry Crafts of River street leaves tomorrow for Chatham, where he will remain during his vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. B. March, who were the guests of friends here, have returned to their home in New Jersey.

—Mr. George A. Frost and family of Highland street left this week for their summer home at Oosterville.

—Mrs. H. H. Hunt and family are summering at Green Harbor. Mr. Hunt enjoys a few days there each week.

—Mrs. Charles H. Stacy and Miss Ida Stacy are at Sandwich, N. H., where they will pass the month of August.

—Miss Carrie Child of Watertown street has returned from Provincetown, where she passed several pleasant weeks.

—Among the prize winners at the Tuesday morning, which contest at Winthrop, was Mrs. H. J. Vinal of this place.

—Mr. Edward Gately and family of River street left this week for Green Harbor, where they will remain until September.

—Miss Lucy Carter and Miss Grace Elkins are passing a few weeks at Dartmouth cottage, Jefferson Highlands, N. H.

—Mrs. George P. Whitmore and Miss Grace Whitmore have returned from Scituate, where they passed the month of July.

—Mrs. Freeman Fiske of Watertown street has returned from Prince Edward's Island, where she passed several months.

—Cornelius Burns of Cherry street reports that some time Monday night 18 valuable hens were stolen from his premises.

—Mr. T. E. Statton and family of Fountain street has returned from Falmouth, where they passed several enjoyable weeks.

—Mr. Samuel E. Thompson and family of Waltham street left this week for the mountains, where they remain until September.

—Mr. Charles P. Hall and family of Otis street left today for Sanape, N. H., where they will pass the remainder of the warm season.

—In the police court, yesterday morning, Matthew Connors was fined \$5 for assault on Mrs. Elizabeth Murphy with a piece of kindling wood.

—The regular meeting of the local branch of the American Legion of Honor will be held Tuesday evening in Metcalf's studio, Chestnut street.

—Mr. John S. Alley and family of Prince street left this week for Lunenburg, N. H., where they will remain for the remainder of the warm season.

—Rev. F. S. Hayden, D. D., of Jacksonville, Ill., will occupy the pulpit at the Congregational church next Sunday and also the week following.

—West Newton Lodge, 3204, G. U. O. O. F., will participate in the 10th annual state convention of the G. U. O. O. F., at Worcester, Sept. 7th and 8th.

—Mr. C. G. Carley purchased the fixtures of Mr. F. H. Humphrey's store last Saturday, and will continue the business at the same place. He will reopen the store next Monday.

—Mr. C. F. Eddy reported at police headquarters yesterday morning that some time Wednesday night his barn on Cherry street was entered by forcing a window, and a bicycle valued at \$50 stolen.

—Prof. H. K. Burrisson and family of Lincoln park have returned from their summer residence at Provincetown. They leave Saturday for Libers, N. H., where they will pass the remainder of the summer.

—The remodeling of the old Franklin school building on River street has been begun under the direction of Supt. Elder of the public buildings department. The improvements include an addition of brick to contain four rooms.

—Mrs. Sarah Hale, widow of the late Luke Davis, died Sunday after a long illness. Deceased was sixty-five years of age. She resided here for many years and leaves a large circle of friends to mourn her loss. She was an active member of the West Newton Women's Educational Club and the Newton Women's Suffrage League, and was also interested in several of the philanthropic women's clubs. For a year past Mrs. Davis was confined to her bed, but she bore her suffering with so much patience and fortitude that she endeared herself to all her attendants. The funeral took place Thursday noon from her late residence on Otis street. It was of a strictly private character, only immediate relatives and closest friends being present. Rev. John Worcester, D. D., pastor of the Swedenborgian church, led the service, his selections, 23d and 103d Psalms, and Luke xii and John iv, as well as his discourse being exceedingly touching and appropriate. Mrs. T. E. Statton, an intimate friend of deceased, sang with great impressiveness, "Flee as a Bird," and "O' My Only Waiting." The floral tributes were numerous and very beautiful. The interment was at Newton cemetery. Mrs. Davis was originally Sarah M. Hale, belonging to the early New England family that produced the martyred Nathan Hale of revolutionary memory.

—Mrs. W. H. French of Chestnut street is away for a couple of weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. Davis are at the seashore for a two weeks' vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Travell of Chestnut street have returned after a month's trip.

—Mr. J. T. Bailey of Webster street has returned after a two weeks' vacation in Vermont.

—The family of Mr. C. F. Eddy, Cherry street, will pass the remainder of the warm season at Middleboro.

—Mr. and Mrs. Franklin J. Fuller are summering at Portsmouth Harbor, N. H. They stop at the Sea Breeze, New Castle.

—Mr. A. E. Trowbridge and family of Washington street have returned from Worcester, where they made a short stay.

—Miss Alice Mott, who was a guest of her uncle, Mr. J. Eddy, at his home on Winthrop street, has returned to her home at Onondaga, N. Y.

—Mrs. F. H. Humphrey, Mrs. C. H. Stacy and Mrs. W. H. Crafts were the guests of Mrs. H. H. Hunt at Winslow Inn, Green Harbor, for a short stay recently.

—A party of West Newton people who are summering at Jefferson Highlands, N. H., enjoyed a dinner party at the Crawford house recently, after a trip over the mountain.

—There are letters in the post office for Mrs. George Allen, B. F. Coburn, Savario Bibbo, Luke Blanchard, J. H. Ferguson, Mrs. Patrick Holleran, Ray, C. J. Harlow, Mrs. Bridget Gertrude King, Augusta Larsson, Miss Hannah Miller, Mrs. George Madell, Mr. Joseph Martel, George Pearsons, A. H. Perry, Mrs. Florence Tobin, Robert Winsor, for Mrs. Frederick Winsor.

AUBURNDALE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.

—Miss Mona Furness is visiting in Milton, the guest of relatives.

—Mr. John Bird has been enjoying his annual vacation this week.

—Mr. W. A. Crossley of Northboro is the guest of W. P. Thorn this week.

—John Foley of the B. & A. station has been enjoying a week's vacation.

—Mr. N. E. Dewing of Oakland avenue returned this week from Annapolis.

—Mr. W. G. Bosworth of Rowe street has returned from a two weeks' outing.

—Letter-carrier Gill has returned to duty after his annual vacation of two weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Patterson have returned from an extended European tour.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Soule of Rowe street left Wednesday for Busten's Island, Me.

—Mr. J. F. Ryder and family of Grove street are away for a portion of the summer.

—Mr. Degnowitz and family of Lexington street are spending a few weeks in Maine.

—Mr. Worth and family of Central street are at the Mountains for the month of August.

—Mrs. Aldridge of Lexington street is spending a portion of the summer at Busten's Island, Me.

—Mr. E. C. Fitch of Waltham, has taken leave for August and September at the Woodland Park Hotel.

—The regular meeting of Auburndale lodge, No. 1, W. V. was held Wednesday evening in McVickar's hall.

—Mrs. Wm. E. Baker and Miss L. A. Moore of Boston, are among the recent arrivals at the Woodland Park Hotel.

—Mr. Frank Estabrook and family of Central street have returned from Point Allerton, where they passed the month of July.

—Mr. Theodore W. Gore of Rowe street is reported improving in health. He was able to be removed from Newton Hospital this week.

—As guests of Mr. R. W. Dennison on board his handsome steam launch "Jolly Rover," members of Riverdale lodge No. 1, E. O. P., enjoyed a fine outing on the Charles River, Monday evening.

—The Woodland Park Hotel is to have a parlor for winter. The south side piazza will be enclosed in glass and heated by steam, and will make a room of some 60 feet in length and 10 feet in width, which will be made very attractive for the guests. Mr. Butler is also to add a refrigerating plant to the hotel in the near future.

—A gentleman from Newton Centre, one of the active members of the Improvement Society of that village, was recently in Auburndale looking the grounds over with a view to erecting some buildings there. To one of our citizens whom he met on the street he expressed great surprise at the condition of our buildings, stores and markets. "I have not been in your village before for several years," said he, "and am much surprised to find that while every other section of our city has been greatly improved, you are about where you were fifteen or twenty years ago. See what we have done at the Centre. Brays' block, Associates' block and other new buildings with modern and well kept stores. Then look at your buildings, old and dilapidated. Such stores cannot be fitted up in an attractive manner, while the ill-kept surroundings of almost every building here cannot fail to impress a passer-by most unfavorably." "Excuse my plain speech," he continued, "but I am simply amazed at the condition of your village. No wonder there is no boom in real estate here. There never will be until you get some better buildings and stores, and insist upon their being well kept, inside and out." When told there was no likelihood of such a thing, he expressed surprise. "The citizen stood in front of me, and he said, 'I have not been in your village before for several years, and I am much surprised to find that while every other section of our city has been greatly improved, you are about where you were fifteen or twenty years ago. See what we have done at the Centre. Brays' block, Associates' block and other new buildings with modern and well kept stores. Then look at your buildings, old and dilapidated. Such stores cannot be fitted up in an attractive manner, while the ill-kept surroundings of almost every building here cannot fail to impress a passer-by most unfavorably.'"

—The method of manual training arouses and fosters a many sided interest and stimulates desire by giving children something to do and by allowing such a free play of choice and individuality both in the something and in the doing that at the very first possible moment the activity shall be self directed. When this point is once gained, the work of education has begun. Where the will is weak, as in the case of poor, anemic children, the interest may soon flag, may indeed sputter and go quite out, and all this is very discouraging.

But the interest must simply be aroused and stimulated afresh. Never, however great the seeming exertion, must the interest and desire of the teacher be made to do duty for that of the child, for the moment this occurs the work of education ceases, and a meaningless, unpsychological process takes its place.—C. Hanford Henderson in Popular Science.

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THE STOWAWAY.

watch has turned in, you, Sam Bowers and you, Billy Reid, will mount guard over 'em with your guns. Two men can hold the hatchway, I feel certain. The rest of us will make for the skipper!

—New York Tribune.

A WEDDING.

so Weekly.

in New York Post.

Newton Centre, Mass., July 20, 1936.

Somebody's Hand



is always in the cracker jar when its full of

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Cor. Watertown and Faxon Sts.,
NONANTUM.

NEWTON FREE LIBRARY.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Banner, Bertha. Household Sewing with Home Dressmaking. 101.887
This manual for teachers and others contains chapters on mending, patching and darning.
- Beha-ed-Din. Life of Saladin, 1137-1193. 95.590
The author of this biography was a contemporary of Saladin in the twelfth century.
- Bury, Yetta Blaise de. French Literature of today: a study of the principal Romanesque and Essayists. 54.1200
Literary portraits of contemporary French writers, with an estimate of their works.
- Haddon, Alfred Cort. The Study of Man. 105.547
This does not profess to be a treatise on anthropology or its methods, but merely a collection of samples of the way in which parts of the subject are studied. It is not for scientific students, but for the amateur and the intelligent reader.
- Hewlett, Maurice. The Forest Lovers. 64.1905
- Heyse, Paul. L'Arriabata and other Tales. 61.1214
- Homerus. Pope's Translation of Homer's Iliad. Books I, VI, XXII, XXIV. 53.581
With introduction and notes by Wm. Tappan.
- Louis Alexander, Prince of Battenberg. Men-of-War Names, their meaning and origin. 211.125
Written to interest those who care to know why a ship bears a particular name and how she came to receive it.
- Mackie, Pauline Bradford. Ye Little Salem Maide: A Story of Witchcraft. 64.1904
Several historical characters are introduced, including the Rev. Cotton Mather, and Governor and Lady Phipps, and a picture is drawn of Puritan life in the seventeenth century.
- Murray, Alexander S. Greek Bronzes. (Portfolio Monograph). 57.437
- Palmer, Charles Follen. Inebriety, its Source, Prevention, and Cure. 101.890
- Petrie, William M. Flinders. Religion and Conscience in Ancient Egypt. 93.738
Back of the outward manifestations of Egyptian religion Dr. Petrie seeks for its ethical and spiritual meaning and directions.
- Sedgwick, Adam. Student's Text-Book of Zoology, Vol. I. 106.514
A work from which "information may be gained of the general nature and habits of a large number of animals, and of the more important and striking phenomena of animal life." Preface.
- Simpson, Mary Charlotte Mair. Many Memories of Many People. 96.459
A large space in Mrs. Simpson's volume is devoted to the journals of her father, Nassau William Senior.
- Tait, Peter Guthrie. Lectures on some Recent Advances in Physical Science, with a special lecture on Force. 102.838
- Tales from McClure's. Vol. 5, War, being True Stories of Camp and Battlefield. 61.1156
- Ten No-Licence Years in Cambridge: a Jubilee Volume, published by the Citizens Committee. 86.210
- Vivian, Thomas J., ed. With Dewey at Manila. 71.480
"The plain story of the glorious victory of the United States Squadron over the Spanish fleet, Sunday morning, May 1, 1898, as related in the notes and correspondence of an officer on board the flagship Olympia."
- Walpole, Spencer. History of England from the conclusion of the Great War in 1815. New and revised edition. 6 vols. 75.139
- Woodbury, Walter E. Encyclopedia Dictionary of Photography; containing over 2,000 references. 107.456
- Young, Stephen. The Boston at Hawaii. 31.457
Lieutenant Young was fourteen months in the Hawaiian Archipelago, and gives a study of the little island republic as the record of an eyewitness.
- E. P. THURSTON, Librarian.
August 3, 1898.

NONANTUM.

- Mrs. Wm. Butler of Pleasant street is ill at her home.
- Andrew Marchand has resumed his position with Louis Burofski.
- The best goods at popular prices Kilburn's, the Nonantum Apothecary. 1f
- Mr. Geo. Wallace and family have closed their house corner of Crafts street and Lincoln avenue for several months.
- Mr. and Mrs. John Murray of West street have the sympathy of friends in the death of their nine months old daughter.
- Patrolman O'Halloran's apartment house on Clinton street is completed and ready for occupancy. Patrolman Desmond will occupy one tenement.
- For proficiency in drilling at Camp Dalton, South Framingham, the following young men of this place have received drill stripes: Privates John Garrity, Patrick Neville and Joseph Lovely.
- The house of Mrs. Margaret Shea on Chapel street was searched for liquor by Sergt. Clay and patrolmen J. J. Davis, Dolan, O'Halloran and Desmond last Friday. No intoxicants were found.
- An installation of the officers of the ladies lodge, I. O. G. T. of this place was held Wednesday evening in the lodge hall on Dalby street. Miss McDonald, D. G. C. T., and John A. Fancey P. G. C. T. officiated.
- The continued case of Gregory Burns of Clinton street charged with maintaining a liquor nuisance, came up for a second hearing before Judge Kennedy, Saturday morning, and was again continued until November 26.
- Now that the use of the bath house on California street is given up exclusively to the ladies Wednesday afternoon, it would seem desirable to have a lady attendant in charge. Last year the plan was operated with success.
- A business meeting of the Nonantum Club members was held Monday evening. Plans for a mid-summer entertainment were considered. Several letters from C. C. were read. Mr. Frank Joyal was elected a member of the executive committee.
- There will be a social meeting next Sunday afternoon at the Buelah Baptist mission on Bridge street. If the weather is favorable the exercises will be held on the lawn of Mr. George Hudson's residence. It is expected that Warden Rockwell of Watertown will speak.
- Residents of Chapel street have asked the police to use their influence in preventing the owners of "burdy-burdys" on that street from tuning their instruments at early morn. At present these Italians awake the entire neighborhood at 5 a. m. with the harmonious strains of the several street pianos.

STUMPY CELEBRITIES.

Many Notable Characters Have Been Short In Stature.

Socrates was stumpy, also St. Paul and Alexander the Great, great only as a warrior.

In stature both he and his far more intellectual father, Philip of Macedon, scarce reached middle height. In this regard we may rank them with the famous Spartan general, Agesilaus, with Attilla, the "scourge of God"—broad shouldered, thickset, sinewy, short; with Theodore II, king of the Goths, of whom Cassiodorus writes, "He is rather short than tall, somewhat stout, with shapely limbs alike lithe and strong."

Actius, too, commander in chief of the Roman troops and prop of the tottering Roman empire in the days of Valentinian, was a man of low stature, therein resembling Timour the Tartar, self described as a "puny, lame, decrepit little wight, though lord of Asia and terror of the world"; also the great Condé and his contemporary, Marshal Luxembourg, nicknamed "The Little" by those who admired him for making Louis XIV Louis the Great, who, by the bye, less his high heeled shoes and towering wig, dwindles to about 5 feet 6 inches.

But even thus pared down to the inches nature gave him he was a giant compared with Sir Francis Drake and with Admiral Keppel—"Little Keppel," as every sailor in the fleet fondly dubbed him from pure love and admiration.

When Keppel—a commodore at 24—was sent to demand an apology from the dey of Algiers for an insult to the British flag, he took so high a tone that the dey exclaimed against the insolence of the British king for charging a "beardless boy" with such a message to him. Replied the heartless boy, "Were my master wont to take length of beard for a test of wisdom he'd have sent your deyship a he goat."

Oliver Cromwell, Claverhouse and Mehemet Ali must be content to take it out in brains, for they all lacked inches. Two of these great names naturally suggest that of another famous soldier and usurper, Napoleon Bonaparte. "Le Petit Caporal," as his men lovingly called him, stood about 5 feet (French) in his stockings, say 5 feet 6 inches (English).

In stature the Iron Duke beat him about six inches, while the 5 feet 4 inches of Nelson place him midway or thereabouts between the victor and the victim of Waterloo.—Pittsburg Dispatch

THE VALUE OF FRESH AIR.

Something Which Should Not Be Taken In Little Daily Doses.

The admitted advantage of an outdoor life in many morbid conditions and notably in consumption seems to point to the conclusion that there is something definitely injurious in the indoor life which is now the common mode of existence among civilized people. It is a striking and startling thing that the mere removal of a patient into the open air should lower his fever, should remove his night sweats and take away his hectic, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that if these symptoms are removed by the purity of the air outside they must have been largely caused by the impurity of the air within the house.

Nor have we any right to assume that is the consumptive only who suffers. Doubtless the healthy struggle against and overcome evil influences before which those who are tuberculosis succumb, but that is not to say that in the struggle we do not suffer, and, indeed, the facts recently brought forward are sufficient to show that the stuffy life of warmth and comfort which civilized man now "enjoys" is bad for the health even of the healthiest. We make our windows fit, we pad our doors, we shiver at a draft, we surround ourselves with woolen curtains, dusty carpets and fluff, luxurious upholstery, we breathe the same air over and over again, and then we wonder that we are not strong and vigorous.

The fact is we are daily using up the exuberant vitality with which nature has provided us in struggling against artificial conditions. How powerful for evil, how deteriorating these conditions are, is shown by the fact that their mere removal gives back to the consumptive that vitality which enables him to overcome the seeds of disease within him. Fresh air is not a thing to be taken in little doses once a day, but a thing to live on.—London Hospital

The Eskimo's "Huskie."

The wild dog, uninfluenced at all by association with man, is typical of nothing but the wolf, and in the circumlocution he is found in numbers roving over the fields of snow and ice, frequently in company with the wolves. The Eskimos have taken their wild creatures and by a rude process of selection and training they have developed the "huskie," a colloquial abbreviation of the word Eskimo. These animals represent a type of dog but little removed from the wolf—hardy, vicious, swift of foot and keen of eye. They have been trained to haul sledge loads of goods across the snow and ice, and this comes as natural to them now as for a pointer to point. They possess the blood of the wolf, however, in their veins—the taint of the jackal. At the first opportunity they will run away and join the wild dogs and deteriorate rapidly in their company.—George E. Walsh in North American Review

Can Afford to Have a Cow.

"Just after President McKinley's inauguration he had his relatives who were in the city at a family dinner at the White House," says The Ladies' Home Journal. "It was a large company and a very good dinner. Dear old Mother McKinley was there, but she was not very talkative. She was too happy for words. But she kept a sharp eye on the dinner, and no detail of it escaped her. She was impressed by the quantity of cream served with the fruit and coffee, for she looked up at her son in her sweet way and said: 'William, you must keep a cow now.' 'Some of the younger members of the family party found it difficult to suppress a smile, but the president, with his usual tact and graciousness, replied: 'Yes, mother, we can afford to have a cow now and have all the cream we can possibly use.'"

Funny Elisha.

Elisha (inclined to be facetious)—I'm getting to be pretty bald, aren't I? S'pose you'll have to cut my hair for about half price hereafter, eh?

Tonsorial Artist—Oh, no, sir! We always charge double when we have to hunt for the hair.—Boston Traveler

Some years ago W. H. Brown, chief engineer of the Pennsylvania railroad, was introduced to a clergyman as the greatest bridge builder in the country. "Can you build a bridge to eternity?" asked the clergyman. "Yes, if you can furnish the abutments," was the prompt reply.

RACCOON.

Their Immersion of Infant Coons and Their Washing of Food.

The coon home at the Cincinnati zoo consists simply of a plot of ground about as large as a barn door of extra generous size would cover. This is surrounded by a wire fence four feet high, topped with a broad up curving tin rail, which prevents the little clownlike creatures from escaping. In the center of this yard is a tree 20 feet high and having many and heavy limbs. Near the base of the tree is a several foot square pool of water. This pool marks two very exclusive, very notable characteristics that distinguish the coon from any other animal. The pool is the coon's christening and food cleansing place.

When a coon gives birth to young, almost the first thing she does is to take her babies one by one in her mouth, and, accompanied by the father coon, proceed slowly and solemnly to the pool. Arriving at its brink and while the dad coon stands thoughtfully by the mother baptizes the little one beneath the wave with all the decorum and solemnity of a Baptist clergyman immersing a candidate for church membership. After lowering it gently down beneath the surface and lifting it up again, Mrs. Coon and her husband wend their way back again to their family corner of the yard. This service, solemn and staid, is continued by Mr. and Mrs. Coon until every mother's son of their just arrived offspring has been duly christened. Viewed soberly, it is really one of the most unique, impressive processional performances imaginable. But the indescribable drollness of the picture made by the wee husband and wife as they go through with the performance is inimitable, and smiles, if not laughter, come to almost every one who witnesses the serio comic bit of drama.

Almost any hour any day in the year you can find a group of people tossing bits of goodies to the coons. Upon picking up one of these Mr. or Mrs. Coon instantly, with the "goodby" held daintily in its teeth, trots over to the pool and swashes the morsel he has just won in the water two or three times. Then returning to its favorite corner or up to its favorite crotch in the tree, the little chap sets to devouring it in a way so dainty and svelte as to put food gulping humans to the blush.—Cincinnati Enquirer

Titian.

No artist ever had so prosperous a career as Titian. Success attended him from the first, and during his 60 years no cloud dimmed the brightness of his horizon. To the end of that marvelous age he retained all his faculties, producing masterpieces to the last, and dying finally of the plague, a hale, hearty old man. The princes and potentates of the earth chose him to leave their images to posterity, and it was the monarchs of Austria, Germany, of Spain and the Indies, upon whose vast dominions the sun never sets, who picked up the brush that he had dropped, saying that a Titian was worthy to be served by a emperor.

As a colorist and as an exponent of the wholesome, strong beauty of this world he remains forever without a rival. Some critics abuse him because he has not the religious fervor of Fra Angelico, the divine purity and elevation of Raphael. But it is well that it is so. He could not have improved upon them in their sphere, while in his own he is the undisputed master, revealing to us the beauty of terrestrial things, particularly the loveliness of women, as no one else has done. It is an art that appeals chiefly to the mind and the senses, and but little to the soul, but there is nothing morbid about it. It is as healthy as it is beautiful, and only the narrow minded can blame him because he painted so well the loveliness of the world in which we live.—Sewanee Review.

No Such Paper.

When F. Hopkinson Smith was in Omaha, one of the well known social clubs of the city tendered him a banquet and naturally called on him for a few remarks after dinner. In the course of his speech he quoted from the "Rubaiyat" the quatrain:

A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
A wilderness was paradise enough.

After most of the guests had gone home a wealthy pork packer approached the author and asked him if the lines were from one of his own poems.

"Oh, no," answered Mr. Smith; "they are from Omar Khayyam."

"I guess you're wrong," was the reply. "I don't pretend to know much about literature, but I'll bet you the drinks there is no such paper as the Omaha Khayyam."—Philadelphia Press

An Unterrified Lovely Girl.

A lovely girl was caught by her aunt while indulging in a surreptitious elopement.

"My dear," said the horrified aunt, "do you know that every time you smoke one of those beastly things you drive a nail in your coffin?"

"No, auntie, dear," said the lovely girl, "you are wrong. A woman can't drive a nail."—What to Eat

HOW are the children this summer? Are they doing well? Do they get all the benefit they should from their food? Are their cheeks and lips of good color? And are they hearty and robust in every way?

If not, then give them

Scott's Emulsion

of cod liver oil with hypophosphites.

It never fails to build up delicate boys and girls. It gives them more flesh and better blood.

It is just so with the baby also. A little Scott's Emulsion, three or four times a day, will make the thin baby plump and prosperous. It furnishes the young body with just the material necessary for growing bones and nerves.

All Druggists, etc., and \$1. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N.Y.

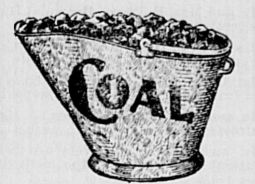


is the ideal cooking fuel when used in a modern

VAPOR STOVE

Simply perfect for hot weather cooking. You turn it on, light it and begin to cook. Turn it off when the meal is ready. Fuel has cost you but a trifle, and the kitchen is not overheated.

Stove Gasoline is used to-day for every cooking purpose by over 2,000,000 housekeepers, who find it cleaner, cheaper, more convenient and quicker than



If your dealer does not sell Vapor Stoves and Stove Gasoline, write to the Standard Oil Company, New York City.



ELY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure. Apply into the nostrils. It is quickly absorbed. 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; samples 10c. by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York City

T. F. GLENNAN.

CARRIAGE TRIMMING

and Harness Making.

BLANKETS, ROBES, WHIPS, ETC.

Washington St., Newton.

C. W. BUNTING,

Fish Market.

FISH, OYSTERS, FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

Telephone Connection.

12 Centre Place, - Newton



ROBERT F. CRANITCH.

(Successor to L. H. Cranitch)

House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter

[Paper] Hangings in Great Variety.

Work promptly done.

Walnut St., - Newtonville.

Second door from Central Block.

Estab. 1851—Incor. 1892.

Brackett's Market Company

Provisions.

8 & 10 Cole's Block, Newton.

C. S. DECKER,

Custom Tailor,

4 Elmwood St., Newton, Mass.

JOHN IRVING,

FLORIST

Cut Flowers, House Plants, Funeral Designs; Flowers for Weddings and Parties.

Pearl St., - Newton.

Telephone 165-4.

Rats Cleared

By the use of

THE TRAINED FERRETS

JOSEPH A. JONES & CO.,

5 Linwood Place, Somerville, Mass.

Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

Dentists.

Henry C. Spencer, D. M. D.

Stevens Building, Newton

DR. S. F. CHASE,

DENTIST

Dennison Building, Washington Street, corner Walnut, Newtonville.

Careful and thorough operating in all its branches.

NEW METHOD FOR ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

DR. ELBRIDGE C. LEACH,

DENTIST,

66 Huntington Ave., Boston.

Newton Centre Office, Bray's Block, Fridays and Saturdays.

Office hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Telephone 32-5 Newton Highlands.

Veterinary Surgeon

MADISON BUNKER, D. V. S.

Veterinary Surgeon.

Residence, 4 Baldwin St., corner Elmwood, NEWTON, MASS.

Telephone Connection.

Accidents Will Happen



and then the drug becomes your best friend. It pays to keep standard remedies on hand for such emergencies. You are sure of getting the best at strictly honest prices by dealing with

ARTHUR HUDSON,

STEVENS' BUILDING,

Nonantum Square, - Newton.

PURE DRUGS.

Member of the Master Builders' Association, 166 Devonshire Street.

(Established 1856.) (Incorporated 1891.)

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JOHN FARQUHAR'S SONS,

INCORPORATED.

Roofers, Metal Workers,

Slate, Copper, Tin, Tile and Composition Roofing. Galvanized Iron Work.

Dealers in all Roofing Materials.

20 and 22 East Street, Boston.

Special attention given to Repairs of all kinds of Roofing.

Samuel Farquhar, Pres't; David Farquhar, Sec'y and Treas.; Joseph Farquhar, Supt.; Rollin Farquhar, Frank C. Farquhar, Directors.

Pure Milk

SUPPLIED DAILY FROM

Prospect Valley Farm

One cow's milk supplied when desired.]

H. Coldwell & Son,

WALTHAM, MASS.

J. H. LOOK

WALTER THORPE, Newton Centre.
Agent for THE GRAPHIC, and receives subscriptions and makes collections for it. He also makes terms for advertising, hand-bills, and all other kinds of printing. Also, Real Estate to sell and to rent, and insurance against fire in the English and American companies.

NEWTON CENTRE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.
—Henry Williams has returned from a brief outing.
—Mrs. Deacon Coffin is recovering from a short illness.
—Mr. A. K. Pratt and family returned home Tuesday.
—Mr. Horace Cousens and family are at Seaside Beach.
—Mrs. J. J. Storror left this week for an outing at Manomet.
—Capt. Ladd is a guest of his sister, Mrs. Barnes of Beacon street.
—Mr. G. M. B. Flanders of Langley road has returned from Onset.
—Mr. H. W. Mason and family are summering at North Scituate.
—Mr. Chester Fearing left last Saturday for an outing at Hingham.
—Read J. W. Beverly's new advertisement, bicycles and watches.
—Mr. I. R. Stevens of Centre street is at Cape Cod for a month's visit.
—Mr. H. F. Colwell of Glenwood avenue is away on a summer outing.
—Mr. Arthur Washburn has returned from Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.
—Dr. J. B. Thomas and family of Warren street are at Newport, R. I.
—Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Spinney of Homer street are at North Sutton, N. H.
—Mr. Samuel Shannon and family of Lake avenue are at North Scituate.
—Mr. T. I. Crowell and family are spending several weeks at North Scituate.
—Mrs. Dr. West of Beacon street is summering at Old Orchard beach, Maine.
—Messrs Otis Swain and the Benedict brothers are enjoying a trip to Maine.
—Mounted patrolman C. R. Young started Wednesday on his annual vacation.
—Miss Ethel and Bernice Leach are at North Woodstock, N. H. with friends.
—Mr. G. A. Burdett and family of Langley road are in Brownsville, Vermont.
—Driver Edward G. Henrikus of hose 3 started Tuesday on his annual vacation.
—Miss Martha E. Stone of Institution avenue is in Cambridge for a few weeks.
—Mr. W. C. Bray and family of Institution avenue came up from Onset this week.
—Mr. D. A. Harrington of Knowles street is away for a portion of the summer.
—Mr. Fred Dunbar has left for Kennebunkport, Maine, for a several weeks' outing.
—Mr. A. J. Walworth and family of Centre street are summering in Rockland, Maine.
—Mr. T. A. Plimpton and family of Summer street have returned from their recent outing.
—No serious damage was reported in this place as a result of Saturday's thunder shower.

—Walter Griffiths, who is spending the summer at Onset, came up for a short visit this week.
—Letter carrier W. H. Barney started Thursday on his annual vacation trip of two weeks.
—Rev. and Mrs. H. B. Williams of Fayetteville, N. Y. are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel White.
—The Misses Lillian and Evelyn Ellis of Summer street are at Lisbon, N. H. for several weeks.
—Mr. E. H. Mason and family have returned home and reopened their Ward street residence.
—Letter carrier Barry has returned from Peak's Island, Maine, where he spent his annual vacation.
—Mr. Charles Fish and family of Beacon street are spending part of the summer in New Hampshire.
—Rev. Dr. Wm. Butler and family of Crescent avenue have been visiting in Providence, R. I.
—Alderman and Mrs. Henry Bailey are among the guests at the Sunset Hill house, Sugar Hill, N. H.
—Mr. Ezra Dudley is finishing a good double house on Beacon street. Mr. Bliss is doing the painting.
—Mr. H. A. Thayer and family of Moreland avenue have closed their residence and are away for several weeks.
—Rev. E. M. Noyes, Pastor of the First Congregational church is summering with his family at Squirrel Island, Maine.
—Mrs. J. A. D. Gross of Institution avenue is spending the month of August in New London, N. H.
—Mr. H. Bartling of Parker street is with his family among the guests at the Nauticus Inn, Ft. Allen.
—Mrs. Norman H. George and family of Gray Cliff road are summering at Sugar Hill, N. H., registering last week at the Sunset Hill house.
—Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Claffia and Miss Mildred Claffia and Mr. Charles A. Cummings of Brookline are at Beach Bluff, Swampscott, for August.
—The butter and egg business formerly conducted by Herbert W. Clark in a part of Woodman's news store on Centre street has been purchased by Mr. Woodman.
—Prof. C. R. Brown and family of Parker street, who have been absent from town since the close of the Newton Theological Institution have returned home this week.
—Letter carrier George Walker has this week removed from Cypress street to Mr. Jones' new house on the Ward street extension. Mr. Jones will occupy the first floor apartments.
—Mr. and Mrs. Alden Spauld, who began a trip through the Berkshire hills, have prolonged their journey into the White Mountains. They will return leisurely by way of Conway and plan to make a break of a couple of weeks or more at Chocoma.

—There are letters in the postoffices for Fred H. Bailey, Miss Kate Clifford, formerly 877 Beacon street, Miss E. Coffin, Mrs. John Cooper, Mrs. Lucy Hawlett, Mrs. E. W. Hyde, care of C. H. Deane, Mrs. Kradin, Jessie Kelley, Miss Mary McDougall, care of Mr. Butler, Miss Nellie T. Sawyer, Mrs. Geo. D. Young.

—James Bryson was arrested Monday evening by Patrolman Allen of division 3, after one of the liveliest chases which Newton Centre has seen for some time. About 10 o'clock Bryson was discovered by James Coleman in the act of raising a window in the house of Mr. Michael J. D'Ebery on North street. Coleman started in pursuit as Bryson ran, and was joined by Patrolman Allen. Allen outran Coleman, and after half an hour succeeded in running Bryson down in the woods near Commonwealth avenue. Bryson's shoes and stockings were found hidden in the woods near where he was captured, and near them was a half-barrel of beer stolen from a house in the vicinity Sunday night. This fact led to the belief that Bryson was responsible for this break. In court, Tuesday morning, he was held for the

grand jury in \$500, on the charge of attempting to break and enter.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Brigham of Oxford road are at Sea Cliff, Nantucket.

—Miss Mabelle Leach is spending a few weeks with Miss Hattie Kistler in Pennsylvania.

—Dr. George Bullen supplied the pulpit, morning and evening last Sunday at the Baptist church. The pastor is still in Europe.

—Miss Emma Giles of Parker street is at Maplewood Cottage, Bethlehem, where she is enjoying a trip through the White Mountains.

—Dr. Elbridge G. Leach, father of Dr. Leach of this village, died last week at his summer home at No. Leverett, Mass. He had been very ill for some months, his health having been gradually failing for some time. His age was 83 years. He had been one of the leading dentists of Boston for over 50 years, and was the founder of the Harvard University Dental School, in which he held a prominent office for many years. He had a very large acquaintance and his death will be learned with regret. His wife and seven children survive him, among the number being Dr. E. C. Leach and Mrs. Francis H. Williams of Crystal street, and Mrs. Philip Carbone of Newton Highlands.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

—Mr. E. S. Ritchie has gone to Nonquitt, Mass.
—Mr. Seward W. Jones has gone to Philadelphia.
—The Foster family have gone to Portland, Me.
—Miss Mary Hills of Eliot is away on her vacation.
—Mrs. A. H. Greenwood has been very ill for the past two weeks.
—The Luitwieler family have gone to Maine for a summer outing.
—Mr. F. R. Moore and family of Eliot have gone to the mountains.
—Mr. E. Burritt Moulton is taking a vacation, and has gone to Maine.
—Mr. E. P. Bosson and family are at Ogunquit, on the coast of Maine.
—Mr. and Mrs. F. Pierce Brown of Hartford street are at Southwest Harbor.
—Mrs. J. F. C. Hyde is at Kennebunk, and is the guest of her son, Mr. F. C. Hyde.
—Mr. C. A. Guild and family have returned from their stay in New Hampshire.
—Mr. and Mrs. Daniel S. Jones of Hartford street go to Exeter, N. H., next week.
—Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Avery are being congratulated on account of the birth of a son.
—Mr. J. H. Wentworth and family have gone to Buzzard's Bay for a stay of a few weeks.
—Mr. E. W. Warren and family have returned from a stay of a month at North Falmouth.
—Rev. C. E. Havens has gone to Nova Scotia, where he will spend a portion of his vacation.
—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Spaulding have an addition to their family circle by the birth of a son.
—Miss Goodwin, bookkeeper with E. Moulton & Son, is taking a vacation, and has gone to Maine.
—Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Moore of Hillsboro are an addition to their family by the birth of a daughter.
—Louis S. Brigham and his cousin, Edmund F. Brigham, are on a bicycle tour, and were heard from at North Woodstock, N. H.
—Mr. G. Fred Crosby, architect, and family, of Brookline, now occupy their new house, just completed, on Woodward street.
—Mr. Wm. Greig, who has had a market in Patterson block, has given up his business here, and with his family has removed to Lowell.

—Rev. Winthrop B. Greene of Pomfret, Conn., will occupy the pulpit at the Congregational church next Sunday morning and evening. Services commence at 10:30 and 7:30.
—Mr. Jagger, one of the conductors on the Boston and Maine, has had a fall at his rooms in Newhall's block, and has been running a dining saloon, has sold out and removed to Auburn, Maine.
—Mr. J. F. Loring and daughter are at home from an absence of three weeks, which was spent in the Lake Champlain region and the Adirondacks, and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Loring have also returned to their home here.
—Greenwood's Real Estate Agency has let the house on Columbus place, belonging to Mrs. Holmes, and formerly occupied by the late Mrs. Kingsbury, to Mr. F. H. Webster of Newton Centre, who is a conductor on the Newton & Boston electric railway.

—Mr. W. E. Ryder, who has been a member of a theatrical company in Chicago, playing to crowded houses, since the early summer, was married on Monday, July 26th, in New York, to Miss Frances Whitehouse of Brooklyn. They are now at the Highlands, and are guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. B. Ryder.

—Rev. Wm. Safford Jones will preach Sunday morning at the New North church, Hingham, and Sunday evening at the South Hingham Unitarian church, in the absence of Rev. Charles Hunt Porter, the minister. Mr. Jones leaves for Bar Harbor, Monday, to join Rev. S. B. Macdonald at East Lawrence. The 15th he goes to Quebec with Rev. Geo. H. Latimer of Salem.

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THE MAN.

The man who speaks
A kindly word to soothe an aching heart
Or lightens sorrow's burdened soul
To break or turn the part of sorrow's dart
Aimed at a weary wanderer passing by—
The man who lends
A helping hand to raise whom cares bow down
To bid a friend or foe
To boldly and though worldlings scoff or frown
The hand that strikes at tyranny a blow—
The man who loves
All nature's gifts, mightiest or most minute—
The bird, the brute, the flower,
The tender blast, the air that tenses the lute,
The rays that brighten and the clouds that cover—
He who thus speaks, thus lends a hand, thus loves,
Confiding in the genius of the Giver
("Unknowable," maybe),
Guides his rest, his record safe forever
In the great archives of eternity.
—Toronto Globe.

FLOGGING FOR MURDER.

Punishment by the Knout as It Is Administered at Sakhalin.

Flogging by the knout has been prohibited in Siberia. It is allowed only on this island of Sakhalin, and for murder. No Russian civilian is allowed to witness an execution of that sort, certainly no traveler. Although the governor and I were so intimate, I noticed for the first time one day a little constraint in him. I met the doctor and said, "You do not look very well." "Well," he said, "I am very unhappy. There is a case which has come into court for flogging for murder, and I don't like it."

It was not a thing that I would like to see, but I thought that somebody who was connected with the case, certainly not a traveler, might be asked to look on. I went in consultation with him. The governor could not refuse, and I did it. I afterward went and saw the flogging. It took place in the great yard of the prison in the presence of the governor, the surgeon and myself. The criminal was stretched out on a table in the middle of the yard, and behind him stood the executioner. To the right of the table and at a good distance was the man who kept the tally, and counted aloud each blow as it fell—one, two, three, and so on to the end.

I have never seen anything which was so painful to witness. The knout has a large, thick handle, the strands of the whip are divided into three by knots, and with a hard end, and the scourge descends like a bird of prey and picks out the piece.

The only pleasant thing about it is the end. As soon as it was over and the man was not dead he was taken to the hospital, and the doctor, who was one of the best of men, cared for him just as much as if he had been a sick woman in New York. —Bulletin of the American Geographical Society.

The Inventor of the Bowle Knife.

As a hunter James Bowie did more than credit to his blood and training. Offhand with a rifle he could bring down a wild goose flying high over a swamp, or a bullet in the neck five times out of seven. But marksmanship bordering on the marvelous was a common attribute throughout. What gave the young sawyer distinction was another story.

Several sorts of another story. In fact, he could not merely shoot deer running, but he could in fair chase over the prairie, give them a fall, and, if it pleased him so to do, fetch them in alive and unharmed. He could likewise lasso a horse from the wild herd, mount him without anybody's help and stay upon his back, no matter what was done, until the terrified beast had run himself tame. By way of variety, sometimes the lasso was cast over a big bull alligator waddling from swamp to swamp. When it had been drawn taut, holding tail and jaws in leash, young Bowie mounted the scaly back and rode there, laughing and shouting, while the astounded creature went belching with rage toward his swampy haunts. —Martha McCulloch Williams in Harper's Magazine.

Easter Bullights in Seville.

Mr. Stephen Bonsal writes in The Century of "Holy Week in Seville." Mr. Bonsal says:

We are returning from the social function of the week, for, alas, even gay and lazy Seville has its social functions which must be borne with. It is the tablado, or inspection of the black bulls which, with great pomp and ceremony and at the cost of a king's ransom, are to be killed tomorrow by the most celebrated matadores in the kingdom. While there is a great lack of money in Seville to buy bread there is always enough money forthcoming, even from the pauper's treasury, to pay the way into the bull ring, and every one in Seville who is a good Christian will attend the Easter bull fight, even if, as not seldom happens, he has to pawn his household gods and sacred images to do so.

The Funds.

Sir William Harcourt enlivened the debate on the finance bill one night by quoting the saying of Sydney Smith that the greatest fools in the world are the three per cents, and why they rise and why they fall, for reasons which no sensible man can understand is one of the marvels of modern civilization.

Pitt's great opponent, Fox, is credited with a similar remark. He never quite understood, he said on one occasion, what the funds were. All he knew was that they were something which went up and down in the city, and he was always glad when they went down, because it annoyed Mr. Pitt so much. —Westminster Gazette.

An Embarrassing Demand.

We see there is a song by Balfe called "The First Kiss." Is there not some degree of danger in such a title? For instance, what would a shopman think and how would he behave if a pretty young lady went up to him and smilingly said: "If you please, sir, I want you to give me 'The First Kiss'?" —London Tit-Bits.

Lion tamers as a rule prefer lions to lionesses and dislike a troop of both sexes mixed. In such cases the danger of entering the den is quadrupled, and mischief is pretty sure to result sooner or later.

The various countries of the world now use 13,400 different kinds of postage stamps.

PECULIAR MONSTERS.

THE FIERCE, MAN EATING CROCODILES OF AUSTRALIA.

These Powerful and Cunning Brutes Grow to Twenty-seven Feet in Length and Will Tackle Anything From a Sheep to a Thousand Pound Bullock.

The crocodile of the Nile differs very little from that of our own northern rivers, which is generally termed "alligator," though in reality a true crocodile. The head of a true alligator is broader and shorter than that of the crocodile. There is also considerable difference in the teeth and their disposition in the jaws. The teeth of the alligator are unequal, and the larger of the lower canine enters a cavity in the upper jaw, while that of a crocodile simply fits into a groove on the outside of the upper jaw, leaving the tooth clearly visible when the mouth of the monster is closed. There are also differences in the webbing of the toes and the form of the legs, though to the general observer there is little or no difference. Crocodiles seem equally at home in salt or fresh water, while alligators don't appear to relish and rarely visit salt waters.

The crocodiles no doubt feed largely upon fish, but as they grow older and stronger and require great quantities of food they will when hungry attack anything from a sheep or kangaroo to a bullock, a big crocodile making short work of a bullock weighing over half a ton. Some of these monsters measure as much as 27 feet in length and possess immense strength besides wonderful cunning and patience. It will lie in wait at any watering place frequented by animals, hardly distinguishable from a log of wood, so still and impassive it has become. The animal coming down to drink is suddenly seized in the crocodile's huge jaws and drawn into the water and drowned.

At other times the tail is used to sweep the animal into deep water, where, even though its prey may be a heavy bullock, it has little or no chance against its enemy, which is specially provided by nature with an arrangement that prevents the water rushing down its huge throat, even though its jaws are fully distended through holding its prey. Thus after a few brief seconds the unequal struggle is over, and the saurian takes the carcass in tow to some favored locality, where he can enjoy it at his leisure. The early days at Port Darwin, N. Z., bathing in the open sea was forbidden, owing to the danger from crocodiles, there and nearly everywhere else in Australia called alligators, though in reality no true alligators exist in Australia. A young trooper named Davis, a fine swimmer, disregarded the general order and one morning early went for a swim. Far out in the harbor he noticed what he and others took to be a floating log. Many of the northern trees float and are washed down in the wet season to the open sea. Out went the strong swimmer, nearer and nearer to the supposed log, until too late he recognized his mistake and that he was approaching instead of a log a huge and apparently listless crocodile.

But the knowledge came too late to be of any service to poor Davis, though some men called out to him from a small craft close by to "Go back!" "Go back!" and Davis did make an attempt to retreat and was swimming manfully shoreward when the huge brute flashed down upon him at a terrific speed, and, opening his great jaws to their utmost capacity, came down with a smack that was heard even to the shore, and inside their cruel grip was Trooper Davis' head. Then, with the quickness common to the saurian, it had disappeared with its victim.

Every possible attempt was made to recover the body, but without success, though the harbor was soon alive with boats and the water thrashed around for a considerable time. Though this means failed, the body was soon afterward found lying on a rock, or rather a reef, some little distance from the scene of the accident. The lowering of the boats and the noise of the beaten water had no doubt caused the monster to let go his prey.

Crocodiles at nighttime low and bellow just like cattle, especially like bulls, and I have spent some nights in an open boat in Cambridge gulf, northwestern Australia, where the whole place seemed to be alive with them, and what with their splashes and cries, the weirdness of the whole scene and their close proximity as they at times rocked the boat, sleep was impossible, for there are several instances on record where crocodiles have taken or have attempted to take men from out of camps and boats.

A poor fellow named Reed, the mate or second mate of the Gulnara, had gone in his vessel to some river in Carpentaria gulf—I believe the Roper. The vessel was at anchor near the mouth of the river. The mate, Reed, had been dispatched in charge of a watering party and was some distance up the river in a large open boat. Water had been obtained, and they were all ready for a return to the ship. All being made snug, the tired fellows turned in, having made their camp in the boat. The night was a very fine one, the moon shining brightly, when toward midnight the sleeping camp was aroused by some terrific shrieks. These were the cries of poor Reed, who, enveloped in his bedding and mosquito curtains, was being borne off by a crocodile.

It is said by those who knew him well and accompanied him on this and other previous trips that he had the habit of sleeping with his foot on the gunwale of the boat, and no doubt this afforded the crocodile an easier opportunity of seizing him. All night and a great part of next day were spent in searching for the missing man's body, but without success. The crocodile has a remarkable eye. It can arrange the pupil to a vertical or horizontal position at will to suit its requirements by day or night. It has a special natural protection to the eye, and through a "duct" escapes the fluid when the "monster weeps." In fact, he is a peculiar brute altogether, with many special gifts besides his huge jaws that help to make of him the terror he is.—Sydney Mail.

A Big Mistake.

A fool, a barber and a baldheaded man were traveling together. Losing their way, they were obliged to sleep in the open air, and to avert danger it was agreed to watch by turns.

The first lot fell on the barber, who for amusement shaved the poor fool's head while he was sleeping. He then woke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed: "Here's a pretty mistake. You have awakened the baldheaded man instead of me!" —Liverpool Mercury.

Stockings were first used in the eleventh century. Before that cloth bandages were used on the feet.

P. S. BARTLETT 17 jewelled Waltham Watch, nickel movement, in silver case, \$15.00.

Lady's WALTHAM or Elgin Watch in gold filled case, \$8.00.

Other kinds correspondingly low priced. Fully guaranteed. Cleaned free 12th month after sale.

J. W. BEVERLY, JEWELER AND OPTICIAN, BRAY'S BLOCK, NEWTON CENTRE.

DR. FRANKLIN IN FRANCE.

The American Envoy Was Received With the Highest Honors at Court.

Mr. H. A. Ogden writes of "A Great Republican at Court" in St. Nicholas. After telling of the arrival of Benjamin Franklin in France Mr. Ogden says: "He was then over 70 years of age, and his fame as a printer, editor, inventor, philosopher and statesman—for the old gentleman was a many sided genius—was well established. The learned societies of the civilized globe were proud to enroll his name among their members. The French people, from the nobles down to the servants, all were familiar with his quaint and witty sayings, as translated from "Poor Richard's Almanac," as well as with his love of liberty and his broad sympathy with his fellow men. Silas Deane, the agent of the American congress, then living in Paris, afterward said, 'Here is the hero, philosopher and patriot who at the age of 74 risks all dangers for his country.'

To show that the enemy fully realized his power as an advocate for the cause of independence, the Marquis of Rockingham, one of King George III's advisers, remarked that he considered "the presence of Dr. Franklin at the French court more than a balance for the few additional acres which the English had gained by the conquest of Manhattan Island." This was said not long after the battle of Brooklyn, whereby General Howe had secured possession of New York.

Shortly after his arrival in Paris the doctor was invited to make his home at Passy, then one of the little towns outside of the city, although now it is inside of the fortifications. Here on a hill overlooking the river Seine as it flows past villages, chateaux and palaces, stood the mansion of the Marquis, the owner of which insisted on Franklin's sharing his apartments with him without cost, saying, "If your country is successful in the war and your congress will grant me a small piece of land, perhaps I may take that as payment." Whenever the doctor went crowds followed him. He was cheered in the streets or at the opera. His sayings were quoted, and engravings, miniatures, medals, snuffbox lids and souvenirs were made to bear his kindly features. He wrote home to little Benjamin's mother that they had "made her father's face"—by which, of course, he meant his own—"as well known as that of the moon."

Long Distance Steaming of Warships.

The recent performances of the United States battleship Oregon and the gunboat Marietta in steaming from high up along the North American Pacific coast around Cape Horn to the West Indies have very properly challenged the admiration of the whole world. Until quite recently much more had been heard of the failings of warships than of their good points, and one was almost tempted to believe that the average modern naval vessel was so delicately constructed and so complex a piece of machinery as to be scarcely fitted to withstand in due measure the rough usages of war or the knocking about of a protracted sea voyage under the pressure of high speed and with all kinds of weather.

When, several years ago, the United States cruiser Columbia crossed over from Southampton to Sandy Hook, at the entrance to New York harbor, in a little less than seven days, making a "sure" passage against one of the crack Atlantic liners, her performance stood unparalleled in naval history. It bordered, in fact, on what had for long been considered the impossible. What the Oregon and the Marietta have done, however, is a worthy counterpart of that earlier magnificent performance and admirably demonstrates what may be accomplished by good engineering even when subject to the exacting conditions of naval restrictions.—Cassier's Magazine.

Putting Your Foot In It.

Mr. George Russell, in his book, "Collections and Recollections," tells the following story:

"A friend of mine in the diplomatic service, visiting Rome in the old days of the temperate power, had the honor of an interview with Pio Nonno. The pope graciously offered him a cigar—I am told you will find this very fine! The Englishman made that stupidest of all answers, 'Thanks, your holiness, but I have no vices.' 'This isn't a vice. If it was, you would have it.'"

Players will remember the following passage in Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons" and draw their own conclusions: Claude (offering snuffbox)—M. Beaucaumont, will you honor me? Beaucaumont—No, your highness; I have no small vices.

Claude—Why, if it were a vice, you'd be sure to have it, M. Beaucaumont.

Biggs—"I see you have that servant girl we used to have. She has such an awful temper that I don't see how you manage to get along with her." —Diggs—"Oh, that's easy enough. We manage her by letting her manage everything else."

Greyhair—"My wife is such a thoughtful woman." Betterhaws—"So's mine. You couldn't imagine all the things she thinks about me if I happen to be detained down town." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

There are now at Saratoga more thoroughbreds than at any time during the nineties, thus assuring a first-class racing season. The Fitchburg Railroad Saratoga Limited, leaving Boston at 9:30 A. M., is the best train to take.

The racing season at Saratoga opens on July 25th, and the Fitchburg Railroad will place on sale August 1st to 6th, inclusive, round trip tickets good returning until August 17th at one fare for the round trip.

From the present outlook the racing season at Saratoga will be better than at any time during the last ten years. The Fitchburg Railroad Saratoga Limited, leaving Boston at 9:30 A. M., is the train to take.

No summer school has been such a success as that located at Beautiful Lake Chautauque. If you contemplate visiting it, remember the Fitchburg Railroad is the line to use.

It was a mean woman who, when the tramp asked for a "cold bite," gave him a piece of ice.

DESCRIPTION filed in the office of the Clerk of the City of Newton in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and in the office of the Secretary of said Commonwealth, pursuant to the provisions of section 1, chapter 40, Acts of 1883, "An act to protect the Owners of Cans, Bottles, Boxes, Siphons and Fountains used in the sale of Milk, Cream, Soda Water, Mineral and Aerated Waters, Ale, Beer, Ginger Ale or other Beverages." Name of person or corporation, Geo. H. Ellis, doing business under the style of Wauwinet Farm, Principal place of business, Commonwealth Avenue, West Newton aforesaid. Nature of business transacted, dealer in milk. Kind of receptacle used, glass jars. Description of the name or names, mark or marks, device or devices used: in the side of the jars the words "Wauwinet Farm Registered," enclosed in a circle, are blown, like the following:

In witness whereof I have hereunto signed my name this eleventh day of July in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-eight.
WAWINET FARM,
Geo. H. Ellis, Proprietor.

NEWTON CENTRE

Boarding, Livery and Hacking Stable.

Mr. F. L. Richardson and Mr. E. J. Goodnow have formed a co-partnership under the firm name of Richardson & Goodnow, and will continue the stable business heretofore conducted by Mr. E. W. Pratt, and at the old stand, corner Beacon street and Langley road. Particular attention will be paid to boarding horses and carriages.
The Livery (or letting) portion of the business will be limited to a few first-class turn outs. We shall be ready at any time, day or night, to furnish hacks and carriages for private or public parties, with experienced drivers.
Asking for a continuance of the good will and generous patronage extended to Mr. Pratt, we hope by strict attention to our business to merit the same generous patronage.
Telephone, Newton Highlands 34-4.

Lawn Dressing, Fertilizers, Etc., Bowker's and Bradley's.

SEEDS, Field and Flower
From four of the largest houses in the United States.

Lawn Rakes, Spades, Forks, Grass Hooks, Wheelbarrows, Etc.

W. O. Knapp & Co.
NEWTON CENTRE.
Telephone 22-3, Newton Highlands.

FROST & DARRELL,
(Successors to W. E. Armstrong & Co.)

The Best of Meats, Vegetables, Fruit, Poultry and Fish.
PROMPT DELIVERY.

Farnham's Block, Newton Centre

A. H. ROFFE,
DEALER IN

Hay and Grain, Lime, Cement, and Drain Pipe.

Cypress St., near Centre, N. Centre.

T. H. SMITH, HACK, BOARDING

LIVERY STABLE.

OAK ST., NEWTON UPPER FALLS,
Telephone 107-2, Newton Highlands.

Sig. AUGUSTO VANNINI,
(From Florence) Master of the

True Italian Method of Singing, Church, Concert and Opera.

No. 143 Massachusetts Ave., Boston.

Job

THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

Reading Room

VOL. XXVI.—NO. 46.

NEWTON, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1898.

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EBEN SMITH,
Established 1872.

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PICTURE FRAMING

AS IT
SHOULD BE DONE.

188 Lincoln Street, - Boston.

Mrs. Smith, living in Auburndale, will call and give estimates on re-gilding, Pictures, Portraits, Mirrors, Frames, Brics-a-brac, Beds and Furniture. Special discount for August and September.

Hastings

THE PHOTOGRAPHER,

Formerly at 146 Tremont St., Boston, has leased the Brazer Studio, 38 Centre St., Newton, Mass., and is thoroughly prepared to wait upon his old patrons and their friends for anything desired in UP-TO-DATE PHOTOGRAPHY.

CHILDREN'S PICTURES A SPECIALTY.
In giving personal attention to all sittings and finishing of orders, my patrons can rest assured that all commissions will be attended to with skill and promptness.

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CREAMS, ICES,
SHERBETS, Etc.,

Delivered to any part of the Newtons.

TELEPHONE, 61-2, WEST NEWTON.

Woodland Park Hotel.

Merchants' Co-operative Bank,
19 Milk St., Boston.

Money loaned to buy, build, or pay off a mortgage. Rates usually 5 per cent. or 5 1/4 per cent. No premium. \$2,000 loan at 5 per cent. requires \$15.33 monthly; \$10 credit to loan, balance interest. Call for information or circulars. March 10, 1898. A. E. DUFFILL, Treas.

The Secret Discovered How to make perfect Blueing! Mrs. Henry Vincent Pinkham of Newton invites the attention of all housekeepers to this new production (manufactured by herself under the name of the E. P. Moore Manufacturing Co.)

JAPANESE BLEUING, which is pronounced by experts to be the best bleaching known to science. For sale by the S. S. Pierce Co. of Boston and the leading grocers of Newton.

HOUSE OF SEVEN OR EIGHT ROOMS in good location wanted in Newton, on easy terms. Very little land desired. Address J. Draver G., Watertown, Mass.

Wedding Decorations, (ARTISTIC DESIGNS)
Cut Flowers and Plants.

E. T. MOREY,

WASHINGTON AND TREMONT STREETS, NEAR NEWTON LINE.

875

Some doctors declare that candy is unwholesome, but all doctors agree that if you must eat candy choose the purest.

BRADSHAW'S,
875 Washington St., Newtonville.

FURS.
Now is the time to have your FURS RE-DYED RE-LINED RE-ALTERED.

in the best manner possible at summer prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
S. ARONSON, Furrier,
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IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD. HALF A LOAF OF OUR BREAD IS BETTER THAN MAXY A WHOLE LOAF BOUGHT FROM ANY OTHER BAKER. WE ALSO BAKE DAINTY CAKES, DELICIOUS PIES AND HOME-MADE DOUGHNUTS. TEL. 224-3. GOODS DELIVERED.

F. L. BEVERLY, Baker,
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"A Bakery for 10 years."

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—OF—
The Pilgrim Fathers.

Is one of the leading fraternal insurance organizations. It is conducted on the lodge plan and confined to the New England States. It has graded assessments, a low death rate, admits men and women on equal terms. Its object is to unite fraternal and for their mutual advantage acceptable persons, and to protect the widows, orphans, or dependents of its members by paying them on the death of the members five hundred, one thousand or two thousand dollars, as the member may have elected. It has benefited thousands. It can benefit you and yours.
Nonantum Colony, No. 77, meets in Nonantum Hall second and fourth Mondays in each month, at 8 o'clock P. M.

STOVES

and every variety of

Household Goods

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FURNISHERS OF THE HUNNEWELL CLUB.

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Custom Furniture, Wood Mantels,
Interior Finish, Tile and Brick
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Floor Tiles, Decoration,
Upholstery, Wall Papers, Carpets.

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Factory, 537 Albany Street.
Telephone, Back Bay 64.

NOTE—Mr. J. M. Quinby of the firm who had charge of the furnishing the Hunnewell Club lives at 37 Wesley St., Newton, and would be pleased to call and give estimates on any old or new work. Re-upholstering and re-furnishing of furniture, at reasonable prices.

Telephone, Newton 167-3.

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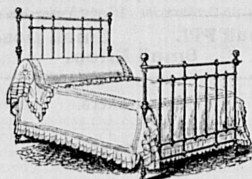
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preparing young people for office work and general business; pupils aided to employment; tuition fees are \$40 per quarter, \$120 per year, our record of 31,800 pupils and 57 years speaks for itself; 58th year opens Sept. 6th. For full prospectus, address or call upon

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In addition to our well-known stock of Brass and Iron Bedsteads we are showing some new patterns of Bureaus, Chests of Drawers, etc., in Mahogany, Oak, White Enamel, etc.,

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For young men and young women. Twelfth year begins September 12. Special attention to individual needs of pupils. Number limited. Applications for admission should be made at once. \$150 a year. School rooms in Associates' Block, Centre Street, opposite Public Library. Particulars may be had of

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Spools

In All the Latest Shades.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM
AND TAKE NO OTHER.

JOHN C. MEYER & CO.,

Selling Agents,

87 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

NEWTON.

—Pianos, Farley, 433 Washington street.
—Mr. I. T. Burr has returned from his European tour.

—Mr. John Crowdie left Tuesday for his annual vacation.

—Miss Julia M. Meehan of Fayette street is at Salisbury Beach.

—Developing and printing for amateurs done by E. E. Snyder.

—Miss Helen Meade is enjoying her annual vacation of two weeks.

—Miss Mary S. Sweeney is spending two weeks at Hopkinton Heights.

—Mr. Willard Harding is spending a portion of the month in Nantucket.

—Mr. Walter C. Whitney has returned from a visit at Ashburnham, Mass.

—Mrs. Dr. James Utley of Centre street has returned from Bradford Springs.

—Miss Maud C. Hartwell is visiting in Stanstead, Province of Quebec, Canada.

—Mr. Howard Travis has returned from an outing of several weeks at Magnolia.

—Mr. James McDonald of Chesham street is spending the week at Bethlehem, N. H.

—The Misses Snow of Waverley avenue are spending their vacation at Newport, R. I.

—Mrs. I. D. Allen has returned from North Pomfret, Vt. to her home on Centre street.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Barber and Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Leonard are in North Bridport, Maine.

—Mr. Theodore Jones and family of Washington street are away for the month of August.

—Mr. Arthur Pierce was among the recent arrivals at the Ocean View House, Nantasket.

—Miss Irene and Miss Susie Atkins of Thornton street, left this week for a visit in Provincetown.

—Mr. Abram Byfield and family of Grasmere street are staying at the Bay State Cottage, North Scituate.

—Mr. Howard B. Coffin and Mr. Lewis Coffin were among the guests at the Ocean-side, Magnolia, last week.

—Mr. J. Finnegan of this place has been spending a portion of the summer at the Anchorage, North Scituate.

—Mr. Charles Jones of South Walpole is in town this week visiting his mother, Mrs. Hamblin of Channing street.

—Mrs. Maria R. Holmes of Channing street left this week for Abington, Mass., where she is visiting friends.

—Slight repairs at trifling cost will greatly extend the usefulness of your shirts. See Blackwell's ad. on page 4.

—Miss Katie Carlin, who has been visiting W. H. Thomas of Green street, has returned to her home in Roxbury.

—Mr. C. W. Parker will be the leader at the regular session of the Baptist Sunday School, at 12 o'clock next Sunday.

—Mr. Charles F. F. Abbott, a resident of Newton over 16 years, was in town this week renewing acquaintances.

—Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Whittaker of Hunnewell avenue are passing the month of August in the western part of Mass.

—Mr. Frank D. Frisbie of Centre street leaves Saturday for Nahant, where he will be the guest of his cousin, Mr. J. C. Wilson.

—Sunday in Grace Church will be held on Sunday at 10.45 A. M., 12 M. and 7.30 P. M. Strangers and others are cordially invited.

—Mrs. Hall, formerly of the Hollis, is reported as improving at the private hospital in Boston, where she has been for some weeks.

—Hon. W. H. Furber and wife with Mrs. E. J. Sweetser of Chicago, sister of Mrs. Furber, are at Allerton for the month of August.

—There is an important letter at the Newton Post Office for Mrs. Amanda S. Eaton. Supt. Morgan would like to know her address.

—Messrs Thomas Edmonds and Charles Kimball returned last Saturday from North Scituate, where they have been spending several weeks.

—Miss Katie M. Sweeney of Fayette street and Miss Julia Hayes of Crescent street are spending part of the month at Salisbury Beach.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Quinby, who have been spending the season at Paris, Maine, and Poland Springs, have returned to their home, 37 Wesley street.

—Charles Burgher, formerly of this place but now of Winthrop Highlands, has been in town the past week the guest of John Sheppardson of Maple avenue.

—The Boston Herald says: "Mr. Chester Guild of Newton drives a team of the haughtiest turnouts at Kennebunkport. His horses are a cross match pair—a black and a gray."

—Mrs. E. J. Locke and the Misses Stone of Tremont street sailed this week for Nova Scotia, where they will pass the month of August touring the Land of Evangeline.

—A horse belonging to George Pearson, the expressman, was overcome by the heat while being driven on Washington street, near the Brighton line, last Saturday evening. The animal fell to the ground, and in a few minutes died.

—Capt. Pressey has leased the house corner of Washington and St. James streets, occupied by Mrs. Mandell for the last fifteen years, and the latter is moving to the new house on Pembroke street, which Mr. Robert H. Mandell has recently purchased.

—Jefferson street residents have not taken kindly to the old Hyde and Hodgdon buildings recently placed on vacant lots on that thoroughfare. They sincerely hope the owners of these buildings will be active in making both more presentable. Painting and judicious repairing would undoubtedly have a desirable effect.

—Cards are out for the marriage of Adele P., daughter of Henry Heintz, former counsel general at Manila from Germany, to Charles S. Sumner. The ceremony takes place at the residence of the bride's parents in Hamburg, on Aug. 24th, and the happy couple will then leave immediately for the United States, visiting the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Sumner of this city, and returning at the end of September to Hamburg, where Mr. Sumner holds an important position with a large American export concern.

—Much interest has been manifested by patrons of the Boston & Albany in the improvements at Faneuil, which when completed will materially alter and benefit the appearance of the station and vicinity. Good progress is being made on the extension of Brooks street, which is to pass under the railroad tracks, connecting all the region to the south of the station with the bridge crossing the Charles river at the arsenal. The railroad is to build a new station at this point, replacing the little old frame structure that has done service for so many years by a new one, 37 by 22 feet on the ground. There has been considerable building on the territory served by the

station, toward Oak square, and it deserves better facilities than it has had.

—Mrs. L. J. Howes will visit at Old Orchard next week.

—Mr. Thomas Weston and family are at Squid Island, Me.

—Mr. Eugene Brown has returned from a two weeks vacation.

—Mr. Robert S. Cody returned Monday from Canterbury, N. H.

—Mr. E. A. Whitney visited relatives in Ashburnham this week.

—Miss Atkins of Thornton street is enjoying a visit out of town.

—Miss Hitechock has returned from several weeks at Northfield.

—Mr. Pitt F. Parker returned last Saturday from West Dennis, Mass.

—Mr. M. C. Laffie left today for Vermont to be gone for some days.

—Mr. John Van Baskirk and family have returned from Portsmouth, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Doane are enjoying an outing on the south shore.

—Mr. F. A. Hubbard and family have returned from their outing at Brant Rock.

—Mr. Ellis Ward and Mr. Frank Foss leaves next week for Westfield, Vermont.

—Mr. John Edwards of Washington street, left Wednesday for Portsmouth, N. H.

—Mr. George U. Fish of Litchfield, Me., is a guest of Mr. Frank B. Adams of Church street.

—Mrs. Madison Bunker and family of Baldwin street are summering in Nantucket.

—Rev. W. F. Parker of New Brunswick is here visiting his brother Mr. C. W. Parker.

—Mr. Wood was among those registered at Hotel Ponema, Milford Springs, N. H. last week.

—Mrs. W. C. Crosby and Miss Alice Crosby left this week for an outing at Sandwich.

—Mrs. Charles W. Hall of Hunnewell Hill, is at the Sunset Hill House, Sagat Hill, N. H.

—Mr. Fred A. Clark of the Clark, Derby Co., Chicago, has been here this week visiting relatives.

—Miss Bowman, Mrs. Peake and Miss Peake of the Hunnewell, are at Squid Island, Me., for two weeks.

—Mr. R. D. Holt of Centre street will be the guest of his friend Mr. Rich of Boston during the month of August.

—Mrs. E. B. Hitechock of Hollis street has returned from New York, where she has been the guest of friends.

—Mrs. G. Leighton and Miss V. Leighton are at the Bellevue House, Intervale, N. H., for the remainder of the season.

—Mrs. S. H. Howe has returned from Hunkerock Beach, where she was among the guests at the Hunkerock House.

—A large party of store clerks of this place are planning an excursion to the Isle of Shoals next Thursday afternoon.

—Miss Hattie Fizes of Washington street has returned home after a several weeks' outing at West Dennis, Mass.

—The Misses Moore and Miss Hattie Goding of Hunnewell Hill returned this week from an outing at Cottage City.

—The Y. M. C. A. wheelmen will run to Everett to-morrow evening. A large number of members have planned to make the trip.

—Rev. Wm. H. Davis, pastor of the Eliot church, has with his son Master Robert Davis, returned from his western trip this week.

—Miss Emily Cutler of Linder Terrace is spending August with Mr. and Mrs. S. Welles Holmes at the Quisset Harbor House.

—Miss Florence Snow of Dorchester, who has been a guest of Miss Inez Mason of Jefferson st., returned this week to her home.

—Mrs. Samuel Farquhar and Miss Beatrice Farquhar were guests at the opening of the Arlington, Bethlehem, last Monday evening.

—Past Grand Master Workman Duffey of Boston visited Newton Lodge A. O. U. W. in the lodge hall, Nonantum building, Tuesday evening.

—A company of Young People's Society members of the Baptist church have planned a trip and visit to the Point of Pines for to-morrow.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Wheeler of Eldredge street have the sympathy of their friends in the death of this young child which occurred yesterday.

—Mr. C. W. Parker has accepted a position in Butte, Montana, and will leave next Wednesday for that place. He has been connected with the Y. M. C. A. for several months past.

—The Newton Y. M. C. A. will be represented at the annual association field day held Sept. 5th (Labor Day) at the Melrose baseball park. Several local athletes will be seen in some of the best events.

—The Newton street railway company is to equip its box cars with vestibules. If the plans do not miscarry the cars will be ready within a month. The vestibules have arrived this week and are now being attached to the cars.

—Mr. F. O. Stanley of Hunnewell avenue is ill in Farmington, Maine, suffering from an attack of dysentery. His condition was so serious the early part of the week that his brother, Mr. F. E. Stanley, was summoned from Newton. Word has been later received informing his friends here that he is resting comfortably.

—If peace negotiations are signed to-day, and an end of all hostilities between this country and Spain is declared, the residents of Nonantum will celebrate the event with a public demonstration in that place to-morrow evening. The affair will be in charge of the Nonantum club, and promises to be an occasion of unusual interest. Illuminations, speech-making, and a spread will make up the features of the program.

—While Edward Curtis, employed as a driver for Atwood & Prescott, provision dealer, was delivering goods at the house of Mr. Clark on Charlesbank road early Tuesday afternoon, he was set upon by a large St. Bernard dog and severely bitten in the hip. The animal set his teeth deep in the flesh, and it was only after strenuous efforts that Curtis managed to free himself. He was taken to his home and attended by a physician. The wound was cauterized, and it is said will not prove serious.

—In attempting to board an inward bound accommodation train at the depot early last evening, Miss Annie Marshman narrowly escaped serious injury. As the train was moving out Miss Marshman attempted to step on the platform of the center car. She missed her footing, and was dragged several feet. That she was not thrown beneath the cars is considered wonderful. The train did not stop, but a gentleman on the platform assisted Miss Marshman on the car. She was evidently

uninjured as she was able to proceed to Boston.

—Mr. John L. Bailey has been elected auditor of the Bailey-Bailey family association.

—Dr. Bothfeld is reported to be improving at the Newton Hospital, as fast as could be expected, and in a few weeks he will be able to be out again.

NEWTON UPPER FALLS.

—Dr. W. H. McOwen's family are sojourning at Sand Hills, Mass.

—Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Everett have returned from Wells Beach, Me.

—Miss Abbie J. Meserve of Eliot street is enjoying an outing at Onset.

—Mr. Edward Billings enjoyed a wheel ride to Crescent beach last Sunday.

—Mrs. Mary S. Hopkins registered at the Pacific House, Nantasket, last week.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Smith are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

—Mr. Charles Chambers has returned from a short visit at Narragansett Pier.

—Mr. Charles Johnson of High street has returned from a visit at Beachmont.

—Mr. Charles Mills and family of Eliot street have returned from Wells Beach, Me.

—Rev. J. H. Davis will preach as usual, at the Baptist church next Sunday morning.

—Rev. W. H. Woodall of Newton Centre preached at the Baptist church last Sunday morning.

—Mrs. Ackroyd of Eliot street, who has been quite ill at the Newton Hospital, is improving.

—Mr. John A. Gould and family of Boylston street have returned from their summer outing.

—Mrs. Helen Kimball of Portland, Me., is the guest of Mrs. Nancy Bakeman of Winter street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Billings of High street enjoyed a short outing at the seashore last week.

—Mrs. William Warren and daughter of Chestnut street are enjoying an outing in New Hampshire.

—Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Chestnut street have returned from a few days' visit with friends in Natick.

—Mrs. Hinton, wife of R. W. Hinton of Linden street, is enjoying a short season with her daughter at Taunton.

—The Newton Upper Falls baseball team defeated the Institutions of Roxbury last Saturday afternoon by a score of 10 to 4.

—Rev. W. A. Dyer of Chelmsford preached last Sunday evening before a large congregation in the Methodist church.

—Mr. William Lowe is remodeling his building on Chestnut street, which will be used by a Nonantum man as a clothing store.

—Residents of this place rejoice that the river is unusually high. This probably accounts for the small number of sick cases reported, as the low condition of the river is said to be responsible for malaria.

—Arthur Warren of Needham had a narrow escape on Needham street, between Upper Falls and Newton Highlands, last Saturday morning. He was driving toward Newton Highlands when he was struck in the right thigh by a bullet, which apparently came from the woods to the south of the street. The bullet, 32 caliber, passed completely through the thigh, narrowly missing an artery, and lodged in the seat of the wagon. Warren drove on to Newton Highlands, and after having his wound dressed, continued toward Boston. Careless target practice is supposed to have been responsible for the accident.

WABAN.

—Station Agent G. M. Hayden is away on a vacation.

—Mr. B. S. Cloutman has returned after a three weeks absence.

—Mr. Gordon Rhodes is away this week for the benefit of his health.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. P. True are on a two weeks visit to Bethel, Maine.

—Mr. and Mrs. S. Wiley of Beacon street left last Saturday for a six weeks' stay in Maine.

—Mr. F. E. Ripley, Sergeant Battery A, Light Artillery, is doing shore duty down on the Cape this week.

—Mrs. W. H. Gould with her son and daughter are at Boothbay, Maine. Mr. Gould spent part of the week with them.

—After the many rains the past few weeks, everything is at its best, especially the grounds around the different residences, but City Warden, Mr. G. W. Whitten deserves special praise for the beautiful grounds surrounding his place and the beautiful flowers dotting the lawn in front of his home.

—The sky is blue, the water is quiet and the ocean almost like a mirror, and next, appear to us, the charming cliffs of Devonshire on the left. It is quite foggy, but still we discern the pretty "Star Point" with a light house upon it. The Shakespearean party have just enjoyed a most agreeable afternoon. This game is quite interesting, as well as instructive, and may be found at Camden, Me., where it was published by a Shakespearean Club. The "Victoria," which has so long been on the great ocean, has been sold to Wilson & Co., New York, as a Transatlantic steamer, and many changes are about being made. Rev. Mr. Pentecost has just drawn up a paper as a good word for the captain, who has been so faithful during the whole journey. Soon we shall be in the city of London, and we see fog and hear the foghorn; this is a foretaste of the smoky, foggy city.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Barnes left last Saturday for an extended period expecting to be gone about four months. Mr. Barnes has confined himself closely to business for a number of years and feels the need of a long rest. They will visit New Boston, Conn., Charlestown, Vt., and other places throughout New England. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes possess many friends and no doubt their trip will be an enjoyable one.

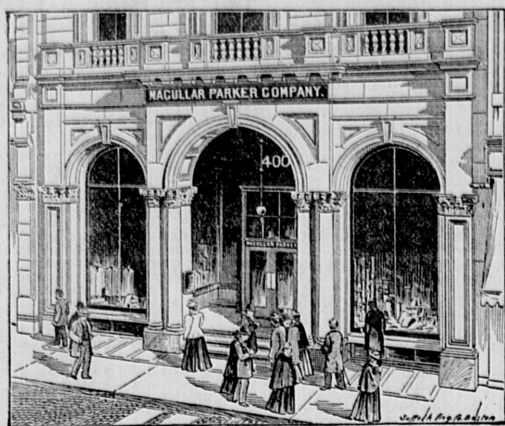
Building Permits.

The following permits have recently been issued:

—Park street, Ward 7, additions and alterations; cost \$1,000; F. W. Stevens, owner; Geo. W. Pope

THE BEST CLOTHES FOR MEN AND BOYS

MADE IN CLEAN WORKROOMS IN THIS BUILDING.



FOUR HUNDRED WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

FROM THE MANILA EXPEDITION.

A LETTER FROM A NEWTONVILLE SOLDIER WHO IS NOW AT THE PHILIPPINES.

The following is an extract from a letter just received from Francis H. Doane of Newtonville, who is on his way to Manila to join Co A Battalion of Engineers, U. S. A.:

ON BOARD THE S. S. PERU, THURSDAY, JULY 21, '98. We are now six days out from San Francisco and expect to arrive in Honolulu, Friday evening or Saturday morning. We have had no stormy weather so far and the sea has been comparatively smooth. On leaving the Golden Gate we struck a little rough water, and about three-fourths of the men were seasick. There are about nine hundred soldiers on board, besides a crew of white officers and Chinese seamen. We drew very fair sleeping accommodations near the stern on the main deck. Foster, Clark, and I occupying a tier of three berths, furnished with straw matresses and pillows, and use our army blankets for covering. It is a great improvement over sleeping on the sand, as we did in Camp Merritt.

Last Tuesday when we sailed from San Francisco we had a great send off by the citizens of that city. They came out on tugs and steamers and pelled us with oranges and other fruits. The ladies of San Francisco have done a great work for the "boys in blue," furnishing food and writing materials to hundreds of them. The Christian Endeavorers also visited in camp and gave us sewing kits. It is mostly cavalry on board this steamer, with a few batteries of light artillery and the detachment of heavy artillery, to which we are attached for transport. There is some doubt about continuing our journey and I think they will hold over at Honolulu for further orders. We shall probably camp on shore if we stop long. The force was pretty poor at first, but on the strength of a tremendous kick about it, it has improved. Have been in good health except a cold.

F. H. DOANE.

In the same mail a letter was received from Capt. William Warland of the barque Amy Turner, lying in Honolulu, which furnishes later news from the same boys.

He says, I have been very much interested in watching for the transport steamers which call here enroute for the Philippines. On the 23rd of July the steamers City of Puebla and Peru arrived and the latter was the first to come along side of the wharf at 6 a. m. I hastened along to try and find out if your boys were there. You could have seen here to see the rush and excitement! The ship looked as though a swarm of bees had lighted upon her; she was literally covered with boys in blue. In trying to find Frank I was reminded of the saying, "trying to find a needle in a haystack." I stood on the wharf a long time, watching and inquiring, and was about to go away, thinking he must be on the other steamer. I came at all, when I caught sight of his familiar face. He had just spied me out in the crowd and came to one of the side ports to speak to me. The next day, (Sunday), he, with Foster and Clark, came on board and took dinner with us. In the afternoon we took a stroll along the city and later returned to the ship and had tea. Frank is looking well and hearty, but Foster looked as though he had enjoyed the sea very much. They complained of short allowance of food. The sea air has sharpened their appetites, I think, and I enjoyed seeing them eat heartily. The good people of Honolulu gave a feast on board the shore today and I wanted to go and see them but it being mail day I could not spare the time.

WARLAND.

Newton 9; Vespers 6.

At Lowell last Saturday afternoon the Newtons played at the Vesper Country Club and won, 9 to 6. Newton found Quigley for 17 scattered hits, many of which failed to count in the run getting, while for the Vespers the safe ones told, especially in the seventh inning, when Gauthier made a home run with men on bases. Collamore was very effective during the three innings he was in the box for the visitors, and Sears, who relieved him, hit hard only in the seventh inning. The batting of the head of the Newton order, of Paige of the Vespers, and the work of the Newton infield were the features. Cushing was strong behind the bat for Newton, and Foster in the left field made two splendid catches. In the evening the victors were entertained at the Country clubhouse. The score:

NEWTON.	VEPERS.
McAlboun c.....	bb poa 6 M. Paige.....
Cushing.....	2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Farrell.....	2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Webb.....	2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Foster.....	2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Swanton.....	2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Boyd.....	2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Drew.....	2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Collamore p.....	1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0
Sears p.....	1 1 1 1
Totals.....	17 27 10 2
Innings.....	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Newton.....	1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0
Vesper C.....	1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0

Runs made, by McAlboun, Cushing, Farrell, Webb, Swanton, 2, Boyd, Drew, Paige, 2, J. J. Foster, Constant, Gauthier, Butterfield. Two-base hits, Webb, Lee, 2. Three-base hits, Collamore, Paige. Home runs, Paige, Gauthier. Base on balls, by Quigley 4, by Collamore, by Sears 4. Struck out, by Quigley 5, by Collamore 2, by Sears 5. Passed balls, Lee 2. Umpire, Ferguson. Time 1 1/2 hrs.

The future is uncertain, but if you keep your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla you may be sure of good health.

COURTING NOW AND THEN.

SOME NEW CONDITIONS OF LOVE-MAKING.

[From the New Orleans Picayune.]

In the past when a young man went courting he went dressed in his best, wearing not only his company clothes but his company manners. The girl, on the other hand, was powdered and crimped out of all everyday knowing, and they sat and talked of soulful things, and didn't find out a bit more about each other's real selves than if one had been in the Klondike and the other on the equator. Neither was consciously trying to deceive the other, but all the same, after they were married, there were many cruel disillusionments.

To the new fad for athletics for women we owe a change. The girl who goes out a-wheeling with her beau and takes the rain and sun and dust and wind and tan may not be a divinity to him like the paragon, but she is a human girl, and he has a chance to know her and judge her on that basis. If she still appears beautiful to him and he is still in love with her, she has nothing to fear from fading good looks or wearing curl papers and wrappers to breakfast, while if he still appears heroic to her in knickerbockers and with a sunburnt nose, she may rest satisfied that her love is founded on a rock that nothing can shake.

Aside from this view of the subject is the far more important one of character. A woman's parlor views of life may be merely theories that she lacks the strength and courage to put into actual practice, and hence utterly worthless. The real way to know a woman is to go on an outing with her. If she can be cheerful in the face of difficulties, and can make allowances for mistakes and failures, if she can accept a substitute for the thing she wants with a good grace, then, indeed, she is of the kind and quality that will make her companionship a lifelong pleasure and benefit.

The woman, on her part, has an equally good chance to study a man. She sees him off guard, when he is no longer trying to be a Prince Charming. It is one thing to spring to pick up a lady's handkerchief in a parlor. It is another to stay his pace all day to keep near a woman who is a poor rider. That is the real chivalry a woman may trust to protect her in the days of sickness and misfortune, and would be patient and forbearing with her weaknesses.

A Newtonville Colony in Penobscot Bay.

This summer colony occupies a beautiful position on Eagle Island in Penobscot Bay, and combines the advantages of an exclusive private settlement with opportunities of reaching the main land.

Eagle Island is distant fifteen miles from Rockland and Camden, Me. The northern end is bold and rocky, partly clothed with pines and spruces, and bordered by abrupt cliffs. On the east side lies Deer Island, on the south Fox Islands, Isle au Haut, and beyond them the open ocean. On the west side is a beach, broad and smooth, and affords ample facilities for bathing.

There is no other island possessing such a union of extensive sea view and cliffs, and the waters upon which it fronts are thronged with passing vessels of all classes.

This colony are not obliged to confine themselves to one or two forms of outdoor amusements, as there are golf links, croquet, and plenty of woodland paths for the pedestrian, besides clam-bakes, fishing and sailing excursions.

One never acquires the verandah habit, and you can find quiet rest to perfection if you desire it, as the whole island is virtually a private park.

The marine view from the island is grand, and it is not unusual to see a distance of twenty miles in any direction. The original nucleus of the colony was the old Quinn farmhouse, which, with other houses, were used for the summer sojourners. The colony was made up of many Newtonville people, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Taylor, Miss Mollie Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Scully, Master Donald Scully, Mr. A. S. Shelton, Misses Louise, Marguerite, Ethel and Marion, Master Harold Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Boyd, Jr., Master Robert Boyd, Miss Alice Boyd, Mrs. C. F. Cheney, Miss Edith and Jennie, and Master Howard Cheney, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Chase, Mr. Stanley Holmes, Miss Alice Hillard, Roxbury; Mr. and Mrs. George Hill, Masters Sidney and Richard Hill of Newton; Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Talbot of Norton, Mass.; Mrs. C. H. Partridge, Maiden; Master Willie Rand, Watertown; Miss Rosamond Brock way, Boston.

COLOMBIST.

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running ear, or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 50c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Pay-rental Advice.

Young Rosenbaum—Den you would advise a young man to own his own home?

Old Rosenbaum—Yes; until many other people's homes as he gave—Puck.

HID THEIR CHARITY.

The Good Samaritan, as Played by Dr. Gannett and Bishop de Cheverus.

The Rev. Dr. Gannett on one occasion spoke in words of the most sincere admiration of M. de Cheverus, the first Roman Bishop of Boston, says C. F. B. Miel in The Atlantic. He told me this story: Abandoned in a miserable cabin outside of Boston was an infirm negro. The bishop found him out, and without informing any one excepting after his duties quietly made his way to the cabin and spent his time with this afflicted creature, washing and dressing his sores, making his bed and providing for his various wants. A servant, who remarked that on the bishop's return his coat was covered with dust and feathers, wondered where his master went, and followed him afar off on one of his excursions. Looking between the loose timbers which made up the wall of the cabin, he saw the man of God engaged in his work of mercy.

Dr. Gannett told me this story with a kind of admiration for such devotion on the part of a prelate. Little did he suppose that I myself would surprise him in the exercise of a no less humble and Christlike charity.

I had been told that a certain German teacher, Professor Sherb, was lying ill in a cold and comfortless attic in a miserable quarter of the city, and had no one to take care of him. At my first free moment I sought the lodging of this poor man, but Dr. Gannett was there before me. I found him at the door with a broom in his hand, with which he had been sweeping the room of the invalid. I entered and found the sick man sitting up in front of a newly lighted fire, carefully rolled up in a blanket, eating grapes which had been brought him by the good Samaritan. The mattress had been removed from the bed, the sick man had been put out to the mess of the room, and the room had been put in order, and all this by the hand of my excellent friend, who appeared quite confused when caught in the act.

CHINESE SHOES.

Most of Those Seen Here Come From Canton—Their Construction and Cost.

The thick soled, white edged shoes seen upon the feet of the Chinamen in this city are all imported from China, most of them from Canton, where they are made by hand. The velvet edge is of a thick, rigid sole, made of a material resembling plaster, and if it becomes dirty can be cleaned and whitened again. Some shoes have the wide white edge of this sole finished with a glazed or polished surface, which can be cleaned by rubbing it with a damp cloth.

The bottom soles of these shoes are made of a number of layers of rather thin leather placed one upon another, making a built up sole. This sole is stitched through and through in many places on regular lines, giving the bottom of the sole a sort of quilted effect. This work is neatly and trimly done, even on the cheap shoes. There are some Chinese shoes without the characteristic thick white edged soles and provided with soles of leather only.

The top of the Chinese shoe is of cloth or silk or satin and the lining of the same material. The velvet is often used on the top, cut in patterns that are laid over the body of the shoe, which may be of silk or satin in some bright color, while the velvet may be of black, producing picturesque and striking effects. Costly shoes are made of fine materials and are often richly embroidered. Chinese shoes of the regular style, with the thick, white edged sole and the leather bottom sole and cloth top, may be bought for as little as \$1 a pair. Hand-made Chinese shoes may be bought for \$2 and upward a pair. Chinese shoes worn by persons of rank may be much more expensive, costing for shoes worn with court dress from \$20 to \$50 and more.—New York Sun.

A Severe Punishment.

A Washington man who put in ten years of soldiering in the regular army of the United States, five years of it on the frontier with the cavalry in Indian campaigning, and the other five in the heavy artillery, was recently appointed a captain and assistant adjutant general in the volunteer service, and he is now attached to the staff of General Miles. He is a man of ability and great unpretentiousness. A few days before he donned his uniform he went over to Fort McHenry, Baltimore, on official business. A war department clerk went along with him. When the two men arrived at Fort McHenry the new captain pointed to a long shell road that runs through the post.

"Do you see that road?" asked the captain.

"Yes."

"Well, I made that whole road myself.

It was as tough a job as I ever performed and as bitter a period, but it did me a heap of good. I was serving with the artillery regiment, part of which was stationed here, and one night when I was on guard the officer of the day crept up on me unawares and found me sitting down on a pile of gunny sacks, neglecting my post. I got a general court martial for neglect of duty on post and was sentenced to six months in the guardhouse. My sentence tickled the old provost sergeant mightily, for he was in need of a steady prisoner to build that road. I built it and crushed many a million oyster shells building it. I never find myself feeling chummy and high and mighty, and all that sort of thing, that I don't shut my eyes and think of this shell road over in Fort McHenry."—Washington Star.

Turquoise and Topaz.

Who could give for a prettier stone than the delicate blue turquoise, the gem which in Russia is set in every engagement ring and with which the wearer must never part if she values the love and fidelity of the giver. It is said to be more precious if given and not bought and is credited to change color when the wearer is sick or sorry or when danger is near. Its meaning is success and faithfulness. The topaz is much valued by mariners, because it is supposed to possess an inner radiance which will give light in darkness, and if worn around the neck will act as a charm against magic spells, will banish melancholy and all terror and madness. Therefore it behooves every maid to see that a topaz is among her possessions.—Chicago News.

Green Garnets.

Green garnets are more valuable than diamonds because they are so exceedingly rare. They are of an unsurpassed rich shade far beyond that of an emerald and are very brilliant. On the other hand, red garnets are so common that they cost next to nothing.

The Woman of It.

"My wife has joined a secret society."

"What for?"

"The exchange of secrets."—Detroit Free Press.

BOSTON AMUSEMENTS.

TREMONT THEATRE.—The Tremont Theatre in Boston will be opened for the season of 1898 and '99, August 15, under the management of Mr. John Schoeffel, and judging from the character of the plays, which have been selected for the entertainment and instruction of patrons, the year will undoubtedly be one of pronounced success in every way. The first attractions will be Lotie Blair Parker's rural drama entitled "Way Down East," splendidly staged and strongly cast by Manager William A. Brady. This was originally produced Sept. 3, 1897, at Newport, R. I., and at once proved its strongly magnetic qualities. The play deals with New England, portraying the people and the customs of the section in a simple yet constantly interesting and fascinating way. The plot hangs upon the unhappy lot of Anna Moore. It is said to be a story of the keenest heart interest. Its theme is the attempt of a woman "more sinned against than sinning," to start out afresh with the world. It was betrayed by a coerced marriage and her unhappy past exposed by the villain who was responsible for it, when she was about to be wedded to an honest young farmer who loves her dearly. She bears the disgrace of the exposure and flees from home, but she is followed and rescued and becomes the wife of the man who saves her, while the author of her misery is rightfully exposed. While it may be said that the story is somewhat conventional, it is told in a realistically and its characters are clean-cut portraits. It has several scenes of remarkable strength and beauty and many picturesque bits. As a production, it will easily rank with any ever "built" by Manager Brady, which statement means a great deal when one considers some of the dramas with which his name has been associated the past dozen years. The author was born and reared among the people of which she writes and knows them thoroughly. Her folk are the living people of the country of her play. There is a loving tenderness in rugged old squire and his dear old wife; there is a personal pride in the honest young farmer; a rich appreciation of native humor in the portrayal of the ubiquitous chore boy and the whole lot of rural individuals who wend their quaint ways through the tale. The heart chord is touched and that is the surest note of complete success. Everybody in New England who takes an interest in the theatre will want to see "Way Down East," and will be all the better for having witnessed it.

Americanism vs. Imperialism.

(Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler in the Evangelist.)

Let our people all distinctly understand that imperialism necessitates an enormous standing army, after the fashion of Germany, and an enormous navy, with its heavy taxation on the labor of our people. Worst of all, it changes the whole character of our hitherto peace-loving nation, and it enthrones militarism as a permanent and dominant principle! Disguise it as they may, and blink it as they may, that is the cataraught toward which the rapids of this new imperialistic mania are rushing us! One of the ablest imperialists examined the other day. "Our American republic is casting off its swaddling clothes of babyhood, and already stands up as an international giant, 'armed cap a pie.' There are some of us who have supposed that the mission of our beloved land was to work out the great vital problem of intelligent self-government before the world. Now we are by no means a baby at the business of instructing the old monarchies of Europe and Asia. To follow in their old beaten track of governing by the sword has not been the noble scheme proposed by the republic of Washington and Lincoln—the republic which bases its life on the bed-rock of popular intelligence, peaceful industry and Christian conscience. We have too many thousands of men to settle here and there (without having the people's attention) and that of the churches also) all absorbed by vexing and distracting perplexities over foreign possessions."

Where Noah Kept His Bees.

(From the Ladies' Home Journal.)

Dr. James K. Hosmer, while recently visiting Boston, had occasion to visit the new public library. As he went up the steps he met Edward Everett Hale, who asked the doctor's errand.

"To consult the archives," was the reply. "By the way, Hosmer," said Dr. Hale, "do you know where Noah kept his bees?"

"In the ark-hives," said the venerable preacher as he passed out of earshot.

Ain't Gwine to Walk Behin' No Mo'.

Miss Ruth McEnery Stuart tells an amusing story about a recent experience in New Orleans. She was going to market, and a colored woman carried her basket, following in the customary fashion. The spirit of emancipation and progress suddenly awoke in Aunt Chloe, and she said:—"Miss Ruth, I ain't gwine to walk behin' any other lady no mo'."

Miss Stuart paused, and replied: "Lead the way, aunt, I'm not proud."

And auntie led.

It is not a remedy put up by every Tom, Dick or Harry; it is compounded by expert pharmacists. Ely Bros. offer a 10 cent trial size. Ask your druggist. Full size Cream Balm 50 cents. We mail it.

ELY BROS., 50 Warren St., N. Y. City. Since 1861 I have been a great sufferer from catarrh. I tried Ely's Cream Balm and to all appearances am cured. Terrible headaches from which I had long suffered are gone.—W. J. Hitchcock, late Major U. S. Vol. and A. A. Gen., Buffalo, N. Y.

She Could Believe It.

"You wouldn't think, to look at him," she said, "that he was a cousin of the celebrated writer of the same name, would you?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied, "you can't always judge a great man by his relatives. Why, I have cousins who are not at all brilliant."—Cleveland Leader.

The Poet's Heart Was All Right.

The author of the verses "One Boy's Mother," sent to The Times, is informed that they are not used because, while the fact is stated and the sentiment true enough, they do not possess the necessary merit.—New York Times.

Degenerate Chaplain.

What would Somerville people think of seeing their clergyman sitting on his veranda smoking a corn-cob pipe? We see almost the same here every day, only instead of a veranda it is a tent. —Chickamauga letter in the Somerville Journal.

Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

Hood's Pills
Insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

TO MRS. PINKHAM

From Mrs. Walter E. Budd, of Pat-
chogue, New York.

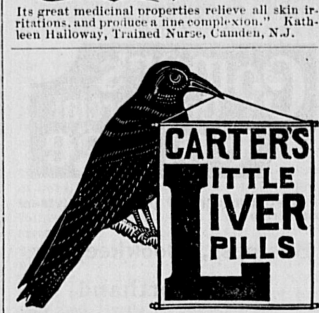
Mrs. Budd, in the following letter, tells a familiar story of weakness and suffering, and thanks Mrs. Pinkham for complete relief.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I think it is my duty to write to you and tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I feel like another woman. I had such dreadful headaches through my temples and on top of my head, that I nearly went crazy; was also troubled with chills, was very weak; my left side from my shoulders to my waist pained me terribly. I could not sleep for the pain. Plasters would help for a while, but as soon as taken off, the pain would be just as bad as ever. Doctors prescribed medicine, but it gave me no relief.

"Now I feel so well and strong, have no more headaches, and no pain in side, and it is all owing to your Compound. I cannot praise it enough. It is a wonderful medicine. I recommend it to every woman I know."

"To remove face blemishes, blackheads, pimples, redness, etc., trained nurses recommend the use of

Comfort Powder
Its great medicinal properties relieve all skin irritations, and produce a fine complexion." Kathleen Hallway, Trained Nurse, Camden, N.J.



SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Undertakers.

CARD.

The UNDERTAKING BUSINESS

long and ably conducted by the late S. F. Cate is continued with the aid of the same experienced corps of assistants. All calls answered, day or night. Satisfaction guaranteed.

HENRY F. CATE, Manager.

Tel. 19-5, West Newton.

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Funeral and Furnishing

UNDERTAKER.

Coffins, Caskets, Robes,

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E. W. PRATT,

(Successor to S. L. Pratt)

FUNERAL AND FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,

Newton Centre, Mass.

First-class appointments and competent assistants. To accommodate the people of Upper Falls and vicinity, orders may be left at the office of Fanning Printing Co., which will immediately be forwarded to me by telephone.

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Railroads.

SPRINGFIELD LINE

BETWEEN

Boston and New York

Trains leave either city at 9:00 A. M., except Sunday; 12:00 noon, except Sunday; 4:00 P. M., daily; 11:00 P. M. Drawing-room cars on all day trains and sleeping cars on all night trains. The train between Boston and New York leaves either city at 12 noon and makes the run in five hours and forty minutes. No excess fare. Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston, Mass.

Boston Elevated Railway Co. Time Table

Surface Lines. Subject to change without notice.

Newton and Watertown to Bowdoin Square. First car 5:20 A. M., last car 11:00 P. M. Runs at least every 20 minutes. SUNDAY—First car 7:00 A. M., last car 11:12 P. M. Runs at least every 15 minutes. Night and early morning service.—12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30 A. M. Return, leave Court and Sudbury streets, 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30 A. M. Watertown Square to Subway.—First car 6:03 A. M., last car 11:30 P. M. Runs at least every 20 minutes. SUNDAY—First car 8:03 A. M., last car 11:30 P. M. Runs at least every 15 minutes. Special cars may be chartered at reasonable rates for balls, theatre parties, or excursions to any point on the system on application in person or by letter at the General Offices, 81 Milk street, Boston.

C. S. SERGEANT, Second Vice-President.

May 21, 1898.

Banks

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communications cannot be returned by mail
unless stamps are enclosed.

NOTICES

of all local entertainments to which admis-
sion fee is charged must be paid for at regu-
lar rates, 25 cents per line in the reading
matter, or \$1 per inch in advertising columns.

THE MAKING OF GOOD ROADS.

One of the papers has been recently pub-
lishing expert opinions on road making,
and materials, which contains a good deal
that is of interest to towns such as New-
ton.The general opinion of the writers is
that macadam is too expensive and dirty
for a city thoroughfare, the first cost being
only a small part of the outlay, as it needs
constant repaving to keep it in anything
like a good condition, and also constant
watering and cleaning to keep it from be-
ing a nuisance to the abutters and a men-
ace to health.To this might be added, as the result of
the experience of Newton and other cities,
that macadam is unfit for streets which
have railway tracks in the center of the
road bed. It is an impossibility to keep
the roads on either side of the tracks from
wearing out quickly, and it is almost a
throwing away of money to build such
roads. Walnut street, from Newtonville to
Newton Highlands, is a proof of this as-
sertion, if one were needed, as in spite of
almost constant repair the roads are al-
ways in bad condition. As to whether
street railways should bear a portion or
all of the expense of caring for streets
through which they pass, that is another
matter.In a wide street such as Washington
street, with the tracks on one side, maca-
dam seems to answer the purpose fairly
well, as the road bed, after a year of use,
is still in pretty good condition, though it
has already needed repairs in places.What shall be done with our narrow
streets when a street railway is granted a
location through them is an interesting
question, and one that concerns the tax-
payers. The experts referred to condemn
stone paving, as being too rough and un-
even for a road bed, though it wears well,
and this accounts for its extensive use in
Boston. Concrete is better for streets
where the travel is not too heavy, though
on Beacon street in Boston, where it has
been tried, its wearing power is not what
it should be, and it is not to be used on any
grades, as it is too slippery.The most satisfactory pavement is
claimed to be vitrified bricks laid in sand,
and if the foundation is properly pre-
pared, they are said to be very satisfac-
tory. Possibly Newton will have to give
up macadam on such streets as this, as be-
ing too expensive, and substitute some kind
of paving, and it would be well to get
the opinion of our local experts, whether such
a course would not save the city several
thousand dollars a year, as well as give
some permanency to such roads.Watertown, when the West End wanted
to lay double tracks on Galen street, re-
fused permission unless the railway com-
pany would pave the street from curb to
curb. We did not impose any such restric-
tions, but there is no question but that
Watertown acted wisely, as with double
tracks it is impossible to keep the road in
even passable condition, if macadam is
used, as is shown by Walnut street, and
also by Tremont street.The death of Col. Bogan of the Ninth is
said by his physician to be directly due to
lack of nourishment, and Dr. Duff adds
"his death is only one of many murders
that may be ascribed to the same cause in
this war," and the war department is as
guilty as if all these deaths were the result
of intention. Secretary Alger says the
fault was in the commissary department,
but that does not relieve Alger's responsi-
bility, as he officiated the commissary de-
partment with political favorites, instead
of men who knew anything about the
work, or had any fitness for the position.
Such a storm of indignation has been
aroused by all these deaths that it is diffi-
cult to see how Alger can be much longer
kept in his place. He really is responsible
for more deaths and more suffering than
the Spaniards themselves, and his ineffi-
ciency and his prostitution of his powers
to reward political favorites, contractors
and others, is a deep disgrace to the coun-
try. It is nothing less than an insult to
every friend of the soldiers to keep such a
man in office. As an example of the result
of the spoils system, it is something that
could convince every decent man of the
evils of such a system.The choice of a successor to Secretary
Day is interesting all the politicians and
people generally, and one Washington de-
spatch says that the advocates of a com-
prehensive colonial policy and the main-
tenance of a strong naval force in the East
for the safeguarding of our commercial in-
terests in China, declare that there are two
essential requisites in the public policy of
the new secretary: first, that he should be
an advocate of American commercial ex-
tension, and second, that he should appreci-
ate the fact that the protectionist systemis an outgrown institution and must be at
least subordinated to the promotion of
foreign trade. It will be a remarkable
evolution if President McKinley and his
secretary of state open the way for the
subordination of protection to interna-
tional commerce, but they will only repeat in
this respect the experience of Sir Robert
Peel, who was brought into power as a
protectionist, and whose first act was the
repeal of the corn laws.The Milford Journal devotes an editorial
to boasting of the great increase of our
foreign trade under the Dingley law, and
claims that our manufacturers sold to for-
eign countries over twelve million dollars
more of goods last year, than in any pre-
vious year, and thinks that this demon-
strates the wisdom of the Dingley bill.
That is certainly very curious reasoning.
We must have very high duties to prevent
the products of foreign "pauper" labor
coming over here and underselling Ameri-
can goods, but because we have these high
duties we can send over goods to foreign
countries and undersell the products of the
same "pauper" labor, right in the country
where they are made. This is certainly a
wonderful showing, but if we can do this,
what is the use of any duties at all? If
we can pay the freight and undersell for-
eigners, we can surely do the same, where
they have to pay the freight. The claim of
the Journal is like the other claim made in
campaigns, that the foreigner pays the tax,
and as Judge Corcoran said the other day,
if this were so, Congress was very culpa-
ble in passing the internal revenue law,
when it might have doubled the Dingley
duties, and so collected all the war ex-
penses out of the foreigners.The former members of the Bay State
Beneficiary Association, of whom there
are many in Newton, will be interested in
the statement of the receivers, that the
evidence is so strong that the association
was managed for private profit, instead of
in the interest of the members, that they
have petitioned the Supreme Court that
each of the three former sets of managers
shall be called to account. This associa-
tion was considered such a strong one that
it was a favorite, and many men paid their
assessments year after year, believing that
they were thus making provision for their
families, until they were too old to join
other organizations, and its failure there-
fore caused great hardship. No punish-
ment would be too severe for men who
thus betrayed their trusts, and cheated
widows and orphans in such a wholesale
way.The new Massachusetts Road Book issued
this season by the L. A. W. was evidently
not as carefully revised as it might have
been. One route, described by the road
book as one of the best in the country, and
as the fastest stretch of twenty-five miles
to be found, turned out to be practically
unridable for a great part of the distance.
The natives said it used to be a good road
four or five years ago, when earlier editions
of the book were printed, but that it had
been cut up by heavy teaming, on account
of the discontinuance of some railroad. It
would be too much to expect, probably,
that every route given should be gone over
and the information brought up to date,
but certainly a route that is advertised as
"ideal" should have received some atten-
tion from the revisors. Nevertheless the
road book is so full of information that it
is a necessity for all planning tours in New
England.Mayor Cobb expects to return next week
from New Brunswick, and as far as any-
thing appears on the surface of things,
every one seems to be waiting to see if he
will take the position of mayor for another
year. No other candidate has so far been
spoken of, and apparently there will be no
opposition, unless there is something going
on that has not yet reached the public ear.
As about every prominent leader in New-
ton politics is away at some seashore or
mountain resort, no one can tell what
plans are being fixed up, to be revealed a
month later, when they get home and look
after fences and wires and such things.The only paper that we have seen that
has no words of condemnation for Secre-
tary Alger is the Milford Journal, but that
is not strange, as Alger is only carrying out
the Journal's ideas, and rewarding his
friends with contracts and appointments,
without regard to their fitness or
ability. As the Journal would say, "there
is no civil service reform about Alger,"
and he only shows what the public service
would come to conducted wholly on the
spoils system.The daily papers print frequent notices
of bicycle riders arrested by the officials in
country towns, for riding upon the side-
walks. In most of such cases the sidewalk
or the dirt path that does duty for it, is the
only place where riding is possible, and it
is a well known fact that towns that keep
their roads in decent order never have any
trouble from offences of this kind.The poor Hawaiian Commissioners had
to sail on a steamer from San Francisco
that was loaded with onions. In vain did
Senators Morgan and Cullom protest that
it was an outrage and an insult to force
them to be so intimate with that vegetable
the captain would not relent, and the poor
commissioners will have to be fumigated
when they reach Honolulu.The summer session of the State Normal
School at Hyannis was a brilliant success,
according to Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer,
Mr. Geo. I. Aldrich of Newton and others
who have it in charge. It has been rather
in the nature of an experiment, this year,
but its success has been so good that it is
probable that similar sessions will be held
every year in the future.The Worcester Music Festival is to be a
great event this year, and includes a large
number of celebrated musicians. Mr.
Parker's "Hos Novissima" is one of the
attractions, and a decided novelty is a con-
cert for organ and horns by Rheinberger,
with J. Wallace Goodrich as organist.
The festival lasts from Sept. 20th to the
30th.WHAT with the heat and the humidity,
Newton people are getting some idea of
the average climate of Cuba and the Phil-
ippines. It is no wonder that the residentsthere are in a state of chronic rebellion
against their government and everything
else.SENATOR LODGE is "mentioned" for the
next head of the state department, and he
would be an admirable exponent of the ex-
treme jingo policy, though possibly in such
a position he might show more sense in re-
gard to our foreign policy than he has
shown as a senator. But the general im-
pression seems to be that the adminis-
tration needs a man of much larger calibre
for such a position, something after the pat-
tern of Secretary Long, or ex-Secretary
Olney. These are men in whom the public
have confidence.THERE is no evidence of any fight in this
Congressional district. Mr. Sprague is said
to have recovered his health, and will go
back for another term.

A Warning.

To the Editor of the GRAPHIC:

When there are so many needy people
whom we should help it is a pity that any
one should be deceived by wretched im-
postors who become masters in the art of
misrepresentation.I want now to warn benevolent people
against certain English and Canadian im-
postors who go about our city asking
money to get on somewhere else. They
want to go to Lowell, or to Providence, or
to Fall River, or to some place where good
times await them.One or more of this fraternity have of
late been making use of my name again as
a reference, in some cases stating that I
had sent them, and in others saying that
being disappointed in not finding me at
home they were reluctantly compelled to
go elsewhere, etc.I never send any one, and hope their
statements will not be credited. Refer them
to the office of the Associated Charities,
Newtonville. GEO. W. SHINN.

Her Papa Uses Slang.

A little Somerville girl who is away for
the summer is afraid of the dog at the
house where she is visiting. The other day,
while the dog was lying in the front
hall, she astonished the people on the front
porch by making her appearance through
the door."Why, how did you venture to come by
the dog?" somebody asked.
"Oh," she said, "I waited a minute, and
while he was itching his leg I skan out."—
Somerville Journal.Moody's faith is simple. He says: "A
man came to me with a difficult passage
some time ago and said, 'Moody, what do
you do with that?' 'I do not do anything
with it.' 'How do you understand it?' 'I
do not understand it.' 'How do you explain
it?' 'I do not explain it.' 'What do you
do with it?' 'I do not do anything.' 'You
do not believe it, do you?' 'O, yes! I believe it.' 'There
are lots of things I don't understand, but I
believe them.'"Not Used to Anything Smaller than
\$100 Bills.Bill—Did you read about that fellow
writing poetry on a \$20 bill?
Jill—No; the editor kept it, of course.
"No, he returned it."
"What? An editor return a \$20 bill?"
"Yes, he didn't know what it was."—
Yonkers Statesman.

When He Learns What He's Escaped.

"The only way for a man to learn all
about women is to get married."
"And study the ways of his wife, eh?"
"Now, listen to what she tells him
about the other women."—Indianapolis
Journal.

MARRIED.

POWER—SEARCY—At Highlandville, July 20,
by Rev. Joseph H. Thompson, Francis Joseph
Power and Ellen Searcy.HANNA—WHIPPS—At Wellesley, (Newton
Lower Falls), July 3, by Rev. P. H. Callahan,
William Alfred Hanna and Alice Emma
Whipps.

DIED.

SARGENT—At Lakeville, Mass., at the resi-
dence of his daughter, Mrs. F. C. Hinds, Dea-
con Christopher G. Sargent, formerly of Chel-
sea, 89 yrs., 3 mos., 16 ds.WHEELER—In Newton, Aug. 11, Edward Slade,
son of Edward Slade and Agnes Simpson
Wheeler, 26 ds. Funeral private from resi-
dence, 53 Eldridge street, Newton, Friday at
2 p. m.MOORE—At Newton Highlands, Aug. 9, Ruth,
daughter of Frederick and Grace Moore, 14 ds.WILLIAMS—At Newton Highlands, Aug. 9,
Joseph Francis Probascio Williams, 11 yrs., 9
mos., 26 ds.FORD—At Newton, Aug. 10, Annie T. daughter
of James and Mary Ford, 3 mos.McDONALD—At Newton, Aug. 16, Mary Jane,
daughter of John and Sarah McDonald, 7 mos.,
2 ds.HAWTHORNE—At Newton, Aug. 4, William
Henry Hawthorne, 34 yrs., 8 mos., 17 ds.KEELEY—At West Newton, Aug. 8, Esther M.,
daughter of Patrick and Alice Keeley, 8 mos.,
22 ds.PERRY—At Newtonville, Aug. 8, Miss Hattie
G. Perry, 12 yrs., 11 mos., 25 ds.GERAN—At Newtonville, Aug. 8, John T., son
of Edward and Adelaide Geran, 3 mos.Re-opens for 38th Year
TUESDAY, SEPT. 6.
Reservation of desks made daily by
mail or upon personal application.The School is the MOST MODERN and
HIGHEST GRADED institution of its kind in
America. Its plans and methods are widely
but unsuccessfully imitated.
Reliable instruction by experienced teachers
and assistance in obtaining recognition from
the business public are both of inestimable value
to young people just entering commercial life,
and they can best be obtained by attending a
school of RECOGNIZED STANDING.The Shorthand and Typewriting departments
are distinct from, but equal in perfection of
equipment to the Commercial departments.
Pupils of either sex admitted on equal terms.
PROSPECTUS POST FREE. Office, No. 608
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THE MARKS OF RANK.

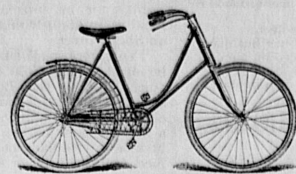
INSIGNIA OF POSITION AND HONOR
IN ARMY AND NAVY.How to Read the Shoulder Strap or Collar
Decorations Worn by Uncle Sam's Of-
ficers on Land or Aboard Ship—Grant's
Joke on His Buttons.In military service throughout the
world, both upon land and water, there is
a wide distinction between the different
ranks held by the officers. Usually the
rank of a military or naval man is ob-
tained by long service or by appointment
by congress or the president. Sometimes,
however, rank is given to an officer be-
cause he has done something which at-
tracts the attention of his superiors.In order to distinguish an officer from a
common soldier, the government has
adopted various marks of rank, which are
worn by the officers, both in time of war
and peace. During the former these signs
are less conspicuous, for during a battle
the sharpshooters always try to pick off
the officers, so that the soldiers will have
no one to command them.If any one who reads this article should
in time of peace go aboard a man-of-war
or in a gathering of naval officers, he
would notice a great amount of gold lace
upon their uniforms and see the insignia
of rank upon their shoulders. But in war-
time each officer puts away his gaudy uni-
form. Instead of the shoulder straps the
mark of rank is worn upon the collar of
the coat. An admiral, the highest officer
in the navy, wears four silver stars and
two anchors upon his shoulder straps or
collar; a vice admiral, three stars and one
anchor; a rear admiral, an anchor with a
star on either side; a commodore, a star
with an anchor on either side; a captain,
silver eagle and two anchors; a lieutenant
an anchor with two silver bars
on each side. There are also many petty
and noncommissioned officers who wear
the insignia of their rank on their sleeves
above the elbow. The higher officers also
wear gold bands upon their sleeves, run-
ning above the wrists. The shoulder
straps are 4 1/2 inches long and 1 1/2 inches
wide. They are made of dark blue cloth,
with a border of dead gold a quarter of
an inch wide, the device being embroid-
ered inside the border.The lowest commissioned officer in the
navy is an ensign. He wears a single sil-
ver anchor on his shoulder strap. It is the
ambition of each ensign to change his
stripes for those of a lieutenant. There
are many cases on record where an ensign
showed great bravery during a battle, and
his name was sent to Washington with a
recommendation from his commander that
he be promoted. Often an ensign was sent
on a dangerous mission and got his lieuten-
ant's stripes that way. Usually, how-
ever, he has to wait till some officer above
him is promoted or dies or retires, and
then he moves up in rank.Every sailor and soldier knows that in
time of war his superiors are watching
him and that if he shows himself a brave
man he stands a good chance of being pro-
moted. It is a matter of great pride to
add an extra bar to his shoulder straps or
to have one of the many insignia of rank
put on his uniform. There are, besides the
honor of being an officer, better pay with
each additional rise in rank, more com-
fortable quarters and more personal lib-
erty. All these things make the soldiers
more ambitious to gain promotion.In the army the insignia of rank is
somewhat similar to that of the navy, but
even in active service an army officer still
wears his shoulder straps. The general is
the highest officer of the army. His rank
is shown by an eagle with a star on each
side. A lieutenant general wears three
stars on his shoulder straps, a major gen-
eral two, a brigadier general one, a colonel
a silver eagle, a lieutenant colonel two sil-
ver leaves, a major two gold leaves, a cap-
tain four silver bars and a lieutenant two
bars. The noncommissioned officers wear
their devices of rank upon their sleeves. A
general may also be distinguished by the
arrangement of the buttons on his coat.
One of the jokes credited to General Grant
was one about the buttons on his coat. A
major general wears two rows of buttons,
nine in each row and each row divided into
two groups of three. One day Grant was
clad in a military coat much the worse for
wear and from which all but three buttons
had been torn. An officer brought him
word that he had just been promoted to
the rank of lieutenant general."Well," said Grant, pointing to the
group of three buttons, "you see, I have
anticipated the order and have my gen-
eral's uniform."Besides the chance which a soldier or
sailor has of becoming an officer and wear-
ing an insignia of rank there is another
thing which he works for during war-
time, but this is confined principally to
the navy, and is the matter of prize money.
It is the rule of the United States navy
that when the crew of a vessel captures
another ship the prize is to be sold and a
part of the proceeds divided among the
officers and sailors. If the captured ship
was equal in fighting strength to the cap-
tured, all the prize money goes to the victors,
but if the prize was weaker half goes to
the government, and the remaining half is
divided among the crew and officers.In such a division the commissioned
officers come in for a larger share, so it is
well to be as high an officer as possible.
The commander of a fleet receives one-
twentieth of all the prize money awarded
to any ship in his command. The captain
of a single vessel receives one-tenth of the
money awarded to his vessel, but gets
nothing from the prizes of any of the other
ships of the fleet to which he belongs.
The remaining officers and members of
the crew of the vessel which has made the
capture receive prize money in accord-
ance with their rank and pay. The lower
a man is in the navy the less prize money
he gets. A common sailor may get \$200
as his share where if he were a lieutenant
he might receive twice that sum.—Cin-
cinnati Commercial Tribune.

Valuable Guideboards.

At a crossroads in a New Hampshire
township there is a sign which recalls
former joys to many old inhabitants and
rouses curiosity in the minds of travelers.
It points up a grass grown road and
bears in faint letters the mysterious in-
scription, "Tolpin."To the stranger it is inexplicable, but
the boys of 60 years ago know that it still
means, "To Long Pond, one mile." And
because of the many fishing expeditions of
their boyhood no one of the elderly travel-
ers of that region will let the old board
fall to the ground and rot away, as many
such guideboards have done.After a windstorm it often happens that
a number of the fishermen of long ago
take pains to drive past the old road, and
on one occasion three of them, each with
a provident hammer and nails, met and
talked over old times, and every one of
them was late for dinner.—Youth's Com-
panion.

1898 NEW MAIL.

17th YEAR LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

Men's and Ladies' Patterns, Highest Quality
with all Latest Improvements.BARGAINS. We are closing out a small lot of \$85.00 Wheels, entirely new at \$25.00 each;
also a few at \$20.00 each. Best bargains in Boston to-day.
GOLF GOODS. Have taken agency for the celebrated D. Anderson, St. Andrews
Scotland, make of Clubs, with Texa shaft and unbreakable head.
These are used by professionals, as by the Texa shaft the longest drives are obtained.
Henley & Silvertown Balls at \$2.50 per doz. Send for catalogue.

WM. READ & SONS, 107 Washington St., Boston.

Real Estate Newton
Estate Newtonville
Mortgages West Newton
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Estates in the above villages.

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Tar Concrete Walks and Drives.
Asphalt Floors.
Artificial Stone Walks.

STEEL-BOUND ARTIFICIAL STONE CURB.

Boston Office, 192 Devonshire St. Telephone 2602 Boston.

Represented in Newton by J. A. SCOTT, West Newton.

LOUISIANA UNDER SPAIN.

How the Office of Hangman in the Colony
Went Begging.When the court martial that Don Ale-
sandro O'Reilly, the second Spanish gov-
ernor of Louisiana, in 1769, had organized
to convict brought in a verdict of death
against Lafreniere and six of his compan-
ions as the leaders of the Louisiana rev-
olutionists against the authority of Spain,
to which country Louis XV of France had
ceded the colony, O'Reilly sought in vain
among whites and blacks in Louisiana for
a man who would perform the abhorrent
work of serving as hangman at the execu-
tion of the patriots. Not a man of the col-
ony would answer the call. In this emer-
gency O'Reilly was compelled to assign the
congenial task of slaughtering the help-
less creoles and Frenchmen to regular
Spanish soldiers whom he had brought
with him from Spain, and, instead of be-
ing hanged, Lafreniere and the others
were shot to death by a platoon of grana-
diers in a space of ground near the site of
the present United States mint in New
Orleans, which at that time was in the
rear of the military garrison of the post.The failure of O'Reilly to secure a hang-
man in the case of these unfortunate men
recalled to old French residents of New
Orleans of that day the interesting story
of Jeannot, an African slave of the Missis-
sippi company, or Company of the West,
which 50 years previously had control of
the colony of Louisiana under a charter
granted by the regent of Orleans. The
company offered Jeannot his freedom on
condition that he would serve as public
hangman of the colony. Jeannot appeared
to agree to the proposition, but he after-
ward repudiated a secluded place and cut
off his right arm with a hatchet. By this
self inflicted mutilation Jeannot avoided
the repulsive duties of hangman for the
colony, but he also lost his opportunity
for freedom. However, the agents of the
company, not knowing in what way to utilize
Jeannot as a laborer, appointed him over-
seer of all the slaves belonging to it. Poor
Jeannot was rewarded for his sense of hu-
manity and conscientiousness by receiving
the respect and esteem of all the inhabi-
tants of the colony during the rest of his
life.—New Orleans Picayune.Miss Greener—And so you were in the
train that was held up by robbers? Wasn't
you just frightened to death? Miss Whit-
ting—You'll hardly believe it, but I wasn't
frightened a bit. The fact is, when they
came into the car and ordered us to hold
our hands, I thought it was going to be
a lecture on palmistry, and I didn't find
out different until it was all over.—Boston
Transcript.

Young Widows are So Impetuous!

"Mr. Oldboy," said the blooming young
widow, "you have been coming to see me
nearly two weeks. I think it is high time
you were declaring your intentions!"—
Chicago Tribune."I have dreadful luck. This morning I
dropped my spectacles and my wife stepped
on them." "That's what I call good luck.
If I had dropped mine I should have
stepped on them myself."—Chicago Record."Ah! my heart's athirst for glory," he
declared. Then pouted she: "Once you
told another story—for you said it longed
for me."—Free Press.

Doesn't He Kick?

"I have a new way of getting my hus-
band awake in the morning." "Well, mam-
ma, I will, but really you are too
fussy about trifles."—Chicago Record.HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Bil-
iousness, Indigestion, Headache.
Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

RATES—50 cents first insertion for not
exceeding 5 lines, and 25 cents each time
thereafter, in advance.

Wants.

ANYONE having an old style Hickory Bicy-
cle, on which the steel rim is rolled over,
forming a round edge about 1.8 inch in
diameter, may find a purchaser by addressing
W. H. this office.GARDENER and wife wish position. Ad-
dress 1215 Washington St., West Newton.

For Sale.

WOOD, Wood, of all kinds for sale, by the
cord. Saw and split if ordered. Prices
to suit in the city of Newton, Mass. All orders
filled by mail by A. S. Bolles, P. O. Box 109,
Wayland, Mass.FOR SALE—A carryall that cost \$350. Rus-
sian back, good style. Also a Stanhope
covered buggy, modern, cost \$200. Both for
sale at a bargain. Both are second-hand. Ap-
ply to W. THORP, 35 Pelham street, Newton
Centre.HAY FOR SALE—Loose English, Rowen
and meadow. Also nice oak wood. Write
for prices. Colledge Bros., So. Sudbury, Mass. tf

To Let.

TO RENT—5 houses in Newton Centre, 2 at
Newton Highlands, one at \$40.00 and \$50.00
per month. Very desirable. 4 furnished houses
at Newton Centre for the season. Prices \$25 to
\$100 per month. W. Thorpe, Newton Centre.

Miscellaneous.

LOST—On Saturday, August 6th, near Jewett
street, a lady's silk belt with gold buckle.
Finder will please return to J. B. Rendleton,
9 Rockland street, Newton.ASSOCIATED CHARITIES—The office
hours of the Secretary of the Associated
Charities are from 9 to 10 every week day and
from 7.30 to 8.30 Saturday evenings. The Pro-
vident Committee will be at the office to distribute
clothing Tuesday forenoons and Saturday even-
ings. St. R. Martin, Secretary. Office, Newton-
ville Square.Norumbega Park,
AUBURNDALE.NATURE'S OWN RESORT.
ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN. ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN.
RUSTIC THEATRE. PLAYS EVERY EVENING.

NEWTONVILLE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.
 —Mrs. J. L. Atwood enjoyed a short trip this week.
 —Mr. Herbert M. Chase has returned after a few weeks' outing.
 —The Misses Bailey of Cabot street are in Maine for a few weeks' stay.
 —Miss Atherton of Washington street is enjoying a few weeks' vacation.
 —Miss E. S. Barry is at Red Gable, New London, N. H., for a few weeks.
 —Mrs. Rollins and Louise R. Rollins are enjoying a short stay at Nantucket.
 —Mr. and Mrs. John Bird are enjoying a few weeks at the Hollis, Nantasket.
 —Miss Nellie Tancered of Otis street is enjoying a few weeks at the seashore.
 —Mr. George P. Hall of Brooks avenue is enjoying a bicycle trip through Maine.
 —Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Judson have returned to their home at Trenton, N. J.
 —Mr. Frost of Clyde street has returned to his summer home at Lebanon, N. H.
 —Harold Hunt returned this week from Falmouth where he passed his vacation.
 —Mr. U. H. Dyer and family have returned after an enjoyable stay on the Cape.
 —Miss E. L. MacConkey was at the Summit House, Mt. Washington, last Saturday.
 —Mr. C. T. Harrington of Linwood avenue is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.
 —Mr. Charles Atwood of Clafin place has returned after a month's stay at Gloucester.
 —Officer Burke and Mr. Partridge are enjoying a few weeks rest with friends on the Cape.
 —Mrs. Curtis, who was the guest of friends here, has returned to her home at Bath, Me.
 —Mr. N. L. Lynch and Mr. A. A. Lynch are at the Atlantic House, Nantasket, for a short stay.
 —Mr. Chandler Holmes of Highland avenue returned this week after his summer outing.
 —Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo P. Curtis are at the Hummock House, Mass., for a few weeks' stay.
 —Mr. A. E. Billings who was reported as seriously ill with typhoid fever is now convalescing.
 —Mr. H. W. Calder and family are in New Hampshire, where they will remain several weeks.
 —Mr. George Colesworthy and family of Edinboro street, left this week for a month's outing.
 —Rev. and Mrs. J. N. Dutton of Turner street have returned after a month's trip through the west.
 —Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Sullivan left Thursday for Bradford, N. H., where they will make a short stay.
 —The Misses Alice and Sadie Bailey of Cabot street are summering at Long Island, Portland Harbor, Maine.
 —Dr. and Mrs. George H. Talbot of Walnut street have returned after a short trip to Prince Edward Island.
 —Miss Annie Elliott of Lowell avenue left this week for Bucksport, Me., where she will pass several weeks.
 —Miss E. E. Soule of Easton, Mass., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Soule at their home on Walker street.
 —Mr. B. F. Wells and family of Otis street are at Intervale, N. H., where they will remain during the month.
 —Mr. W. H. Eaves and family of Lowell avenue have returned from the seashore, where they passed several weeks.
 —Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Buffington and family are at Brant Rock for a few weeks' stay. They register at the Melrose.
 —Mr. Z. D. Kelly and family of Water-town street, left this week for Cape Ann, where they will pass their vacation.
 —Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Baker of this place will move into their new residence at Wellesley Hills about September first.
 —Mr. Frank Bancher and family of Austin street left yesterday for Ashland, N. H., where they will make a short stay.
 —Mr. and Mrs. George P. Cook and Miss Clara Cook of Prescott street are enjoying a trip in the northern part of Vermont.
 —Mr. H. E. McGlinchey and family, formerly of Roxbury, have moved into their new residence on Highland avenue.
 —Mrs. A. F. Cooke and Miss Beatrice Cooke of Turner street are at the Atlantic House, Nantasket, for the rest of the season.
 —Alderman Nagle is building a very handsome house on Kirkstall road, which is said to be the healthiest location in Newton.
 —Mr. H. C. Wellman, Mrs. J. H. Wellman, N. T. Wellman and Prescott Wellman are at the Russell cottage, Kearsarge Village, N. H.
 —Mr. and Mrs. Herbert S. Kempton and family of Birch Hill road, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Payson Call at their home at Larchmont, N. Y.
 —Mr. Bassett of Central avenue, secretary of the L. A. W., is in attendance at the 19th annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen at Indianapolis, this week.
 —Mr. George Breeden, who sailed for Europe last week, entertained a number of guests Thursday evening at his home on Walker street. A large number of friends met to bid him "bon voyage."
 —There are letters remaining in the post office for Mr. Eastman, care of N. & B. I. R. Co., G. Norton, Alex. Penney, care Polite Gaudy, H. M. Ross, Albert Simms, Miss Martha Neilson, care D. G. F. Paine, Miss Edie A. Ellis, Mrs. Smith, 847 Washington street.
 —Miss Hattie Purdy, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Purdy, died Monday night at her home on Lowell avenue. Deceased was twenty years of age and was much beloved by a large circle of friends. The funeral took place from the house Thursday afternoon, Rev. J. M. Dutton officiated at the services. The interment was in Newton cemetery.
 —The following from Newton were registered August 3rd, at the Summit House, Mt. Mansfield, Vt.: Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Chadwick, Miss Grace E. Chadwick, Mr. Walter H. Knapp, Mrs. F. L. Knapp, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Vinal, Miss Ethel Vinal, C. A. Vinal, Jr., and Albert Vinal of Newtonville, Miss Mary L. Nutt of Newton Centre and Mrs. W. L. Whitney of Auburndale.

Norumbega Park.

The rainy weather of the past week has made a remarkable improvement in the appearance of the park. The shrubbery and foliage never appeared to better advantage, and the walks have been rolled into perfect shape. As an adjunct to the park, a carriage annex has been opened where horses may be cared for. This is a distinct advantage to Newton people who come in carriages. Next week the stage attraction is the Boston Novelty Company, a strong collection of vaudeville performers. Knowlton & Allen's band furnishes an excellent program daily. The Zoological Garden has been increased by the addition of four bald American eagles, who scream patriotism and defiance in the same breath. All the other attractions continue to draw crowds daily, and on all sides are heard words of praise and delight.

WEST NEWTON.

—Miller pianos, Farley, Newton.
 —Mr. Ralph Chase is passing his vacation in Maine.
 —Mr. C. A. Potter and family are at North Falmouth.
 —Mr. W. F. Rice has returned after a short stay at Truro, Mass.
 —Mr. F. S. Eddy of Cherry street is making a short trip in Europe.
 —Mr. and Mrs. George Walker are passing a few weeks at the Weirs.
 —Miss Alice Walton of Chestnut street is at Gloucester for a few weeks.
 —Mr. C. H. Ames and family have returned after a month's vacation.
 —Expressman French has begun work on his new house on Fairfax street.
 —Mr. C. C. Briggs is enjoying his vacation at Newbury Hall, Nantasket.
 —Mrs. H. W. Vinal and family are summering at the Crawford House, N. H.
 —Mrs. Houghton of Washington street is enjoying a few weeks at Cottage City.
 —Mr. R. W. Williamson and family have returned after a few weeks at the seashore.
 —Dr. Curtis and family of Elm street are enjoying a few weeks' outing at Ashville.
 —Mr. and Mrs. Nason of South Boston are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robbins, Cherry street.
 —Mrs. R. H. Freeman is enjoying the warm season at the Rockland House, Nantasket.
 —Mr. George Cook and family of Walnut street are at Hull for a few weeks' change.
 —Mr. H. A. Inman and family of Perkins street left this week for a few weeks' vacation.
 —Miss D. L. McEnany is passing her vacation at the McMillan House, North Conway, N. H.
 —Mr. Chas. S. Cook of A. Stowell & Co., is building an expensive residence on Valentine street.
 —Miss Ella Gould of Parsons street has returned from Hyannis, where she passed her vacation.
 —Mrs. Richard Anders has gone to Richfield Springs, N. Y., and will stop at the Fuller House.
 —Mrs. Clark of Eddy street left this week for Brookton, where she will remain several weeks.
 —Miss Lottie Hamblin of Allston is the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Stacy, Watertown street.
 —Mr. E. E. Leland and family are at the Etawanda, Phillips beach, Swampscott, for the warm season.
 —Miss Helen Gould of Parsons street has returned from Lancaster, where she enjoyed her vacation.
 —Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Humphrey of Webster street have enjoyed a short stay at North Sandwich, N. H.
 —Mr. Henry L. Ayer introduced Mr. E. C. Fletcher at the midsummer meet of the County Club at Manchester.
 —Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Davis enjoyed their vacation at White Horse beach. They stopped at Highland cottage.
 —Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Ferry and Miss Harriet Ferry were at the Summit House, Mt. Washington, last Saturday.
 —Among the summer residents at North Conway, N. H., are Mrs. H. M. Carter and son. They occupy Moat cottage.
 —Miss Ethel Gammons of Washington street returns to-day from Monmouth, Me., where she has passed two weeks.
 —Mr. and Mrs. Albert Metcalf and Miss Metcalf, registered at the Mt. Pleasant House, White Mountains, last Saturday.
 —Mr. Albert Metcalf and family of Valentine street have returned from the beach where they enjoyed the past few weeks.
 —Mr. Thomas Dolan, driver of the patrol wagon, is enjoying a few weeks' vacation. Mr. Holmes will fill the place during his absence.
 —Mrs. Smith and family, who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Cooke of Waltham street, have returned to their home in New York.
 —Mrs. H. J. Vinal is one of the successful whist players at Winthrop and is now the possessor of one of the handsome prizes awarded recently.
 —Mrs. S. E. Thompson and Miss V. A. Thompson of Waltham street are at New London, N. H., for the remainder of the warm season. They register at the Red Gable.
 —Mr. T. B. Fitzpatrick of Waltham street was one of the guests of honor at the public meeting held in Music Hall, Boston, Wednesday evening, under the auspices of the Catholic Total Abstinence Society.
 —Fire alarm box 315 situated at the city stables, Auburndale avenue, was rung in at 8:22 o'clock last Saturday evening for a fire in the house on Auburndale avenue owned and occupied by Patrick McCarthy. It was caused by an overheated stove, and the damage amounted to \$10.
 —Capt. J. W. Weeks of the naval brigade has let the contract for his handsome new residence on Valentine street, and work has already begun. The cellar was laid before the war, and the remainder of work looks as though Capt. Weeks thought peace will soon be declared.
 —There are letters in the post office for Miss Annie Anderson, Miss Hannah Burke, Miss Kate Curley, Mrs. Corey, Mrs. Susan Connell, Mrs. John Hines, Miss Laura Hackett, Timothy L. Lamy, Miss Gertrude Lawrence, Mr. Asa Patten, Herman Parker, Mabel E. Seranton, Mr. William Sullivan, Mrs. Helen I. Toulman.
 —That it doesn't pay to "jolly" Chief of Police Tarbox, John G. Wright, alias John Tarbox, is very willing to admit. His fake makes the moral of this story very plain. If Wright is a West Newton citizen, Ward 3 residents do not boast of it. Neither does Wright though he gives West Newton as his address. On the 26th of June it is alleged that Wright entered the carpenter shop of H. H. Hunt on Webster street and secured a number of tools. In court yesterday he was arraigned on the charge of breaking and entering. Judge Kennedy found probable cause, and the man was bound over in \$1,000 bonds for his appearance before the grand jury. The story of the search for Wright is that in which the greatest interest lies. When in June, Mr. Hunt reported his loss to the police, Inspector Fletcher was detailed on the case, and soon discovered that a man giving the name of John Tarbox had pawned the missing tools in a Merrimack street, Boston, pawn shop. A warrant was immediately issued, and officers set at work. When Chief Tarbox learned the assumed name that had been used by the alleged thief, he laughed heartily and said he was determined to find the factious individual. This with his officers he succeeded in doing. Now here is where the purloiner of the tools made a mistake. Had he used any other name, things might have been different. But to attempt to amuse himself by using the new chief's name was something the latter could not overlook. Personally Chief Tarbox devoted all of his spare time to the case, and kept Inspector Fletcher and Patrolman B. F. Burke very active in watching for the man. Wednesday afternoon, with the pawnbroker and Inspector Al Page of Brookline, Inspector Fletcher found Wright at work as a laborer in Brookline. The pawnbroker positively identified him. Wright has been charged with similar offences, and in 1888 was given

three years in the state prison for breaking and entering a house at West Newton.

—Mrs. H. P. Perkins of Margin street is enjoying a few weeks in Maine.
 —Patrolman Kite and family have enjoyed a few weeks at Pymouth.
 —Miss Grace Brown of Parsons street will enjoy her vacation at Peak's Island, Me.
 —Mr. George H. Ingraham was here from his summer home at Rindge, N. H., for a short stay this week.
 —Mr. T. Henry Ramsdell and family of Eden avenue are at Hough's Neck for the remainder of the warm season.
 —Rev. F. S. Hayden, D. D., of Jacksonville, Ill., will occupy the pulpit at the Congregational church, Sunday.
 —Mrs. Barrett and daughter, Miss Nellie Barrett of Philadelphia, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George K. Stacy of Watertown street.
 —The regular meeting of John Elliot Lodge, A. O. U. W., was held Wednesday evening. Among the guests present were several officers from North Abington Lodge. Speeches were made and a light collation was served.
 —Mr. and Mrs. George A. Walton are expected home to-morrow from Vermont, where they passed several weeks. Mr. Walton delivered a series of lectures before the summer schools for teachers at Bristol and Bakersfield.

AUBURNDALE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.
 —Miss Mamie Hayes is visiting at home for a few days.
 —Mr. Stephen Welch has taken a position at E. W. Keyes.
 —Mrs. Louise Chandler is enjoying her vacation at Winthrop.
 —Mr. Oliver Jenkins is in North Brookfield the guest of relatives.
 —Mr. George G. Almy returns to-morrow after a two weeks' absence.
 —Mr. and Mrs. George Keyes are visiting relatives in Quincy, N. H.
 —Mr. F. J. Ford has purchased a handsome horse for business purposes.
 —Mr. Murdoch McLean has left his position with Mr. E. B. Haskell.
 —Mr. E. W. Keyes has been enjoying an outing at Horse Island Harbor, Maine.
 —Herbert R. Wellman of Centerville, Ind., has been here the guest of friends.
 —Take a package of Thorn's headache powders with you when on your vacation.
 —Mr. W. P. Snow and family of Lexington street are summering at Oldtown, Me.
 —Mr. M. L. Morton and family of Hancock street have been away for several weeks.
 —Mr. and Mrs. Van Note of Newell road are entertaining relatives from Portland, Maine.
 —Mr. Knight of Newell road has returned from a visit to her former home in Maine.
 —Mrs. W. F. Fowle of Auburndale avenue has returned after an absence of two weeks.
 —Mrs. Trelawney and family have removed this week from Rowe street to Commonwealth avenue.
 —Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Robinson of Lexington street left Wednesday for an absence of several weeks.
 —Mr. Welcome Freeman of Bourne street is enjoying a two weeks' vacation at North Sandwich, N. H.
 —Miss Louise Tilton of Haverhill has been the guest of Mrs. G. Fred Pond of Auburndale avenue this week.
 —Alderman and Mrs. W. F. Hadlock leave next week for Busten's Island, Me., where they will pass the remainder of the month.
 —Mr. Louis Robinson and family of Schenectady, N. Y., are visiting Mrs. Robinson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Conner and family of Melrose street.
 —Rev. Richard Winsor and family arrived in Boston last week. Next Sunday evening in the Congregational Chapel at seven o'clock, he will speak of the plague and famine in India.
 —Private Edward Moore has returned this week from Camp Myers, Virginia. He has been ill with typhoid fever and was allowed a month's furlough in which to recuperate. He is a member of the 1st Cavalry.
 —Work will soon be begun on the new line of the Newton street railway company from "Night Cap Corner" through Lexington street to the square. The rails are on the ground and Capt. Henderson hopes to have the cars running by Sept. 15.
 —A large company of gentlemen including members of Auburndale lodge A. O. U. W., and several guests were entertained on Mr. R. W. Dennison's steam launch on the river Thursday evening of last week. A most enjoyable sojourn was enjoyed at the banquet furnished complete entertainment for the evening, and the hospitality of Mr. Dennison is fully appreciated by his guests.
 —Mr. Charles Shellnut, the expressman, has recovered his horse and wagon stolen last week. It had been recovered and left the rig in front of a store on Kneeland street, Boston, and had been absent but a few minutes when he returned and found it missing. Later he was notified by the Boston police that it had been recovered in Roxbury, with about \$30 worth of express packages missing.

—Among the recent arrivals at the Woodland Park Hotel are, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Redfield of New York; Miss M. K. Kelly and Miss L. H. English of Philadelphia; E. E. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Pratt, two children and maid, G. A. Menick, H. B. Converse, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Kimball, E. W. Williams, Miss E. D. Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Williams, Mrs. S. A. Redfield, all of Boston; H. Strong of Chicago.

—The suggestion in last week's GRAPHIC concerning the conditions of the stores and business has had its effect among the merchants and residents. It has set them all to thinking and talking, and some of the former to acting. During the past week your regular correspondent has noted with pleasure the general clearing up that has been made. It is really remarkable to notice the rapidity with which the unnecessary collections of empty barrels, boxes, etc., that so annoyed the Newton Centre visitor have disappeared. Several of the merchants were seen by your correspondent, and expressed themselves as being well pleased with the Newton Centre gentleman in regard to the new buildings. They say that the advent of such a gentleman with some new buildings would be greatly welcomed. They express their willingness to occupy the new buildings which they feel would be productive of a business boom. When questioned in regard to the cluttered condition of the sidewalks and back yards they simply smile, and point to the much improved store yard and front. All residents of the village are jubilant, and firmly endorse the GRAPHIC as to the need of a hall there is little to be said. The scheme has been agitated for some years, and at present seems as near likely as ever to being carried through. The necessity of a hall is obvious to all Auburndale residents.

—Jack: "Even love is called upon to help swell the war revenue." Tom: "Indeed? How's that?" Jack: "Why, there's a tax of 2 cents on every love letter that Uncle Sam handles." —Chicago News.

SALUTES ON A WARSHIP.

None Is Fired Between Sunset and Sunrise, and None Exceeds Twenty-one Guns.
 In St. Nicholas Lieutenant Philip Andrews, U. S. N., writes of "Ceremonies and Etiquette on a Man-of-war." Lieutenant Andrews says:
 No salute exceeds 21 guns, and no salute is ever fired except between sunrise and sunset, when the national colors must be displayed, but it is also usual not to fire salutes in honor of S. A. M. Whenever the president is embarked in a ship of war flying his flag, all other United States ships of war and naval stations near which he passes will fire the national salute.
 Side boys are detailed usually from the apprentice boys. They stand each side of the gangway in line and salute by touching their caps as visiting officials come on board or leave. Commissioned officers board and leave a ship by the starboard gangway. Warrant officers, naval cadets and enlisted men use the port gangway.
 After nightfall all boats coming close to the ship are hailed by the marine sentry or by the quartermaster with the words, "Boat ahoy!" A flag officer answers, "Flag!" a commanding officer answers the name of his ship; other commissioned officers answer, "Aye, aye!" warrant officers and naval cadets answer, "No, no," while enlisted men answer, "Hello!"
 Every officer and man on reaching the upper deck salutes the national flag, and this salute is returned by the officer of the watch at hand.
 Flag officers are addressed by their titles of admiral or commodore, captains and commanding officers are called "Captain," all other officers are called "Mr." and not by their official titles, though in addressing them in writing these titles are always used. The surgeons, however, are usually called "Doctor" and paymasters of any grade "Paymaster."
 Boat salutes are given by tossing oars, which means holding them upright in the air with the blades fore and aft, or by lying on oars, by which is meant holding the oars horizontal as they rest in the rowlocks. Cockswains of boats stand and salute when passing boats containing officers.
 All officers and men, whether in uniform or in civilian dress, salute on shore salute by touching the cap.
 When a ship of the navy enters a port of any nation where there is a fort or battery or where a ship of war of that nation may be lying, she shall fire a salute of 21 guns, provided the captain is satisfied that the salute will be returned. The flag of the nation saluted will be displayed at the main during the salute.
 National airs of foreign states having war vessels in company with our own will be played by our bands as a compliment.

An Unforgettable Capture.

Mr. E. Terry Sinclair writes in The Century of "The Eventful Cruise of the Florida." Mr. Sinclair says:
 Another of our captures, a vessel from the East Indies, contained a rare character in an old lady, who, we were told, was a missionary on her return home for a vacation. As usual, Captain Morris gave this lady one of the staterooms in his cabin, but it was not long before she had the cabin to herself, and I think, had she staid much longer, would have been captain. She was intensely Union and had little use for "rebels," nor did she hesitate to tell us so. We got in the habit of watching for her head as it came up out of the cabin hatch, when there would be a general scamper, but the poor officer of the deck was compelled to stand and take her tongue lashing. The old lady usually promenaded the deck with a green cotton umbrella raised, and on one occasion one of the retreating ones returned and found that Lieutenant Stone, who was in charge of the deck, had gone into the rigging, where he remained, looking very much like a cat up a tree, with a dog watching him.

Madrid and Its Climate.

Along the Mediterranean shore Spain presents a narrow ribbon of fertile, delightful country. The region is often called "the garden of Spain."
 It is a great contrast to pass from these tropical shores to the wind swept plains of interior Spain. The level country inclosed by the Guadarrama and the Cantabrian mountains forms in the west an extensive wheat growing region. Toward the east as the rainfall decreases pasturage encroaches upon arable culture. In New Castile, on the south of the Guadarrama and in about the center of Spain, the political capital has been placed. The level country in which it has been dropped, as if by accident, is for the most part a waterless plain, swept in winter by the piercing winds from the naked mountains of the north, sweltering in summer under the effect of the sun's rays on bare rock and soil.

The climate of Madrid has been tersely described by its inhabitants as "three months of winter and nine of hell." Edward D. Jones in North American Review.

A Dewey Rebuke.

Many years ago the Rev. Jedediah Dewey, an ancestor of Admiral Dewey, was holding services in honor of the victory at Bangtong, and as was right and proper, was giving Providence all the credit for the triumph of the American arms. Ethan Allen, who was present, chafed under this neglect of his own part in the battle, and, rising in his pew in the very middle of the "long prayer," as it is called, said, "Parson Dewey, Parson Dewey, Parson Dewey!"
 The clergyman stopped and opened his eyes. The intrepid Allen went on, "Please mention to the Lord about my being here."

Not daunted by this outrageous interruption, the holy man thundered, "Sit down, thou bold blasphemer, and listen to the word of God." —New York Tribune.

Screen Doors.

Screen doors, such as are used to keep out flies and other insects, are made all most wholly by machinery. They can be bought in various sizes in stores, like any other merchandise, and they are sold so cheap that they are now more commonly used than ever. Like many other articles used in summer, screen doors are made in winter in factories that may be occupied in summer in the production of snow shovels. Screen doors are shipped from the factories to large wholesale buyers in carload lots. The wholesale trade in them begins in April and ends about the 1st of July, the retail distribution continuing later. Screen doors are sold everywhere in this country and they are also exported. —New York Sun.

Above Sea Level.

The height of various cities in the United States above the sea level is as follows: New Orleans, 10 feet; New York, 28 feet; St. Louis, 450 feet; Cincinnati, 550 feet; Chicago, 594 feet; Omaha, 965 feet; Salt Lake, 4,351 feet; Denver, 5,267 feet; Virginia City, 6,508 feet.

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ELECTRIC LIGHT High grade electrical work of every description.
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Modern Plumbing & House Drainage
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To Wind Up the
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and close out our entire stock of Ladies' Shirt Waists we have
"MARKED DOWN"
 to such ridiculously low prices that we shall sell all we have in a very short time. It is well to remember that each customer selects the best bargain they can find, and those who come first have largest assortment to select from.
 All our \$1.98 White Shirt Waists, marked down to \$1.49.
 All our \$1.25 and \$1.50 White Shirt Waists, marked down to 98c.
 All our \$4.00 Fancy Silk Waists, marked down to \$1.98.
 All our \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 Colored Shirt Waists, marked down to 59c.
 All our 50c. and 75c. Colored Shirt Waists, marked down to 39c.

"SECOND LOT."
 25 DOZEN 19c. SUMMER CORSETS. Came to-day. The first lot of 25 dozen sold out in four days and this lot will go equally as quick.

"Our" 37c. SUMMER CORSETS
 are superior to any 50c. Corsets sold in New England. They are copied and imitated by other dealers, but never equalled for less than 50c.
 Come and see for yourself. **"Money refunded if not satisfied."**

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ALLEN BROTHERS
 call attention of our Newton citizens to the facilities of the
West Newton English and Classical School,
 which offers special advantages to day students, boys and girls, preparing for college, scientific schools, business, or for an intelligent citizenship.
 Electric cars from all parts of the city.
 N. T. ALLEN.
 At home Tuesdays.

One Tablespoonful of Metcalf's Fruit Syrup stirred into a glass of water (iced, aerated or soda) gives the most delicious and cooling summer beverage known.
METCALF'S
 For Luncheons, Picnics and all outdoor parties they are unequalled. Twenty flavors, including Sarsaparilla, Raspberry, Vanilla, Pineapple, Lemon, Etc.
FRUIT
 Pure, rich, refreshing, wholesome.
 Sold by S. S. Pierce Co., Cobb, Bates & Yerxa Co., and all other leading grocers.
SYRUPS
 Prepared only by T. Metcalf Co., the leading Pharmaceutical Druggists, 39 Tremont Street, and Copley Sq., Boston; Harvard Sq., Opposite P. O., Brookline.

THE WONDERFUL NEW DRINK,
"GLORIA"

ASK FOR GLORIA.
 Makes every home a paradise. The field of pleasure is boundless with vigorous health, but poor health spoils all. "GLORIA" is a sanitary beverage. Gives the vigor and pleasure of youth. Half a day of new and vigorous life in every drink. Try it. 5 CENTS A GLASS.

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Chauncy-Hall School.

Seventy-first year begins Sept. 20.
 Oldest and largest private school in Boston. All ages and grades from Kindergarten to College. Send for annual catalogue, Boylston Street, corner of Berkeley.

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Hamilton's Extract "Tymoline."
 For Mouth, Nose, Throat and Toilet Purposes.
 An Alkaline Disinfectant. Your Dentist and Physician will endorse it. At all druggists and 21 Milk St., Boston.

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DOOR TRIMMINGS
 look old and dingy they give a caller a bad impression. Just call at BARBER BROS. and see one of the new patterns.

Of Special Interest
 To the Cyclists in the Newtons.

We carry a full stock of everything to
Repair Bicycles
 Brazing, Enameling, Nickel Plating. Lawn Mowers Sharpened and Repaired. All kinds of General Machine Work.

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 F. S. Call and set the Crawford Racer \$50.00.

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The Saratoga Limited

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leaves

Boston

at 9.30 a. m.

Through

Parlor Cars.

THE NEW WOMAN.

When the Lord stately came
And a rib stole from Adam,
Giving Eden a dame,
And the first man a madam,
All beauty had birth,
And most that was human
And gladdening to earth
Came with the new woman.

New joy filled the land,
Single blessedness doubled;
Then the Lord staid his hand
And our ribs left untroubled.

But now, with a moan,
Man is asking, impassioned,
From what funny bone
Is this new woman fashioned?

With physics and law
Her eloquence streams so,
If not made from a jaw,
It really would seem so.

Does the new woman, then,
In her singular rabies
Find nothing in men—
Next to nothing in babies?

Alas and alack!
Oh, Moses and murther!
I'd see the old back
And the new woman further.

See, sisters, I kneel,
Though I don't often meddle,
And I pray, ease the wheel!
Oh, woman, back pedal!

—Harper's Bazar.

THE WRONG BRIDAL.

"Who is the pretty girl you just bowed to?" said Captain Bigg to his friend John Arminger.

"Well, she's a girl with whom my acquaintance began in rather a remarkable way. You remember the eldest Stackpole girl?"

"I remember the eldest Miss Stackpole—Freddy—the one who hunts—but I should never dream of calling her a girl. And what possible connection has she with your charming young friend?"

"A very close one, as you shall soon hear if only you will keep quiet and give me my head. You have evidently not heard that, to the surprise and delight of her friends, Freddy Stackpole became engaged last spring to a fellow called Herford, worth a lot of money, but rather ancient. You see, I've known the Stackpoles all my life. We belong to the same county, hunt with the same pack of hounds. I sent Freddy a letter of congratulations and a hunting crop—I heard afterward that she got 28—and accepted an invite to the wedding, which was to take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, yesterday at half past 2 o'clock."

"But this is all beside the question," protested Captain Bigg.

"It is not—it's the main part, so shut up. I arrived in good time and entered the church. The church was crammed, and I was a good deal surprised, I must confess, for I had no notion the Stackpoles had so many friends in London. However, I had no time to speculate, for an energetic youth caught hold of me and breathlessly asked, 'Friend of bride or bridegroom?'"

"Bride," I answered.

"Here you are. Sit this side." And he shoved me into a back seat next to an old gentleman who sat by the door and whose legs and stick I nearly tumbled over. He was a little chap with a white beard and red face and wore an old-fashioned blue frock coat and a pair of baggy lavender gloves.

"I looked about me, and I give you my solemn word of honor that among all the crowd I did not see a soul I knew. Can you believe it?"

"I happened to notice the old boy beside me. I caught him watching me furtively out of the corner of his eye. Our glances met, and he said:

"A friend of the bride, sir?"

"Bless you, yes," I answered, "known her since I was in pinafores."

"Since you were in pinafores?" he repeated. And he seemed rather taken aback.

"Why, yes." And I was thinking of adding that she was 10 or 12 years my senior, but most fortunately refrained.

"He stared very hard for some time and then said: 'I suppose you are acquainted with most of the people here—can you tell me who some of them are—any celebrities, eh?'"

"You are aware, Bigg, of my fatal passion for a place in a joke. Well, here was a temptation I was powerless to resist. So I answered:

"Oh, yes. I think I can point you out two or three well known characters."

"Thank you," he replied. "I'm a country cousin, or rather country grandfather, as you may see, and I very rarely come to London. Now, who is that stout, very dark woman in yellow with the gold spikes in her hair?"

"Oh, that," I promptly returned, "is the queen of the Sandwich Islands. She is over here incognito, at present—just a visit to her dressmaker."

"Dear me! Why, I always thought that Mother Nature was her modiste," said the old man, with twinkling eyes.

"Oh, no, she is quite civilized—wears shoes and stockings and rarely touches raw meat."

"And, pray, why does she honor this ceremony with her presence?"

"Because one of the bridegroom's cousins is attached to her court as chief pearl diver. He is called the king fisher, and I need scarcely add that it is a purely nominal, but well paid post."

"Thank you. I see. Now can you tell me who those two elderly men are who have come in together?"

"With pleasure," I answered. "The short one is Henrik Isen and the other is Lord Salisbury."

"Dear me, this is most interesting! And the lady in the wonderful mantle?"

"Is Sarah Bernhardt, and the little man just behind her in spectacles is the Spanish ambassador—Don Jose Manola. He is a celebrated wit, and his fandango is a thing to see."

"I'm immensely obliged to you for a great and unexpected treat. Hello! I think she has come," he added, craning his neck.

"Yes, she undoubtedly had arrived—there was the usual commotion and whispering and organ pealing, the usual procession of choir boys. Then the bride, walking very slowly—a lovely bride, though white as her gown—a girl of 19, splendid as lace and diamonds could make her, leaning on the arm of a boy of 20—not my bride, but an utter and complete stranger. She was followed by ten bridesmaids in white silk frocks, white feathered hats and carrying immense bouquets of red roses, and the procession passed, leaving me dumfounded. I was an unwitting guest at the wrong wedding."

"My first idea was to make a bolt for it, but grandpapa's legs and stick cut off that

door of escape, so I determined to sit still and make the best of an exceedingly disagreeable situation.

"The service over, the bridesmaids, armed with baskets of flowers, scattered themselves among the congregation, and the girl you saw just now how to me came down our way, all smiles, white feathers and favors. She seized on my old country grandpapa—as 'Grandpapa'—and said:

"How silly of you to sit so far down, dear! You couldn't see."

"Too hot up there," he said.

"She behaved like a true British matron and never shed a tear," she continued as she pinned in his favor.

"Now, Gwen, you must decorate my companion," he said, indicating me. "He has been first rate company and pointed me out all the lions and lionesses." Yet there was a look in the old man's eyes that I did not precisely understand.

"As Miss Gwen reached across to me her basket of flowers was upset, and over the gathering up of these we became quite hilarious, not to say intimate.

"When the wedding cortege had filed by there was the usual rush for carriages. Now was my chance. I rose, resolved to slip off, but so did my venerable companion, who pinned me firmly by the arm, saying:

"You may as well look after me. We are going to the same place. I'm a lame old chap and want an arm—I should have said a leg. Before I knew where I was I was being carried off in a swagger brougham, behind a pair of grand steppers; descending Cadogan square."

"The house was smothered in flowers and crammed with guests. My old man of the sea clung to me like a very limpet, and to my great dismay appeared to know every one. We passed through the packed masses with a word here, a joke there, and I gathered that his name was Sir Duncan. It was no news to me that he was Scotch.

"In the drawing room he had another word with Gwen, and then he remarked to me, with a malicious grin: 'Well, I don't see the queen here yet, nor the play-wright, nor even the dancing empress. What has become of them?'"

"What was to become of me was of far more importance, and, finding that my companion was making straight for the happy pair to tender his good wishes, and, being an absolute stranger to both, I broke and fled, hoping to lose myself in the crowd, to find some efficacious means of escape, even were it through the kitchen and lullery. But the mob, surging toward the presents, carried me along in spite of my struggles, and I found myself figuratively 'cast up' in front of a table covered with magnificent diamonds.

"As I stood gazing blankly at the diamonds a stranger by my side gave me a premonitory nudge and then addressed me in a low voice, but with elaborate courtesy:

"But this won't do, you know. I've had my eye on this good while. You swell! You men, getting too fashionable altogether; too fond of wedding parties!"

"What the deuce do you mean?" I asked, and I felt inclined to pitch him out of the window.

"I mean that I'm a detective officer of No. F division, and that I'm going to hand you over to my men below, who will take great care of you and escort you in a cab to Bow street, where you will be searched and charged. Oh, we have been expecting you for some time!"

"I say stop! I said, 'Here's my card.' And I lugged it out and handed it to him. 'Mr. R. Arminger, Arminger Park, Wilts. The Apex club, Pall Mall.'"

"He read aloud and then calmly remarked:

"Oh, yes, of course! I'm up to all these little dodges. I wonder you did not take a tip."

"Our altercation had been carried on in a window recess, and I doubt if any one noticed us at all.

"You come quietly," he repeated for the third time, and as I saw no other alternative I obeyed. As we crossed the great landing outside the reception room I noticed my old man of the sea sitting on a divan. He touched me with his stick and said: 'Hello! Going already? Won't you wait and present me to the queen or Mme. Bernhardt? But was too furious to reply. However, my companion stooped down and whispered something and showed him my card.

"The old fellow glanced quickly at it, then at me and exclaimed: 'I thought I knew that nose! Why, you must be the son of Teddy Arminger, who was my fag more than 30 years ago—you are Arminger of Arminger, eh?'"

"I bowed profoundly.

"Mr. Hook," to the detective, 'you are quite mistaken for once. The gentleman is well known to me. Pray resume your duty.' Then to me: 'Come here and sit by me and tell me all about yourself.

"You are growing more and more like your father every moment," he chuckled. "He always got white when he was angry. You poked fun at me, young sir, and I paid you out by bringing you here against your will. Now we are quits. Gwen, come here," he said. "This gentleman, Mr. Arminger, is the son of an old friend of mine. I give him into your custody. He wants to escape, but don't allow him to stir. I hold you responsible."

"Miss Gwen, delightfully ignorant of my narrow escape from the custody of the policeman, in a surprisingly short time restored my good humor, not to speak of my self respect. She conveyed me into the refreshment room, commanded me to distribute cake, presented me to the bride (her sister) and, in short, was so amusing, unaffected and light hearted that I remained her slave for half an hour."

"Well, that was something like a surprise party!" exclaimed Captain Bigg, who had been interested to a point of silence. "And the other function?"

"Had taken place at the same church at the same hour on the previous day. I had made a mistake in the date, but about one thing there will be no mistake, I swear—I'll never go to another wedding as long as I live."

"Oh, yes, my dear Jack, you will—to your own! And here they are, grandpapa and Miss Gwen, coming back again, and grandpapa is going to stop and speak to you!"

This acquaintance promises to extend further than the ladies' mile, for Mr. Jack Arminger will be one of the guns on Sir Duncan's moor this season.—London Telegraph.

Ambiguous Combination.
Jeweler—What shall I engrave in it?
Customer—G. O. to H. L.
Jeweler (hotly)—What's that, sir?
Customer (meekly)—George Osborne.
Harriet Lewis, but just the initials, please.—Jeweler's Weekly.

More Timber Than Gold.
The value of all the gold, silver, copper, iron, coal and lead mined every year in America is exceeded by the products of the forests. Even the combined wheat and cotton crop is less in value than the forest product.

THE EMPTY HEARTH.

As I sit beside the empty hearth there's silence
But I hear the ticking measure of a cradle on the ground.
My little baby sleeping draws her breath with gentle sigh,
And my son of play now weary, nestles close with drooping eye.

His hand is warm within my hand, his head upon my breast
Is sweet with the scent of childhood, of the young bird in the nest.
His face is hidden from me, but his eyes are strange and bright,
And he whose eyes are like them walks toward me through the night.

I soon shall hear his footsteps—oh, his footsteps—on the stair.
The door will open, he will come and stand behind my chair.
God, save me from these dreams! The hearth is empty, far is he, as he is,
And his little children lie asleep on another woman's knee.

—"Realms of Unknown Kings," Miss Alma-Tadema.

GRANDMA'S STORY.

It was in the year 1836, and the preceding year had been filled with stirring events. A cowardly attempt to disarm the citizens of Texas had resulted in the battle of Gonzales, which had been followed by the battle of Concepcion and the capture of Goliad and San Antonio.

A convention had met and drawn up a demand for a separate state, and Santa Anna was now hurrying a powerful army into Texas to avenge his defeat and uphold his unlawful authority. The spirit of freedom was to be utterly crushed.

I was then a girl of 16 and "kept house" for my father and brother at the ranch on the prairie. Naturally my life was very different from that of the girl of today, and it may surprise some of you to learn that my principal accomplishments were my ability to ride any horse in the stable, shoot a rifle as well as Brother Ben and dress a deer to perfection. You girls who scream at a mouse would have had quite a hard time of it then.

During the first months of the year we heard vague rumors of the immense force which the Mexicans were preparing to land against the rebellious Texans, but as father only laughed at them and assured me that the war was already over I never troubled my head about them.

I was therefore very much surprised when one day late in March father, who had been off to the settlement, came galloping home and told me that the Alamo had fallen, that Fannin and his brave band had been put to death and that Houston and his little army were in full retreat across the country, closely followed by Santa Anna with 7,000 men.

Father hurriedly saddled his best horse and, merely taking time to get his rifle and ammunition, galloped away to fight for his country. Ben was at Galveston at the time, but father expected him to return within three days, and, as I had often remained alone for three days at a time, neither of us felt any uneasiness.

But Ben had heard of the fall of the Alamo even before father did and had at once hurried to join Houston, and, as it chanced that he and father did not meet, each of them supposed the other was with me.

Ben had met a family of refugees on his way, and, learning that they would pass near the ranch, had induced them to deliver a message to father. They arrived about the time I began to grow uneasy about Ben and delivered the message, which informed me that I was to remain alone until the end of the war.

The refugees seemed frightened and troubled and declined my invitation to stop, saying that they would hurry on and leave this terrible country. They told me that Santa Anna was pouring 20,000 men after Houston, whose little army was certainly annihilated by this time, and that Sesma and Urea, each with 2,000 men, were hurrying along the northern and southern routes respectively, utterly destroying all in their path.

I did not pay much attention to these stories, as I saw that they were a poor spiced lot, and I was not uneasy for myself, as I had provisions enough to last a year and the ranch was too far from the main lines of travel to attract an enemy.

But I was very much alarmed for father and Ben and waited anxiously for news, although I scarcely expected to hear from the soldiers of war. But hear from them I did in a way I had not bargained for.

One morning in April, while I was engaged in my household work, I was startled by the clatter of hoofs, and you may imagine my astonishment at seeing three gayly dressed Mexican officers alight and enter the house.

I confess that had my rifle been within reach I should probably have shot one of them, but as it hung beside the front door they went in unheeded, and before I saw them to be Mexicans.

They were very much surprised at seeing me, for they had believed the house to be untenanted, but the eldest of the three apologized for their intrusion and asked me for breakfast for himself and companions. As I could not well refuse I invited them to be seated and set about preparing a meal for them.

I can speak Spanish and listened closely to their conversation, as only in this partition separated me from them. From what I could overhear I understood that the retreat of Houston's army had led the opposing forces into our part of the country and that my unwelcome guests had dispatched for Sesma's army.

I slipped to the front yard to take a look at their horses and noticed that the largest, a fine thoroughbred, had a leather case strapped to the pommel of his saddle, which I correctly judged to contain the dispatches mentioned.

I suspected that these dispatches would be very valuable to the Texans, and I at once resolved to attempt their capture.

My light rifle hung, as I have said, near the door, and as the Mexicans had no firearms except their pistols if I could get it I would be comparatively safe from gun-shot wounds, and with the advantage of 50 pounds weight I had no doubt that I could soon distance them.

I stole to the door and succeeded in obtaining the rifle unnoticed and reached the creaked unobserved, but as I opened it it creaked loudly. Instantly the air was filled with Spanish imprecations, and as I mounted the horse a bullet whistled dangerously close to my ear. I endeavored to distance them before they reached their horses, but my horse took some distance to get into his stride and one of the two mounted Mexicans on a little Indian pony was soon close at my heels.

He knew his advantage would be short lived, and he kept shouting: "Stop! Me shoot!" And finally he did shoot, the bullet grazing my arm. The other Mexican, on a horse almost as good as my own, now came up, and it became a race for life.

My pursuers, by a liberal use of whip and spur, began to gain on me, and by the time I had reached the top of the hill overlooking the river, which ran four miles from the house, my chances of escape began to look dubious.

The river ran, like most Texas streams, through a "bottom" of timber and as the bank nearest me was several feet higher than the other, it was almost impossible to perceive it until you were upon it. By the time I reached the river bank the foremost Mexican was within a few yards of me, shouting vigorously to me to surrender.

I held my course to within a few yards of the river bank and then swerved sharply to the right. The Mexican turned also, but his horse was slightly unmanageable, and he was carried to the edge of the bluff, and before he could recover the bank gave way and horse, Mexican and all fell splash into the water.

Supposing him to be thoroughly disposed of, I turned down stream and made for the ford, which lay one mile below around a bend.

The other Mexican was not far behind and urged his little pony to still greater exertions, but I steadily drew away from him and considered my escape assured until I was suddenly dumfounded by seeing the Mexican who had fallen into the river ride up to the opposite side of the ford. His horse had floundered out with him, and he, riding by a much shorter line, had reached the ford in advance of me.

Under other circumstances I should have been much amused by his bedraggled and dejected appearance, but as it was I was very much alarmed, for here the river described a second bend, and the nearer bank rose many feet above the water except at the ford, where for a few feet on each side it sloped gradually down to the water.

It was impossible for me to escape without passing one of the Mexicans. I still had one chance, though a slender one. My rifle hung on the pommel of my saddle, and I was, for a girl, a good shot.

I rode to the top of the slope, took deliberate aim and fired. The Mexican's horse, with a shriek I hope never to hear again, reared upon his haunches and fell dead. His rider must have been stunned by his fall, for he lay still and made no effort to prevent me from passing him.

The other Mexican had almost overtaken me as I forded the stream, but once on the prairie I soon distanced him again.

I had ridden many miles and he had become a mere speck in the distance when I felt a violent shock and was hurled from my horse. How I managed to do so I do not know. I recovered consciousness to find myself covered with blood riding slowly over the prairie, my rifle gone, my horse limping painfully, my pursuer less than half a mile behind, but the precious dispatch still safe.

I had received a severe cut on my head besides the flesh wound on my arm, which had now grown quite painful. My pursuer was gaining rapidly, although his pony was now almost exhausted, and it seemed useless for me to attempt to escape.

But I still urged my horse to hobble along. I had some indistinct idea of trying to hide the dispatches in the grass or destroying them, but I never put either plan into execution, for just as horse seemed to desert me I ascended a low hill and saw two miles away on a little stream a long train of wagons.

My horse now limped as if every step would be his last, but I urged him onward at the top of his poor speed. The Mexican saw my hope, spurred on his jaded pony and began to gain on me faster than before.

Those two miles seemed to me interminable. Just as I was about to give myself up for lost I attracted the attention of some young men in the company, who seemed to take in the situation, and, being already mounted, lost no time in covering the distance between us. As soon as he saw them approaching at full speed my pursuer recognized that even to overtake me were now vain, as the dispatches would surely be wrested from him. So he made the best time he could to retrace his way, but of course in the jaded condition of his pony this was impossible, and he was soon overtaken and captured.

As for me, no sooner did I find myself and the precious dispatches safe than I flung myself back to my horse and began to find Brother Ben bending over me and the captive Mexican under guard near by.

Acting on the information contained in the dispatches, the Texan leader fought and won the battle of San Jacinto.—Dallas News.

Our Reserve Fighting Force.
Now as always the best ships in the greatest number, as on shore the best troops in the greatest numbers, will be carried as speedily as possible and maintained as efficiently as possible on the front of operations, but in various directions and at various points behind that front there are other interests to be subserved by vessels of inferior class, as garrisons may be made up wholly or in part of troops no longer wanted for the field, or should disaster occur or the foe prove unexpectedly strong the first line of reserved ships will move forward to fill the gaps, analogous in this to the various corps of reserved troops who have passed their first youth, with which the continental organizations of military service have made us familiar.

This possibility has been recognized so well by modern naval men that some even have looked for decisive results, not in the hands of the first and most powerful ships, but from the readiness and number of those which have passed into the reserve and will come into play after the first shock of war. That a reserve force should decide a doubtful battle or campaign is a frequent military experience—an instance of superior staying power.—Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N., in Harper's Magazine.

A New British Battleship.
Each battleship that is launched seems to surpass her predecessors in offensive and defensive equipment. The Goliath, the latest to leave the stocks, when fitted with her full armament, will be able to project shot at the rate of seven tons per minute. The Indefatigable was a marvel in her day, and the tremendous shells she threw into the forts of Alexandria were quite sufficient to account for the demoralization of the Egyptian gunners, but she is antiquated in a comparison with the Goliath, whose citadel is to all intents and purposes impenetrable and whose heaviest projectiles weigh 850 pounds.

Perhaps still more important than these belching monsters are the quick flyers, which, as was shown in the Chino-Japanese war, may be the more decisive agents in an engagement. Whether mobility and general efficiency are not being sacrificed to mere brute force only experience will demonstrate, and no one wishes for an occasion that would provide a crucial test.—Invention.

Quite Fresh.
Eastern Man (in western restaurant)—I see you have oysters on the bill of fare. Are they fresh?
Waiter—Yes, sah; jus' out of de can, sah.—New York Weekly.

HIS COFFIN A BOAT.

An Iceland Fisherman Who Was Buried In His Little Dory.

Herbert D. Ward writes in The Century of the "Heroes of the Deep," one of the series of articles on "Heroes of Peace."

Mr. Ward says:
On April 25, 1895, a fishing vessel came out from the harbor of Dyre Flord, Iceland, to haul up and set its trawls. It became calm at night, but in the morning, when the dories went out to haul, it began to breeze up. The gale came up so rapidly that the head dories, in order to save themselves at all, cut their gear and made for the vessel, which was drifting astern, so that the men could get aboard. Soon all the dories were in but one, and the skipper was in the rigging, looking for it anxiously. It was not long before he discovered it to windward, bottom up, with the two men on top.

Volunteers offered instantly. By this time the gale was a hurricane and the sea had made rapidly. The great danger was apparent. One of the men who went to the rescue as a matter of course at the peril of his life was Carl Ekkhoff, an indomitable Swede. I have been unable to discover the names of the other two.

The wind as well as the tide was against the rescuers. Again and again they were almost swamped, but again, bailing and skillful handling carried them on in the white hell. At last, well nigh spent, they reached the dory just in time to save one man alive. But the other was dead. His head was fouled in the gear where he had fallen over, benumbed by the icy water. They carried him back to the vessel and worked three hours in vain trying to resuscitate him. Then they made for the harbor.

On the following day a procession of the crews of three vessels wended its way to the churchyard. Uplifted upon the stalwart arms of mourning mates, the dory led the way. It was the assassin dory, and in it in simple state lay the man it had killed.

Up through the churchyard into the plain church the man was carried in this strange bier. There he was laid before the pulpit where the minister said over him the prayer for the dead. The freezing grave was ready. In it John Jacobson was buried. No longer will he risk the gale or the ice. The dory that had slain him was his coffin, and the cold earth of warm hearted Iceland has covered both man and boat in an eternal peace.

THE MAN IN HIS HOME.

The Husband and Father Strikes the Keystroke For Right or Wrong Living.

"The seclusion of a home gives to a man a certain freedom and attendant privileges which no other place in the world affords, and it is right that it should," writes Edward Bok of "The Man in His Home."

In The Ladies Home Journal, "But it is not right that this freedom and those privileges should be abused to the disadvantage of the wife. Too many men seem to have the idea that they can drop into constant disconsolate and childish moods at home with their wives which in any other place and by any other person would not be tolerated. It is when a man is within the walls of his home that he is himself. Then it is that he should be at his best. When a man gives the best that is within him to those closest to him, his home will be the ideal place that he wishes it to be."

"No man has a right to expect from his wife what he on his part does not give her. If he wants her sympathy, he must give her his consideration. If a man lacks the element of consideration, he should cultivate it, and cultivate it not for the benefit of his friends, but for those in and of his home. Consideration should begin at home, not in the homes of friends, as it so often does, and ends there too. The atmosphere which a man creates in his home by example becomes the rule by which his children live. The husband and father strikes the keynote for right or wrong living."

The Spanish Royal Standard.

The Spanish royal standard is most complicated. The red and yellow of the Spanish flag is said to be derived from this occurrence: In 1378 Charles the Bold dipped his fingers in the blood of Geoffrey, count of Barcelona, and drew them down the count's golden shield in token of his appreciation of the latter's bravery. "The shield," so marked, became the arms of Barcelona, which became part of Aragon, and its arms were taken by that kingdom.

Now to the royal standard: In the first quarter or upper left hand part of the flag are the arms of Leon and Castile, the lion and the castle. The second quarter is taken up, one-half by the arms of Aragon, one-half by the arms of Sicily. The upper third of the third quarter—directly under the first—shows the Austrian colors. The lower two-thirds is divided between the flag of Burgundy and the black lion of Flanders. The upper third of the fourth quarter shows the checkers, another Burgundian device, while the lower two-thirds is shared by the red eagle of Antwerp and the golden lion of Brabant, and on the top of all this are two shields, one showing the Portuguese arms, the other the French fleur-de-lis. Considerable of a flag that,—Philadelphia Times.

Neither Hush Up Nor Shut Up.

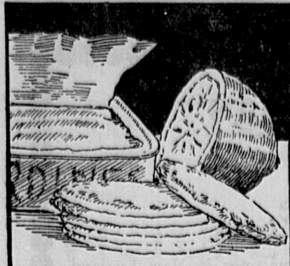
Recently a young lady was heard to say to another "Hush up!" The person addressed replied: "Nobody but a Virginian would say 'hush up.' 'Shut up' is the proper expression." The Virginian stood corrected, and her critic, rejoicing in her superior culture, rattled on as before. But neither, it appears, was exactly right. "Hush" would be proper, as this means "shut up" has some colloquial use, but no one with pretensions to real culture would employ the expression, since it suggests rudely the closing of a wide open mouth. Virginians commonly use pretty good English and must be criticised with care.—Baltimore Sun.

Taking No Chances.

"Isn't there something in my policy," asked a caller at a La Salle street insurance office the other day, "about my having to report any change of residence?"

"Yes, sir," said the man at the nearest desk, picking up a pen. "Where have you moved to?" "I haven't moved anywhere," rejoined the caller. "I have made a change in my residence by painting it a light straw color and putting a jack on the kitchen chimney. I think that's all. Good day."—Chicago Tribune.

Alnwick castle, according to the observations of a learned antiquary, owes its origin to the Romans. It is one of the largest Gothic buildings in Britain, containing about five acres of ground within its outer walls, flanked with 16 towers and turrets.



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HISTORY OF Newton Fire Department

Full of facts that will interest Newton people. Handsomely bound in cloth.

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Say it, Remember it, Test it.

We carry the best goods at popular prices. Twenty-five years' experience.

J. G. KILBURN, "The Nonantum Apothecary," Cor. Watertown and Faxon Sts., NONANTUM.

NEWTON FREE LIBRARY.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Bookmaster, Martin A. Elementary Architecture, for Schools, Art Students, and general Readers. 103.740

The author says in his preface: "I would hope, if possible, to stimulate the indifference, and to awaken in them a sense of what they lose in being unable to appreciate, through lack of elementary architectural knowledge, the beauties that are always to be found in our medieval ecclesiastical buildings."

Canton, William. W. V. her Book, and Various Verses. 52.648

Columbia College Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law. Vol. 8. 85.222

Contents: Struggle between President Johnson and Congress over Reconstruction; Recent Centralizing Tendencies in State Educational Administration; Abolition of Privateering and the Declaration of Paris; Public Administration in Mass.; Relation of Centuries to Local Activity.

Douma, Rene. De Scribe a l'eben: Causeries sur le Theatre Contemporain. 41.97

Dryden, John. Palamon and Arcite. 53.594

Published with notes and an introduction giving a history of the poem.

Groos, Karl. Play of Animals; trans. with the Author's Cooperation, with Preface by J. Mark Baldwin. 102.837

Professor Groos makes a contribution to three departments of inquiry: philosophical biology, animal psychology, and the genetic study of art.

Hugo, Victor. William Shakespeare (in French). 43.171

Janvier, Thomas Allibone. In the Sargasso Sea. 65.910

MacLachlan, T. Banks. Mungo Park. 92.825

The career of Mungo Park includes the early explorations of the Niger, and a chapter is added "giving, in small compass an account of the complicated process which has issued in the Niger Question as we now know it."

Morris, William. Address delivered at Birmingham, Feb. 21, 1894. 55.505

An address delivered at the distribution of prizes to students of the Birmingham Municipal School of Art, and printed in the "Golden" type designed by Wm. Morris for the Kelmscott Press.

Seward, A. C. Fossil Plants for Students of Botany and Geology. Vol. 1. (Cambridge Biological Series). 107.466

Stevens, Joseph Earle. Yesterdays in the Philippines. 33.501

Written by a young Bostonian who went to Manila in charge of important business interests several years ago and lived there for nearly two years. He made frequent excursions into the interior of Luzon and to the other islands, and his information is valuable and timely.

Stories by Foreign Authors. Vol. 7. Russian. 61.1200

Stuart, Ruth McEnery. Moriah's Mourning, and other Half Hour Sketches. 64.1903

Taylor, A. R. Study of the Child: a brief Treatise on the Psychology of the Child, with Suggestions for Teachers, Students, and Parents. 101.889

Taylor, Bayard. History of Germany, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day; with an Additional Chapter by Marie Hansen Taylor. 73.334

Trask, Spencer. Bowling Green. 73.336

"There is no piece of land on Manhattan Island which has maintained for a longer period its distinctive name and at the same time fulfilled more thoroughly the purpose of its creation than the small park at the extreme southern end of Broadway known as Bowling Green."

Walford, Lucy Bethia. Leddy Marget. 65.911

Welby, M. S. Through Unknown Tibet. 37.389

The author, an English captain, began his journey at Lucknow, in March, 1896, and ended it in the wilds of Waziristan, in November, 1897.

E. P. THURSTON, Librarian. August 10, 1898.

NONANTUM.

—Patrolman J. J. Davis is summing at Manomet.

—The Y. P. S. C. E. meeting was led by Mr. C. F. Bacon.

—Mr. William Morrow is in New York, the guest of his brother.

—The best goods at popular prices Kilburn's, the Nonantum apothecary. If

—Thomas McManus has removed this week from Edinboro street to Chapel street.

—A large number of Co C. 5th Regt., U. S. V. members, have been at home this week visiting relatives.

—Miss Blanche Forknall and Miss Ethel Fisher are visiting Mr. Joshua Holdsworth at his home in Lawrence.

—Patrolman Ed O'Halloran of the night squad is on duty days during the absence of the regular day patrolmen.

—The Consecration meeting last Tuesday evening at the North Evangelical church was well attended by Y. P. S. C. E. members.

—Miss Blanche Forknall and Miss Ethel Fisher are visiting Mr. Joshua Holdsworth at his home in Lawrence.

—By order of the street commissioner many trees and a quantity of shrubbery on the main streets have been trimmed this week.

—A party of eleven young men of this place enjoyed a three days' outing at Sudbury the first of the week, devoting a large portion of their time to fishing.

—Higgins & Nickerson, contractors, are making improvements and repairs to the Jackson school building, corner of Watertown and Bridge streets.

—Deacon Briggs of the Central Congregational church, Newtonville, addressed the open air meeting at the North Evangelical church last Sunday afternoon.

The farms at the corner of Bridge and California streets under the supervision of the Associated Charities, are in splendid condition, and are said to be yielding large crops.

—Michael Delay, son of Mrs. Bridget Delay of Bridge street, died Monday at the Medford Insane Asylum, where he had been an inmate for four years. He was about 24 years old, and unmarried. The funeral and interment was at Waltham.

—While Mabel King, a little four-year-old, who lives in Boyle's block at the corner of Watertown and Adams streets, was crossing the roadway in front of her home about 10:35 o'clock last Saturday morning, she was knocked down and run over by a team owned and driven by James Hannon. The little one was taken up tenderly and carried to her home. It was found that she had sustained severe injuries to her

ankle and foot. Hannon reported the accident to the police.

—Highway laborers are busy at work improving Lewis terrace.

—Thomas Waters has commenced the erection of a barn on Lincoln street.

—At the Benish Baptist Mission open air meeting on the lawn of Mr. George Hudson, last Sunday afternoon, Mr. Francis T. Redd, and the gathering was addressed by Mr. George Ferriero. The speaker at next Sunday's meeting will be Mr. Warren Rockwell of Watertown.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The Atlantic for August is a good mid-summer number. A paper on "Lights and Shades of Spanish Character" by Irving Babbitt is almost alone in bearing upon the uppermost topic of the day.

The "Century" is a backward look along the way we have climbed by the Hon. Seth Low, who is always thoughtful, sensible, and practical. Mr. Simon Newcomb begins his "Reminiscences of an Astronomer" and Mr. Bradford Torrey continues his delightful saunterings and searchings through the bird-world under and about the Natural Bridge of Virginia. The late Edward Bellamy is eulogized by Mr. Howells. Some "Neglected Aspects of the Revolution" are pointed out by Charles Kendall Adams, in the form of a rather acute historical criticism of existing literature on the subject. There is a curious posthumous essay from the pen of the late Sidney Lanier on "The Proper Basis of English Culture." Among the fiction a short story, "Where Angels Fear to Tread," by Morgan Robertson, deserves special notice, and there is the usual filling in of poetry.

Scribner's has a "war number" indeed, with no fewer than five—and if we include Mr. Edward Sanford Martin's very strikingly illustrated poem, "The Sea is His"—six, items relating with more or less directness to the scenes on which all eyes now are resting. All the war pictures are of the best; those which go with Mr. Speare's "The Chase of Cervera," Mr. Richard Harding Davis's "Rocking Chair Period of the War" and "Landing of the Army," Mr. Archibald's "First Engagement of American Troops on Cuban Soil," and Captain Mahan's second paper on "John Paul Jones in the Revolution." A capital invention of a fresh sort in fiction is that clever new comer, Kenneth Grahame's, "Golden Age Story," "A Saga of the Seas." It will captivate every reader, especially all lovers of small boys and their devious ways in life.

Harper's has four complete stories and three timely descriptive articles, including Mr. Smalley's "Reminiscences of Gladstone," with whom he was personally acquainted. Of the descriptive articles the leading place is held by Mr. Bouslog's account of "The Curious Case of the Siberian," in which he does justice to features of Russian penal discipline, at least of Russia's intentions in that direction, which are not commonly understood. Under the Spell of the Grand Canyon is a frontispiece, by Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden of a visit to the great wonder of Arizona. Under the rather curiously suggestive heading of "If the Queen had Abducted," there is a glowing paper on the Prince of Wales, a distinction of which is a fine new full-length portrait of the waiting heir. The stories are Mr. Stephen Crane's "The Monster," Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson's "The Lord Chief Justice," in which an English "road agent," known as "Galloping Dick," reappears; Mrs. Deland's fifth tale of Old Chester, "The Child's Mother," and Bliss Perry's, "The Fish Varden of Madrid." A handsomely illustrated frontispiece, "On the Painted Desert," pertains to Dr. Prudden's article.

Next Year's Bicycle Prices.

[Springfield Republican.]

In years past, when the bicycle industry was in its bonanza days, the question of price was a minor one with the makers, but they are giving it a great deal of prayer this year, and just what the retail price is to be next year is more than ever perplexing. The makers have made some fatal mistakes in this line in the past few years, and mistakes are luxuries that few can afford nowadays in the bicycle business. A prominent business man says that he considers it probable that by far the best price the makers of first class wheels can fix upon will be \$35. If they make it \$30, they will be bothered by a big crop of machines for \$25; while if they put it at \$35, they will really be likely to do away with a large share of the trade in the \$25 wheel, for the reason that riders will be willing generally to pay \$10 extra to get a "first-class article." Those who are in a position to know say that it is very likely that the price of high-grade wheels next year will be as low as \$35; but if not, there are strong indications that it will be at least under \$45.

What Tommy Said.

Uncle John—Well, what do you mean to be when you get to be a man?

Little Tommy (promptly)—A doctor, like Pa.

Uncle John (quizzically)—Indeed; and which do you intend to be, an allopath or a homoeopath?

Little Tommy—I don't know what them awful big words mean, Uncle John; but that don't make no difference, 'cause I ain't got to be either of 'em. I'm just goin' to be a family doctor an' give all my patients Hood's Sarsaparilla, 'cause my pa says that if he is a doctor, he's 'bliged to own up that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best family medicine he ever saw in his life.

Did You Take Scott's Emulsion

through the winter? If so, we are sure it quieted your cough, healed the rawness in your throat, increased your weight, gave you more color, and made you feel better in every way. But perhaps your cough has come back again, or you are getting a little thin and pale.

Then, why not continue the same helpful remedy right through the summer? It will do you as much good as when the weather is cold.

Its persistent use will certainly give you a better appetite and a stronger digestion.

It will cure your weak throat and heal your inflamed lungs. It will cure every case of consumption, when a cure is possible.

Don't be persuaded to take something they say is just as good.

All Druggists, etc., and SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

THE SECRET OF GOOD LOOKS.

A Good Complexion Will Make a Person of Ordinary Features Beautiful.

"As a rule, women wash their faces too frequently," says Euphemia Woods in "How to Have a Fine Complexion" in The Woman's Home Companion.

"It is far from being the best way to clean the face, more especially where rain-water cannot be procured. That may be used quite frequently, but soap should not be applied oftener than three times a week. Pure, imported castle soap, such as surgeons use, should be given the preference. Use it at night only and with hot water; then rinse the face with clear, cold water. In the morning cold water should be used in preference to hot. If you do not have rainwater, throw a pinch of powdered borax into the washbowl, but use it sparingly if your skin is more alkaline than acid. You can discover this by wiping your face with litmus paper when you are perspiring. Blue litmus paper turns red when it touches an acid, and the red paper turns blue when exposed to an alkali. On no account must you use soap on your face except with rainwater. Soap in hard water forms a scum which, even though quite invisible, clogs the pores, often causing pimples and blackheads and always giving the skin a faded appearance. Throw away powders, washes, pomades, lotions of every description. Without doubt there are some very good preparations on the market, but how are you to know that you are using the one that best suits your skin? A skin that is distinctly acid requires very different preparations from one that is alkaline.

"It is not generally known that it is the action of the sun on the natural oils of the skin that causes tan and sunburn. If a healthy woman could keep this oil wiped off as it accumulates, blue might always have a pretty complexion, provided so much friction did not irritate the skin. One reason why the skin on the body is so much nicer than that on the face is that the clothing supplies the friction necessary to keep the pores of the skin from clogging. Finally, if you want a nice complexion, you must take plenty of sleep in a well ventilated room, stop worrying, bathe frequently and perspire a little every day. No lotion is better than perspiration, but it must not be allowed to dry on the skin."

A FRONTIER FIGHT.

How Jim Bowie's Band of Eight Stood Off Five Hundred Comanches.

In Texas James Bowie set his hand to another sort of fighting. In 1831, with his brother Rezin, six other men and a boy, he set out upon a trading and exploring expedition through the heart of the Comanche country. At six o'clock travel from possible succor he found his party assailed by 500 mounted warriors. Comanches all, who rode like the wind, yet shot with deadly aim. Resistance seemed hopeless in the face of odds so great. Bowie took the one desperate chance left him and won the game.

He divided his forces, stationing three in one skirt of woods, with the pack animals, and scattering the rest about a more considerable arborescence. Each was fully armed—had rifle, knife and pistols. Powder and lead were plenty; also wherewhither to eat and drink. Each grove had a spring in it. Close about the waters the white men lay or crouched, resolved, "if they must die, to take at least 100 redskins with them."

Five days the fight went on. Swooping in clouds, the red riders dashed round, round, ever hearing the devoted marksmen and sending forward them in whirling flight arrows and bullets thicker than hail. But the wheeling ended in rout when it came within fair rifle range. The men crouching in cover made every missile tell. Men and horses went down in struggling heaps at the sharp crack of their weapons, and they were so swift to load and fire that the chiefs easily persuaded themselves their enemy was a hundred strong. But the attacking force went on until three score braves were dead, and as many more disabled, to say nothing of the ponies. Bowie had one man dead, whom he buried reverently; one desperately wounded, whom he took away to safety, although the attempt appeared to promise destruction to all the band.—Martha McCulloch-Williams in Harper's Magazine.

"Fond"—Its Two Meanings.

The old meaning of this word was, as is well known, equivalent to foolish. Now it has the meaning of affectionate. The following instance of the use of the word in both senses on the same page of the same work marks the period of transition, when the old sense still lingered while the new sense was coming into use. In Dr. Watts on "The Improvement of the Mind," first edition, 1751, in chapter 15, section 5, on page 119, it finds:

"Some are so fond to know a great deal at once and love to talk of things with freedom and boldness before they truly understand them that they scarcely ever allow themselves attention enough to search the matter through and through."

And lower down on the page, in section 7, is:

"A soul inspired with the fondest love of truth and the warmest aspirations after sincere felicity and celestial beatitude will keep all its powers attentive to the incessant pursuit of them."

Also in Cook's English-Latin Dictionary, fifteenth edition, 1749, both meanings are given as follows: "Fond, indulgent," and lower down, "Fond (foolish), stultus."—Notes and Queries.

A Dramatic Author.

Like most actor managers, Macready was pestered by would be dramatic authors. An ambitious young fellow brought him a five act tragedy one morning to Drury Lane.

"My piece," modestly explained the author, "is a chef d'oeuvre. I will answer for its success, for I have consulted the sanguinary taste of the public. My tragedy is so tragic that all the characters are killed off at the end of the third act."

"With whom, then," asked the manager, "do you carry on the action of the last two acts?"

"With the ghosts of those who died in the third!"—Cornhill Magazine.

How to Drive Away Ants.

Ants can often be driven away by sprinkling about their haunts ashes saturated with coal oil. They can be trapped and killed by placing sweet oil where they can have access to it, as they are very fond of it, but it has the effect to close their spiracles and thus kills by asphyxia.—Vicks Magazine.

Fiction Enough.

It happened in a book store.

"What can I show you, madam?" he asked. "Something in the line of fiction?"

"No," she answered slowly. "I think I'll try history for a change. I got enough fiction when my husband gets home late from the club."—Chicago Post.



Feeding a Stove

all day long when you only need a fire a little while at meal time is poor economy. Such a stove overheats the house, makes everything dirty, keeps the housewife busy. A modern

VAPOR STOVE

has none of these objections. You light it when you want it, put it out when you're through. It burns STOVE GASOLINE and pays for itself in less than a month. Stove Gasoline manufactured by the Standard Oil Company, makes no dirt, never smokes nor smells. Every modern home should have a modern Vapor Stove. You can cook anything on a Vapor Stove that you can cook on any other stove, and do it better.

If your dealer does not sell Vapor Stoves and Stove Gasoline, write to the Standard Oil Company, New York City.

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM

Is quickly absorbed. Cleanses the Nasal Passages. Alleviates Pain and Inflammation. Heals and Protects the Membrane from Cold. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Gives Relief at once and it will cure.

A particle is applied directly into the nostrils in increments at Druggists or by mail, samples 10c. by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

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Henry C. Spencer, D. M. D. Stevens Building, Newton

DR. S. F. CHASE, DENTIST

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DR. ELBRIDGE C. LEACH, DENTIST.

66 Huntington Ave., Boston. Newton Centre Office, Bray's Block, Fridays and Saturdays.

Office hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Telephone 32-5 Newton Highlands.

Veterinary Surgeon

MADISON BUNKER, D. V. S. Veterinary Surgeon.

Residence, 4 Baldwin St., corner Elmwood, NEWTON, MASS. Telephone Connection.

Accidents Will Happen



and then the drug becomes your best friend. It pays to keep standard remedies on hand for such emergencies. You are sure of getting the best at strictly honest prices by dealing with

ARTHUR

WALTER THORPE, Newton Centre.

Agent for THE GRAPHIC, and receives subscriptions and makes collections for it. He also makes terms for advertising, land bills, and all other kinds of printing. Also, Real Estate sold and to rent. Insurance against fire in the English and American companies.

NEWTON CENTRE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.
—Chester Fearing came up from Hingham, Sunday.
—Rev. G. H. Spencer has been visiting in St. Johnsbury, Vermont.
—Miss Sarah Cameron of Swampscott is in town visiting her sister.
—L. A. Vaehon has taken the agency for the Singer sewing machine.
—Mr. Chas. Dudley and family are in Nova Scotia for a few weeks.
—Rev. D. A. Morehouse of Oak Hill will preach in Lowell next Sunday.
—Mr. Tilton of Marshall street returned Tuesday night from Rye Beach.
—Mr. George F. Richardson has returned from a short visit at Rye Beach.
—Mr. Isaac Grant has bought a house on Hunnewell street, Highlandville.
—Mr. Oliver J. Hall is spending two weeks at his old home in Nantucket.
—Miss Alice Goddard Pierce is at the Mt. Pleasant House, White Mountains.
—Mr. A. A. Tiney and family of Summer street are in Plainfield, New Jersey.
—Mr. G. S. Smith and family of Marshall street are summering in Beach Bluff, Me.
—Mr. M. C. Bray and family of Institution avenue left this week for Onset Bay.
—The Misses McGrady are enjoying a several week's outing at Salisbury Beach.
—Mr. William Elmer of Bowen street is spending a few weeks at Goose Rock, Me.
—Mr. H. A. Nutter of J. W. Beverley's leaves to-morrow for an outing in Alfred, Maine.
—Rev. R. G. Seymour, D. D. of New York, preached last Sunday in the Baptist church.
—Mrs. Richard Huggard returned Sunday from a several weeks visit in New Brunswick.

—Mr. William Scott and family of Langley road returned this week from New Brunswick.
—Extensive repairs are being made to the interior of the Mason school building on Centre street.
—H. Walter Wells of Muncie, Indiana, who has been the guest of friends, has returned to his home.
—Mounted Patrolman William Butler is covering Mounted Patrolman C. R. Young's route during the latter's vacation.

—Lewis Murphy has commenced tearing down his old barn on Pelham street. He will erect a new one on the same site.
—Mr. and Mrs. William Macomber of Pelham street will spend August at the Eagle Mountain House, Jackson, N. H.
—Col. E. F. Haskell and family have returned to their residence on Beacon street after an outing in the White Mountains.

—Miss Florence Holden of Salem, who has been the guest of Miss Hattie Holden of Albany avenue for several weeks, has returned to her home.
—The steam roller has been in use this week rolling a large portion of Beacon street, and greatly improving the condition of that thoroughfare.

—Rev. Mr. McDaniel's party will visit the Arsenal on Thursday, Aug. 13. Take yellow car from the Centre at 12:50 noon. All are welcome. Other trips in preparation.

—Applications for entrance to the civil service examination for post office clerks and carriers must be filed with Clerk Herbert F. Butler before September 1st. The examination will take place some time in October.

—There are letters in the post office for Mrs. A. H. Blodgett, Mrs. Dewey, Mrs. Chester Daniels, Mrs. F. R. Fletcher, Mrs. Hayden, Mrs. T. J. Mahoney, E. H. Morse, Cornelius O'Brien, E. Semander, Box 299, Mrs. L. P. Smith.

—Mrs. Herbert Dumaresq of Chestnut Hill and Mr. Francis Dumaresq left last week for Northeast Harbor, where the Dumaresqs will occupy a cottage for the rest of the season. Young Jordan Dumaresq is in Europe again this summer.

—Miss Eva M. Watts, recently employed as a domestic by Mrs. A. H. Poore, was brought before Judge Kennedy last Saturday morning charged with larceny. Miss Watts was arrested in Somerville last Friday by Inspector Fletcher. The missing articles included a quantity of underclothing besides a change. She was found guilty and fined \$15.

—Michael R. Higgins was out last evening in a carriage driving about the streets of Thompsonville flourishing a large revolver, and declaring his determination to shoot "Bill" Hooley. He had gathered inspiration from the cab that cheers, and apparently knew no fear. That there was a law in the land did not enter into his calculations. Up and down Langley road he drove causing a miniature reign of terror among the inhabitants of that quiet burg. Patrolman Mariner was notified, and lost no time in placing Higgins under arrest. In court this morning the latter told Judge Kennedy that Hooley had charged him with owing \$75, and that after altercation followed. Higgins returned home and procured the revolver and started out for Hooley's life. The judge decided to place Higgins under \$500 bonds to keep the peace for six months, and in addition imposed a \$10 fine.

—Of considerable interest to athletes will be the all-round professional championship of the world meet which will be Saturday afternoon, August 20, on the Cedar street grounds at 2 P. M. The events will be run off rain or shine. The events to the championship are 100 yard dash, 160 pound shot put, running high jump, 120 yard hurdle race (3 to 6 inches), 16 pound hammer throw, discus, running broad jump, 50 pound weight, one mile run. A medal will be given the champions and the following prizes awarded: 1st \$50, 2nd \$25, 3rd \$15, 4th \$10. The special events will include 100 yard dash handicap, and one-half mile run handicap. In the former are entered "Piper" Donovan and Walter Christie, while in the latter are Tindler, Leavitt, Carroll and Keane. Entries must be filed before August 15 with O. H. H. Brigham, Newton Highlands. Entries for the championship with L. A. Carpenter, Newton Highlands, before August 19. Among those entered for the championship events are L. A. Carpenter, champion, E. W. Goff, N. Y. ex-amateur champion, J. P. Watson, Toronto, Canada, W. White, Philadelphia, P. J. Finer, Boston, and J. T. MacNeill, Scotland.

—S. Aronson, Furrier, 12 West street, Boston, is now prepared to remodel and make furs of every description, into the latest styles, at extraordinary low prices. Mr. Aronson thoroughly understands his business, and the public will make no mistake in calling on him, before going elsewhere.

—"John," said a Topeka wife to her husband, "I will quit drinking tea and save the war tax if you will do the same with beer." "Woman," responded John, with cold severity, "do you think it is the part of patriotism to abandon your country in its time of peril?"—Kansas City Journal.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

—Mr. F. W. Dorr and family are in New Hampshire.
—Mr. and Mrs. Allen of Eliot are at Brant Rock.

—Mr. S. D. Whittemore and family are at Nantasket.
—Mr. and Mrs. Triekey of Eliot are away on a summer trip.

—A hard pine floor is now being laid in the Congregational chapel.
—Mr. J. W. Titus of Eliot Heights and family have gone to Maine.

—Mrs. Stebbins of Terrace avenue has been seriously ill for the past few days.
—Mrs. Cobb, accompanied by Miss Cushing and Arthur Logan, have gone to Whitefield.

—Mrs. Whight, the mother of Mr. Richard Whight, has been quite ill for several days.
—Miss Grace Bryant from Chicago is here as the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. J. Hyde.

—Miss Parkhurst from Nashua, is here as the guest of her sister, Mrs. G. L. Avery.
—Mr. Logan is at home from Christmas Cove, but his wife and daughter will make a longer stay.

—Mrs. Guild and Miss Sweetzer have returned from a stay of two or three weeks at Windemere.
—Mr. C. E. Hanson has returned from a brief stay in Maine. Mrs. Hanson will return later on.

—Miss Frost, who has her home with Mr. E. Thompson, has returned from a stay away of several weeks.
—Mr. A. R. Cook and family have gone to Bath, Me., and will be the guests of Mrs. Cook's mother, Mrs. Winslow.

—Mr. Louis S. Brigham and cousin, Mr. Edward F. Brigham, have returned from their bicycle trip to the mountains.
—Mrs. J. F. C. Hyde will return this week from Allerton, where she has been the guest of her son, Mr. F. C. Hyde.

—Rev. Lawrence Phelps will occupy the pulpit at the Congregational church next Sunday morning and evening. Free seats. All welcome.
—Mr. Daniel Driscoll has a collar started for a house on his lot of land on Walnut street, just south a little way from Boylston street. He will have it built for his own occupancy.

—Three parcels of land have been sold by Edgar W. Foster from his Newton Highlands property to Thomas L. Goodwin and Lucy M. McFarlane, who intend to build for their own occupancy.
—Rev. Mr. Winsor, wife and youngest son, from India, where Mr. and Mrs. Winsor have been engaged in missionary work for many years, have returned, and are the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Calvin Cutler of Auburnville. Mrs. Winsor is a sister of Mr. Cutler, and also of Mrs. E. Thompson of the Highlands. The family will be remembered as having resided here when they were in this country several years ago.

The Tonic of Heroism.

In the early days of the war, before a victory had been won, a retired officer, who knew the condition of the navy, was asked who, in his judgment, would be the heroes of the struggle. "The men who have opportunities," was the prompt and significant reply. So far that judgment has been justified; not a man has flinched or failed; whenever a thing was to be done, however dangerous and difficult, a man has stood ready to do it on the instant, and with notable efficiency. Again and again the heart of the nation has thrilled in quick recognition of a gallant service gallantly rendered. Again and again, in the naval service especially, there has been that swift response to a sudden emergency which has brought into clear light soundness of character and thoroughness of training. The moral effect of these repeated disclosures of a splendid readiness not only to dare, but to do, has been deep and lasting.

Looking back on the past few years of confusion and uncertainty, it is easy to understand the feeling of discouragement which had become widely shared by many of the most thoughtful men in the country. The demoralization of political life through the dominance of "bosses" and "machines"; the sweeping victory of Tammany at the recent election in Greater New York; the widening breach between some parts of the West and the East; the lack of strong leadership on the perplexing questions before the country, had combined to produce a widespread depression. The most courageous found the outlook uncertain, the critical and timid were filled with forebodings. There was substantial reason for discouragement; and the business of the country, which is always sensitive to public feeling, showed the existence of a widespread and persistent distrust. Like a broad wind on a sultry and lifeless day has come the disclosure of the resolute and daring efficiency of the men in the field and on the high seas. The nation has suddenly recovered faith in itself, because it has discovered that the evils of the past few years, serious as they have been, have not touched the fibre of American character. The heart of the country is still sound; it is capable of great heroism; it is full of the highest possibilities of achievement. The men who have so nobly illustrated the best traits of the race which is the dominant power on this continent have rendered a service to the country at home which is perhaps even more important than that which has been rendered to the country abroad. They have given us hope, heart and courage; they have rekindled a fire which was beginning to sink.—Churchman.

"Am I the first man you ever loved, Ethel?" "Yes, you are; not one of the others was a soldier."—Free Press.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

LOLITA'S RUSE.

In the house of El Chatto, ex-bullfighter of Madrid and present to-roero before the Mexican public, there was dire dismay, owing to the low state—the very low state—of the family exchequer. This sad state of affairs is common to many people among the members of the bullfighting fraternity, who are not esteemed now as they once were. This is, however, only in Mexico. Whatever else may come and go in Spain, bullfighting is always with them.

El Chatto (meaning "the snub nose") had just finished taking his morning chocolate and "pan dulce," assisted by his pretty wife, Dona Lolita, who also had been a member of the noble army of bullfighters—in fact, first female espada in the big ring at Seville—but this was a secret. A career that might possibly have been glorious had been cut short by the selfishness of El Chatto, who had loved her, married her and taken her away from the old world to the new, the rich country of Mexico, where a bullfighter was as a prince. But that was several years ago. Successful, feted and honored in Cuba and afterward in Mexico, El Chatto's prosperity had got lasted long, for soon had come the edict that bullfighting in Mexico must stop. A few desultory fights were still allowed, through which a to-roero could not make an actual fortune.

This morning, the day before the bullfight honoring the fiesta of San Marcos, El Chatto, needing some spare silver for the furnishing up of his costume, had turned out his pockets, with the assistance of Dona Lolita, who, of course, was already fully informed as to their contents, being but a woman. Investigation revealed one big silver peso, one 50 cent piece, one 10 cent piece and 14 copper centavos. Not enough to pay coach hire even!

Caramba! Here was a pretty mess. No wonder that El Chatto leisurely and calmly spoke every naughty and lurid word that came to his mind during the next half hour, the while Dona Lolita tranquilly drank her chocolate and then lit a cigarette, her dimpled face very serious all the time, as though in deep cogitation.

At last, out of breath, El Chatto paused and glared about him, as though in search of some one to fight. Dona Lolita smiled sweetly, moving the cigarette from her lips as she murmured, "Have you finished, little Snub Nose?"

A shrug of the shoulders was her husband's reply.
"Then listen, oh, most worthless husband, for I have a plan—a plan most magnificent. Thereby we will make a fortune sufficient for the voyage once more to Espana."

She stopped tantalizingly and puffed at her cigarette, while El Chatto looked at her unbelievably.

"This is how it is," she pursued, blowing a ring of smoke into her husband's face. "The empresario pay you little—very little—only a hundred silver dollars. Is it not so?"

"Si, that is all—the pigs!" growled the to-roero, "and after this there will be no fight until holy week—no more money!"

"Pues, then we will make more out of them—much more. But first, friend of my heart, will there go many ricas to this fight—the president with his wife, the De la Matas, and those other rich Espanoles?"

"Yes, all of them," replied El Chatto, who was as yet mystified, not understanding the subtle workings of his wife's brain, "but, por el amor de Dios, what have they to do with that wonderful plan of yours?"

Dona Lolita smiled again and playfully pulled her husband's nose. "They have much to do—much!" she whispered, so that he could not overhear, and she pulled his moody face down to hers. "Listen, marido mio; this is the plan. But cuidado that no one hears us!"

No one hears, not even ourselves—it is whisper, whisper, whisper, and finally a loud shout of delight from El Chatto. "It must be something good. What a shame we are not let into the secret!"

The gloom clears away from the house of the matadore; there continues rejoicing day and night. El Chatto and his pretty wife have a most joyous comedia and afterward lay their heads together on the subject of the morrow's fight and a special Spanish costume that Lolita is to wear—one of old Seville—all rose pink and Spanish mantilla, with a pink rose in her blue black hair, this latter being another of the mysteries. In Mexico few ladies ever wear the costume of old Spain. It is as much worn out, passe, here as the patches and powder and hoops of the Revolutionary days are in Anglo-Saxon lands. But out of an old box she drags the dress and shakes and brushes and sews it until even the critical Chatto pronounces it "muy bonita." But why is she wearing it to-morrow, unless indeed it is because fully 15 enormously rich Spanish families have taken boxes and will be there? Perhaps that is it. Lolita wishes to be patriotic; that is what is the matter.

Tomorrow seems such a long time in coming, but finally it is here, all balmy blue sky, with never a white cloud to mar it; soft, warm breezes, laden with the perfume of the roses and lilies that are just beginning to bloom, the violets over and done with for this year, the silvery pealing and chiming of the hundreds of bells that are vainly calling the faithful to prayer. Every one is either in the great bull ring in Colon or getting there as fast as he or she can. It is the first fight for a month, and there will not be another one for yet a month to come.

On the cheap side—"the side of the sun"—white garmented peons, with big sombreros, choke up every inch of space and shout and yell loudly during the performance. As for the shady side, it is well filled, with rich Spaniards at that, for which reason the heart of Dona Lolita rejoices; the more Spaniards the more dinero. "Ojala that there were nothing but Spaniards," she thinks.

She has purposely taken a seat just behind the first barrier of the bull ring, not seven feet above the ground where her husband will kill his bull, "so that she can see him better," as she slips to an admiring Mexican fighter, who wishes her to go into one of the boxes.

In her Sevillian costume, the silk mantilla exposing just enough of her Spanish eyes and dimpled chin to make people want to see more, Dona Lolita is by far the most admired woman in the plaza, distracting attention even from the beautiful banderilla work that El Largo is going through with in the ring. Many glasses are leveled at the little Espanola as she so demurely watches for her husband.

Many a rich Spanish lady up there in the boxes envies the loyalty that has induced the wearing of a passe dress, and many a Spaniard feels his heart grow warm and his eyes moist as, forgetting the little figure before his eyes, he can see another one of the old days in the old country, almost identical—the same black hair and dimpled chin, a little that same pink rose pinned in the black meshes. Many a man forgets the fat, richly dressed Mexican wife at his side and goes back in heart to just such a girl, whether of Andalusia, of Seville or of Madrid. And seated alone in his box the prince of bankers old Francisco, drops his glass and sighs. Perhaps if a girl like that one yonder had lived instead of passing away from him during the first poverty-stricken month of their married life there in Barcelona he would not now be a lone, triste man, without home, chick or child—only the money—for, though money is good, it doesn't always fill every chink of the heart.

Dona Lolita, in spite of that sweet, shy demureness of hers, has noted the effect of her costume a la Espanola. She claps her hands within herself, even though she is beginning to tremble a wee bit, and wishes that it were not yet time for her husband to kill the bull. She again measures the distance between herself and the ground. It is seven feet—quite safe!

She is trembling from her dainty head down to her tiny, pink bowed Spanish slippers all the time that El Largo is torturing the furious, pawing bull with his sharp banderillas. She clasps her hands tightly together as finally, tiring of the banderilla work, which, in fact, has been somewhat long drawn out 'on account of the matadore El Chatto's sudden sickness and faintness," the public of the sunny side begin to clamor for "El matadore! Mate el toro! Que venga el matadore! El matadore!"

The gate swings open at last, and El Largo still teases the bull as El Chatto moves forward slowly and bows first to the president and then to the public. In spite of his magnificent silver and violet costume, the gold lace and real bullion trimming, with cap of gold brocade, he looks deathly ill. His face is white and drawn, and under his eyes great black rings show that extend almost half way down his face. Every one remarks it, and a foreigner who has looked keenly at the bullfighter says sharply, "That fellow ought to drop out and go home. He's in no condition to fight!"

But El Chatto is game if he is sick. Perhaps the presence of his wife inspires him with fresh courage, for he unsheathes his bright, keen sword, nods briefly to El Largo, who gets out of the way, smiles once at Lolita, who is beneath her mantilla far whiter than he, then makes a tantalizing movement at the bull.

That animal, one of the huge, fiery Andalusians that are the very terror of Mexican bullfighters, comes on with a roar of fury, head swinging away to the ground and the angry foam flying. El Chatto dodges and places himself nearer the wall to meet the bull's return rush. On he comes again with an angry bellow, and El Chatto shakes the sword playfully in the brute's face, as is the Spanish custom, six or seven fancy passes, and then the kill!

After all, no one can fight a bull as does the Spanish matadore. At least during El Chatto's splendid work of the next seven minutes that is what the people think. All of them are on their feet, shrieking, some breathless with delight. Silver dollars and hats and flowers rain down into the ring, but El Chatto has not time to bow his thanks. He is too busy parrying the plunges of the Andalusian; "furiouse and furious," as Alice in Wonderland might say, the beast is making it quick work for the matadore.

On her feet, as is everybody else, for that matter, Lolita is watching every motion, her heart beating in great leaps and so excited and wrought up now that she has forgotten to feel afraid. Bull and matadore are just underneath her, and twice her husband has glanced at her significantly. She is watching with her heart in her eyes. One pass of the sword before the bull's eyes, one leap over his back, one pass of the sword, backward over the shoulder—now then, Dios help—a-h-h!

In the twinkling of an eye there goes up from the thousands of people a loud groan of horror, pity, terror. They are all on their feet watching.

For all in a second it happens. The matadore, suddenly reeling after a fancy pass at the bull, has cast one agonized look up at his wife and fallen prone on the ground. The bull does not care, for the furious impetus of his last charge has taken him several feet beyond the matadore. At the latter's side on the ground is the bright sword that now will not save him. The man was sick, unable to fight.

But before the people have well seen that, however, there is a quick leap and a flash. A slight, childish figure is in the ring, her mantilla is cast back, the pink rose has fallen into the dust, and her tiny white hands have caught up the sword. As the bull swings madly forward she meets him. He is an enormous beast, and to be on a line even with his shoulder she has to rise on tiptoe. She does it. Her face is white and calm as the brute rushes at her, lowering his head. She springs forward and upward. The sword sinks out of sight in the bleeding shoulder—no fancy passes for her—and the bull topples over on his knees, the blood gushing out in torrents. He is dying—dead!

The mantilla is trampled into the dust, the pink rose is now a faded, reddened scrap, but the woman, her hands blood stained and her face white as death, knows nothing about that. On her knees, sobbing like a baby from overwrought passion and nervousness, she is holding her husband's unconscious head in her trembling arms.

As for the populace, they have passed from horror stricken silence and terror into hysterical shouts, screams, applause and even tears. Every woman in the audience is weeping copiously, every man is shrieking and stamping and applauding at the top of his voice, in his heart envying the matadore, as the girl, who has in some mysterious way revived her husband, rises to her feet and the two stand together for a moment, bowing.

Then comes the exciting part of it. Out come purses and dollars, and even jewels from the rich ladies present, and masses of flowers. Amid shouts of "Bravo!" down it all pours into the ring. As for the great banker, Francisco, who is so excited that he can hardly move—down goes his footman with a message to "La Espanola!"

Not waiting to bow or to thank the people, so overcome is she with her tremendous success, Dona Lolita flies from the ring, leaving El Chatto to bow and place his hand over his heart and bow again. It is all she can do to tremblingly thank the bearer of a check from the banker Francisco, who has filled it out for \$10,000. Bravo!

So that Dona Lolita's little plan worked well after all—so well that five days later she and her husband left for Spain, where, having added much more money to the banker's \$10,000, they have now retired and are great people. And El Chatto says always that he owes his success to his esposa, which is not understood, very naturally, by the Spaniards of Spain.—Hewitt Darrell in Argonaut.

All Goods Delivered FREE at Residences in Newton.

Straw Mattings

FOR Summer Use.

We have the largest variety of mattings in New England, and our prices are very much the lowest, owing to our exceptional purchasing facilities in the East.

\$3.50 will buy a roll of forty yards. A good jointless Chinese Matting can be had of us at 15 cents per yard, in lengths to suit.

Special attention given to mail orders.

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Represented in Newton by Mr. Henry Adams.

P. S. BARTLETT 17 jewelled Waltham Watch, nickel movement, in silver case, \$15.00.

Lady's WALTHAM or Elgin Watch in gold filled case, \$8.00.

Other kinds correspondingly low priced. Fully guaranteed. Cleaned free 12th month after sale.

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BRAY'S BLOCK, NEWTON CENTRE.

Lawn Dressing, Fertilizers, Etc.,

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SEEDS, Field and Flower

From four of the largest houses in the United States.

Lawn Rakes, Spades, Forks, Grass

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FROST & DARRELL,

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The Best of Meats, Vegetables, Fruit, Poultry and Fish.

PROMPT DELIVERY.

Farnham's Block, Newton Centre

NEWTON CENTRE

Boarding, Livery and Hacking Stable.

Mr. F. L. Richardson and Mr. E. J. Goodnow have formed a co-partnership under the firm name of Richardson & Goodnow, and will continue the stable business heretofore conducted by Mr. E. W. Pratt, and at the old stand, corner Beacon street and Langley road. Particular attention will be paid to boarding horses and carriages.

The Livery (or letting) portion of the business will be limited to a few first-class turn out. We shall be ready at any time, day or night, to furnish hacks and carriages for private or public parties, with experienced drivers. Asking for a continuance of the good will and generous patronage extended to Mr. Pratt, we hope by quiet attention to our business to merit the same generous patronage.

Telephone, Newton Highlands 34-4.

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DEALER IN

Hay and Grain, Lime, Cement, and Drain Pipe.

Cypress St., near Centre, N. Centre.

T. H. SMITH,

HACK, BOARDING

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LIVERY STABLE.

OAK ST., NEWTON UPPER FALLS,

Telephone 167-2, Newton Highlands.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue and in pursuance of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Anastasia Ryan of Newton in the County of Middlesex to Francis Buttrick of Waltham in said County, dated March 4th, A. D. 1892, and recorded with Middlesex Ss. Dist. Deeds, book 109, page 187, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on Saturday the 30th day of September, A. D. 1898, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all the premises described and conveyed by said mortgage, to wit: a certain tract of land situated in said Newton in the County of Middlesex, and bounded and described as follows, viz:

Northerly by land of John Brown and land of Thomas Ryan one hundred seventy five and 2-10 feet; Easterly by land late of the grantee, (Buttrick) about two hundred forty eight and a half feet; Southerly by Adams street one hundred seventy five feet; and westerly by land late of Ellen Keough about two hundred and forty eight and a half feet.

\$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms will be stated at the sale.

ATTEST: M. BUTTRICK, RUFUS WARREN, JAMES F. BALDWIN, EDWARD F. SKILL, THOMAS H. ARMSTRONG, Executors of the will of Francis Buttrick, the mortgagee.

Howard B. Coffin,

DEALER IN

Fine Teas, Best Coffees,

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363-361 Centre St., 4-6 Hall St., Cole's Block, Newton.

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A Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Best Material. First-class Work.

Superior Shirts, \$1.50. Best Dress Shirts, \$2.00. All my White Shirts are now made with DOUBLE FRONTS.

They are recommended for greater strength, warmth, weight, and more successfully withstanding the modern laundry process.

Will call on customers at such time and place as will suit their convenience. Repairing is done neatly and promptly.

New Boston, 36c.; Neckbands, 15c.; Wristbands, 15c.; Cuffs, 30c.; Collars, 25c.; Centre Plaids, 25c.

Badly fitting shirts made to fit well.

E. B. Blackwell,

43 Thornton St., Newton, Mass.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS. PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of George F. Davis late of Newton in said County, deceased, Intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Charles B. Wheeler of Newton in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixth day of September, A. D. 1898, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Newton Graphic a newspaper published in Newton the last publication to be one day, at least, before said

THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

VOL. XXVI.—NO. 47.

NEWTON, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1898.

TERMS, \$2.00 A YEAR

EBEN SMITH,
Established 1872.

Mrs. EBEN SMITH,
Successor 1897.

NEWTON.

baggage car attached. Only traffic on track one suffered from the delay.

of keyless boxes, with combination locks are to be installed.

ON BOARD THE YALE.

MR. EBERT TAYLOR OF NEWTONVILLE WRITES HIS PARENTS OF LIFE ON THE TROOP SHIP—CARE FOR THE SICK—A BUREAU AT SEA.

14th Day on the Yale, July 22nd, 1898.
Dear Father and Mother—We are now enroute to Porto Rico and I thank God that we did not have to land in Cuba; it was terrible there; just as I finished my last letter to you, I was sent on a detail of ten men to sort over the mail of the whole army and navy in Cuba. It took us twenty-four hours. After that was done we got a chance to go ashore over the pontoon bridges built from the transport we were then on, the Lampassas, over which mules and horses were being landed. We visited the camp of the Cubans in Guantanamo and saw their flag flying above them. They are a villainous, piratical set of rascals of all shades, treacherous and cowardly. They are even treacherous and cowardly with the Americans; they lead the Americans into battle, each man making more noise than ten men of ours. When the masses of bullets began to fly from the bushes where no smoke or sign of Spaniard can be seen, the Cubans flourish their machetes and rifles and cry "Cuba Libre, Cuba Libre," and then run and hide. After the Spaniards have been driven back they come out singing and laughing, and dancing, to celebrate their great victory. They live in ragged, tumble-down huts, made of palm leaves and branches.

The land is sandy and dry; you can not walk outside of the narrow paths on account of the prickly vines, rank, sharp grass and cactus. Everything has a sharp prickly, which stabs you and annoys you. I saw the graves of the poor boys who had fallen, and I saw the dead Spaniards lying unburied.

The Spaniard shoots by placing the butt of his rifle on his hip and pulling the trigger just as fast as he can without aiming, so our boys lie down and laugh for the cowardly want of aim and shoot down. I was very glad to get back on the ship; a great weight seemed to fall off my heart as I stepped off the shore. The whole place smacks of starvation and fever. Yellow fever is raging in the army in Cuba, so that they are in quarantine until next January. We are very lucky to go to such a healthy place as Porto Rico. We are now out of sight of Cuba on our way to San Juan. We are in a fleet of 13 or 14 ships and expect to meet and anchor at the states. We hope to see a big bombardment before we land.

July 24.
We are hovering round Porto Rico even now, this beautiful Sunday morning, waiting, some say, for reinforcements from Tampa. Some, for darkness to hide us, when we will steam up to San Juan. We remain just out of sight of land. Yesterday Corporal Parlier died of typhoid fever and was buried at sea. It was a very impressive sight and very sad. His body was wrapped in a flag and laid on a plank. Five corporals were in the firing line, a squad of ten men stood behind and Corporal A. drawn up at dress parade behind them. The rest of the regiment was at dress parade all over the boat. The chaplain read services and offered up prayers for the dead. Then we were ordered away. Parker was a man 23 or 24 years old; he leaves a young wife and three babies; his folks do not even know that he was sick, and they probably won't hear for a week or two.

There is quite a lot of sickness on board; the hospital is very crowded and nurses and doctors rushed and tired. Sickness could not be avoided with this long transport life, although the many fevers are simply small fevers of no special character except the two or three cases of typhoid. Yesterday I went down and volunteered to join the hospital corps while we are on board, to nurse the sick. I am happy to relieve the same work; we have 6 hours on and 18 off. I worked there all yesterday p.m. and will go on board ship in an hour or so. A hospital on board ship where no great preparation has been made, is different from one on shore. It is very hot and noisy, and the men have to lie stark naked; they have to be bathed every few hours, to cool their high temperatures. The work is hard and very distasteful, but I am happy to relieve all the suffering I can. I quieted two fellows who were pretty nervous by fooling with their hair, as you used to do to me. One of them dropped off into a much needed sleep. Whittle is on duty from noon, and I in the afternoon. The Yale is going back to New York with all our sick, who will be put into the hospital there. This week sees us fighting, I suppose, but I think after the first sharp fighting at the landing that Porto Rico will surrender without much more ado. Just as soon as peace comes I shall bend every nerve in my endeavor to get home. Have an eye out for such an emergency as the ship being detailed for garrison duty. My patriotism does not cover that, I don't think that it would be weak or cowardly after peace was signed to get an honorable discharge. If I could get one, do you? Well, I must eat and then go to the hospital. With loads of love.
BRENT.

Building Permits.

Within a week five building permits have been granted by Commissioner Ellis. Looking over the records for the past year, (August 1, '97 to August 1, '98) it appears the number of applications were less than 200, against the 241 of the previous year, (Aug. 1, '96 to Aug. 1, '97). Of these, almost a third were for minor alterations, repairs, etc., or poultry houses and small stables.

There is no explanation offered for this apparent inactivity of building operations, other than the war and the business depression. The same condition of affairs is said to prevail in other cities, and is not considered unusual by builders and real estate men. Following is a list of the recent permits:

Charles street, Ward 4, addition to house, 12x9, furnace heat. L. R. Fletcher owner, and F. W. Fletcher builder. Cost \$200.

Valentine street, Ward 3, 2-story gambrel roof house, 8x55, steam heat. John W. Weeks, owner; H. C. Witt, builder. Cost \$20,000.

Oak street, Ward 5, 2-story frame house, 28x38, furnace heat. I. W. Sweet, owner. Cost \$3000.

Petite street, Ward 5, 2-story frame house, 24x37, stove heat. George Conley owner, H. S. Brown builder. Cost \$1500.

Kirkstall road, Ward 2, 2-story frame house, colonial style, 47x37, furnace heat. F. L. Nagle owner, Higgins & Nickerson builders. Cost \$7500.

Perplexed Pater: "So you have been fighting again, Edgar? I cannot possibly imagine from which of your dear parents you have inherited your bellicose disposition."—Brooklyn Life.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Young have returned from a visit in Haverhill.

—Mrs. John Stetson of Park street is at Brunswick, Me., for a short stay.

—Miss Emerson of Richardson street is summering in York Beach, Maine.

—Miss Nellie M. Rice will spend her vacation at Deerfield Station, N. H.

—Dr. Reid was in town yesterday for a short time, leaving afterwards for Minot.

—Prof. Carl Baerman came down from Dublin, N. H., for a few hours' stay yesterday.

—Mr. Wheeler and family of Waverley avenue are registered at Green Acre Inn, Eliot, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wetherbee have returned from an extended outing in New Hampshire.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Brackett of Pembroke street leave soon for an extended European trip.

—Mayor and Mrs. Henry E. Cobb and family returned yesterday from an extended outing in New Brunswick.

—Mr. H. Victor Batchelder has just returned from a trip down the Hudson river. He will spend the rest of his vacation at his home in N. H.

—Dr. Bothfield was able to leave the Newton Hospital, Wednesday, and he started today for Jefferson Highlands, N. H., where he expects to be able to resume practice the first of September.

—Master Island Powers of Arlington street who has been at the Mass. Homeopathic Hospital in Boston since July 25 for appendicitis, has nearly recovered from the operation and will probably return home to-morrow.

—Vigorous protests are being made against the way the two houses just moved on Jefferson street have been located on the Taylor land, and we have received several communications asking if we have a building commissioner and what is he good for, if he grants permits for such cases as this. Jefferson street used to be a very pretty street, and the residents seem "all torn up" over the matter, and claim that the houses have depreciated the value of their property, besides being a fire trap.

NEWTON TAX RATE \$16.20.

THE SAME FIGURE AS LAST YEAR—TOTAL VALUATION, \$55,903,450.

The Newton board of assessors to-day announced the tax rate for 1898 to be \$16.20 per \$1,000, the same rate as last year.

While the total increase in the valuation of personal property and real estate amounts to \$2,978,950, there has been a falling off in polls of 349. The total polls last year were 9377. The decrease in the number of polls only occurs in Wards 1 and 2, which last year were populated with Italian laborers.

With the exception of the state tax of \$29,775, other taxes levied upon the city have been subject to an increase. The several items are as follows: County tax, \$25,300; city tax, \$25,300; water tax, \$1,654.86; maintenance and operation of the metropolitan sewer, \$13,702.43.

The metropolitan water tax of \$1,654.86 is a new item of expense. Newton has its own system of water works, but as the city is in the metropolitan district, this tax for which no benefit is received, has to be paid.

The total appropriations this year amount to \$1,135,599.11, an increase over last year of \$125,000.

The valuation May 1, 1898: real estate, \$34,499,650; personal estate, \$11,883,800; total, \$46,383,450; polls, 9377.

The valuation May 1, 1897: real estate, \$41,550,350; personal estate, \$10,774,150; total value, \$52,324,500; polls, 9777.

NEWTON LOWER FALLS.

—The Crehore mills have closed for a few weeks.

—Billings & Clapp, Mfg. Chemists, have closed to allow repairs to boiler and other machinery.

—Fred Chadwick of this place fell into a sewer trench Wednesday evening and was badly injured about the head and face. He was taken to his home and medical aid called.

—The drainage on Washington near the foot of Hamilton street, has been supplied with a new drainage system that will make a comfortable improvement in rainy weather.

—The young son of Patrolman J. H. Seaver had his right leg badly scalded from the ankle to the knee, last Monday morning, by the overturning of a pail of hot water. He is now reported as improving.

—The following are unclaimed letters at the post office: Mrs. Carrie Carter, Mrs. E. A. Felt, Mrs. Rebecca Honahan, Mr. Hink, Mrs. Ray L. MacCallan, James Phipps, Mrs. Thos. Rovers, Mrs. Ellen Sullivan.

—The sympathy of the community is extended to Mr. and Mrs. John Norton in their sad loss by the death of their daughter George last week, after a short illness of spinal disease. The interment was at Old Orchard, Me., their former home.

—Fr. Callahan of St. John's church is busy making preparations for the annual Labor Day picnic of the parish, which has been always attended with very satisfactory success. The program, committees, etc., will probably be issued this week.

—Timothy Henley, 33, a laborer employed in this place, died suddenly at 9.45 o'clock, Tuesday evening, at the home of Patrick Maloney of Washington street. Henley had boarded with Maloney for some time. He was unmarried. Medical Examiner Drake viewed the remains and pronounced death due to heart disease.

Norumbega Park.

The daily crowds at this popular resort are an evidence of the appreciation of the populace for up-to-date performances and beautiful surroundings. The stage performance last week called forth unlimited praise and next week's attraction, the Boston Comedy Company, promises to do even better. The zoological garden, with its large collection of rare animals, draws large crowds daily with marvel at the pranks of the monkeys and bears. The band concerts are immensely popular and Music Court is daily thronged with delighted listeners. The electric fountain plays every evening after the performance.

Removal.

Churchill & Bean, the well known tailors, formerly at 303 Washington street, Boston, have removed to commodious quarters at 41 Temple place, with an elevator at No. 37.

The new location is but a few steps around the corner from the old stand; and friends and patrons are cordially invited to call, as the place is open for congratulations and business.

—Miss Katie Craft is visiting in Brookton and Taunton.

—Mr. Chester Wood has been enjoying his annual vacation.

—Mr. James McDonald has returned from his annual vacation.

—Miss Stiles of Hubbard's is enjoying her annual vacation.

—Miss Nellie Grace is at Brant Rock for an outing of two weeks.

—Mr. Edward E. Howard has returned after a month's vacation.

—Miss Bertha M. Bentley is the guest of friends in Ashland, N. H.

—William Dawson is spending his annual vacation at Block Island.

—Alderman W. F. Dana of Centre street is summering at Oxford, N. H.

—Dr. H. C. Spencer will spend the next two weeks at Hardwick, Mass.

—Mr. Clifton Mason returned Tuesday after an enjoyable vacation at Portland.

—The best goods at popular prices. Kilburn's, the Nonantum apothecary. If

—Mr. Walter Mars and family of Church street are visiting relatives in Framingham.

—Mr. D. F. Barber and family of Summit street have returned from Friendship, Maine.

—The Misses Blackwell of Thornton street have returned from an outing at Old Orchard.

—Mr. Wm. Henderson of Park street returned Monday after a vacation in Bristol, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Redberg of Jefferson street are entertaining guests from New York.

—Mrs. G. W. Bush and Miss Bertha Bush of Elmwood street have returned from Lake Lashaway.

—Mr. George Travis of Eldredge is spending a portion of his vacation in the White Mountains.

—Mr. Wm. Cutler has arrived this week from Pennsylvania, and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Cutler.

—Miss Annie Joyce of Thornton street has been spending several days with friends in Marlboro.

—Miss Florence May entertained a large party of friends at her residence on Centre street, Monday evening.

—Mr. George U. Fish of Litchfield, Me., who has been the guest of friends here, returned to his home this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Mayham of Thornton street enjoyed a bicycle trip to Lowell and return the first of the week.

—Miss Bessie Adams of Wayland, Mass. is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Harrington at their home on Church street.

—"Mel" Cushing, formerly with the N. C. A. A., and lately with the Corinthians, is in Nova Scotia on a bicycle trip.

—Rev. A. G. Upham, D. D., of Boston, will supply the pulpit of the Methodist church at the union services next Sunday.

—Rev. and Mrs. Ernest Pressey, formerly of Newton, but now of Indiana, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

—The reunion of the "Fighting" 19th Mass. will be held Sunday, August 27th, at the Soldiers' Home, Chelsea. Assessment \$1.00.

—Rev. Wm. L. Worcester of Philadelphia will preach at the Highland avenue church, Newtonville, next Sunday morning. All are welcome.

—Mrs. Lee Hadley leaves today for Indianapolis, Indiana. Mrs. Hadley has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Thomas of Pearl street.

—Services in Grace Episcopal church on Sunday at 10.45 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. Seats for strangers at all services. The music is by a vested choir of men.

—The telephone company's workmen have been busy this week constructing conduits on Elmwood street. The wires will be laid in these underground pipes from Centre street to Park street.

—Why do our American citizens go to Burns for their hair cutting? Because he has won an enviable reputation and the full endorsement of prominent Newtonians for his excellency of taste in artistic hair-cutting. Burns', Cole's block.

—President Andrews of Brown University, announced as the preacher at the union services of August 28, has been obliged to cancel the engagement on account of his acceptance of the superintendency of the public schools of Chicago, and in his place the Rev. Professor D. F. Estes, of Brown University, Hanover, N. H., will be the preacher for that day.

—About 7.45 o'clock Monday evening while James Curry of 600 Mt. Auburn street, Watertown, was riding a bicycle on Washington street near the corner of Beacon street, he came in collision with an express wagon driven by Thomas Cox of Derby street, West Newton. Curry was with a party of cyclists who hastily came to his rescue. It was found that he had been badly wrecked.

—The following is from the Daily Saratogian of Aug. 11: "Rev. Ezra Hoyt Byington, D. D., and Mrs. Byington of Boston, Mass., are guests at Temple Grove. Dr. Byington has just returned from a part of the summer in the west. Preparatory to the National Council of Congregational churches held in Portland, Oregon, he gave a series of historical lectures in that city. Those who have read Dr. Byington's writings or heard his lectures will hear with pleasure that he is to speak at the Congregational church Sunday morning."

—At the sixth annual fete day of that popular summer resort, Squirrel Island, Me., held last Saturday, there was a large representation of Newton society folk. In the morning a watermelon race was held on the campus. Miss Little of Newton won the melon for the young ladies. Among the guests at the evening dance were Mrs. Thomas Weston, Mr. Thomas Weston, Miss Grace Weston, Mr. and Mrs. Haskell, Miss Haskell, Mr. Guy Haskell, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, Miss Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. Little, Miss Little and Mr. Jacob Little.

—The postal department officials have made an announcement this week which will no doubt relieve the minds of many Wards 1 and 7 residents. Several weeks ago the department advertised for bids that a suitable place to be used as quarters for the post office might be obtained. The matter occasioned considerable discussion at the time as many feared that the office might have to be removed from Lancaster block as the new buildings would be sufficiently low as to obtain the contract. Much protest was heard, and the citizens were unanimous in declaring the present quarters were most adequate. The officials representing the government in the matter have arrived at the same conclusion, and a new lease is to be taken. The plans of Mr. Coffin, owner of the Lancaster block, and the government are to make several important changes and improvements about the office. New furniture will be provided, and an entirely new set

—Pianos, Farley, 433 Washington street.

—Mr. Thomas Edmonds is at Manchester-by-the-sea.

—Mr. Edward Wetherbee is visiting in Truro, Nova Scotia.

—Mr. Fred Marshman returned this week from Wolfboro, N. H.

—Developing and printing for amateurs done by E. E. Snyder.

—Miss Louise Covington is in Sullivan, Maine, for a vacation trip.

—Mr. Robert Guilford has been visiting in the western part of the state.

—Mr. George H. Safford has returned from an outing at Exeter, N. H.

—Mr. Phillip H. Robinson has returned from a visit at North Brookfield.

—Mr. E. L. Bacon of Washington street is summering in Sullivan, Maine.

—Mr. Clarence V. Moore has returned from an outing in Whittingham, Vt.

—Mr. John May of Centre street has returned from his recent vacation trip.

—Mr. Richard Johnson has returned after an extended outing in the country.

—Mrs. J. M. Briggs of Washington street is the guest of relatives in Providence, R. I.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dimock are occupying the Merritt house on Charlesbank road.

—Mr. E. S. Smilie and family of Maple avenue are at Surf Beach, Me., for a few weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fields of Williams street are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

—Mr. W. L. Whitney and family of Waban Park have returned from an outing in Maine.

—Mr. Porter Brown of Hollis street has returned from an extended outing at Long Island, Maine.

—Miss Nellie Bartlett is spending the remainder of the month with friends at Sullivan, Maine.

—Mrs. E. O. Childs and Miss Childs of Richardson street are in Jackson, N. H. for several weeks.

—Mr. C. F. Parker left Wednesday for Butte, Montana, where he will engage in the drug business.

—Mr. J. Luther Roll is entertaining his mother and sister who arrived this week from New Jersey.

—H. W. Trowbridge left the Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at the North Evangelical church last Sunday evening.

—The meeting next Sunday afternoon at the Y. M. C. A. will be led by Physical Director E. C. Wyatt.

—Mr. E. C. Wyatt of Orchard street has, with his family, returned home after a several weeks' outing.

—Messrs. Frank and William C. Briggs of Washington street are spending several weeks at Dennis, Mass.

—Mr. J. Elliott Trowbridge and family of West Newton will occupy the Bacon house on Peabody street.

—Slight repairs at trifling cost will greatly extend the usefulness of your shirts. See Blackwell's adv. on page 4.

—Mr. and Mrs. Walter White of Franklin street are registered at Franconia Inn, Franconia, N. H., for three weeks.

—Dr. Walker of the Emergency Hospital has moved into the house on Tremont street formerly occupied by Mr. W. J. Dimock.

—You can buy women's button or lace boots, small sizes, 2-12 to 4, at \$1 and \$1.50, former price \$2.50 to \$4.50, at Clapp's, Newtonville.

—Mr. Frank D. Frisbie of Centre street came up from Nahant this week, and left yesterday for Shady Neck Farm, East Newfield, Maine.

—Members of the Y. M. C. A. wheelmen evening a run to Everett last Saturday evening where they were the guests of the Everett association.

—A baseball nine made up of conductors and motormen of the Newton branch of the Boston Elevated Railway defeated a South Boston team Wednesday by a score of 18 to 11.

—Mr. and Mrs. Eben Sears of the Hunnewell left today for East Machias, and Cutler, Me. Miss Minnie Sears returned Thursday from Kennebunkport and left today for Chicago, to be absent until October.

—Mrs. Geo. A. Miller's mother died quite suddenly on Monday, at her home in Germantown, Penn. Mrs. Miller's sister, who has been here for several weeks, was telegraphed for, but did not arrive home until after her mother's death.

—The Lynn Wanderers defeated the Newton Cricket Club last Saturday in a well contested game. Lynn won by three wickets and forty-four runs. Not a man of the visitors reached double figures. Heys of Lynn took 3 wickets for 7 runs, and Simmons of Lynn 5 for 23 runs. Hemmingsway of Newton took 3 for 17.

—The police have been informed of an attempt to burglarize a Mr. Ida residence. Early Sunday morning the family of Edward Sawyer of 100 Bellevue street, were aroused by the burglar alarm in the rear part of the house. An examination was at once made, and the back door was found open. The lock had evidently been turned by a skeleton key. Patrolman McAlleer has been at work on the case.

—Mrs. Rebecca Spencer Warner, widow of Ben Warner, died at an early hour Monday morning at her home on Park street. Death was due to paralysis. Mrs. Warner was 80 years of age, and had resided in Newton for over 40 years. She was a member of the Eliot church, and had a wide circle of friends. She was a large real estate owner in Newton. The funeral took place Wednesday from her home. The services were private.

—Mrs. Martha S. Winslow Graham, wife of Adams S. Graham, and formerly of Newton, died at her home in San Francisco, July 27, after a brief illness of pneumonia. Her funeral was held at the Trinity M. E. church in that city and the interment was at Oakland cemetery. She was the mother of John and Myron Littlefield, and two sisters and a brother survive her. Mrs. Orrin Whipple of Waltham, Mrs. Maxey Robbins of Worcester, and Hon. John Winslow of Brooklyn, N. Y.

—While the big Chicago special (train number 15), which leaves Boston at 10.30 a.m., was passing through here about 10.42, Tuesday morning, at a mile-a-minute rate of speed, those in the vicinity of the square were startled by a loud explosion, caused by the blowing out of the cylinder head of engine 208. The train came to a sudden stop in front of the depot. When the air-brakes were applied the shock caused considerable damage to the brakes on the first coach of the train. It was over three quarters of an hour before a second engine arrived from Boston. Several freight trains were delayed in consequence. The damaged engine was left at West Newton, while the buffet car was taken off at South Framingham and a second

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NOTE—Mr. J. M. Quinby of the firm who had charge of the furnishing the Hunnewell Club lives at 23 Wesley St., Newton, and would be pleased to call and give estimates on any old or new work. Re-upholstering and re-furnishing of furniture, at reasonable prices.

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Mr. Cutler's

SUNSET ON THE FARM.

Down behind the western hill the red sun
sinks to rest.
All the world is weary, and I am weary too.
The partridge seeks its covert, and the redbird
seeks its nest.
And I am coming from the fields, dear heart,
to home and you—
Home, when the daylight is waning,
Home, when my toiling is done.
Ah, down by the gate, sweet, watching
eyes wait
My coming at setting of sun!

The sheep from off the hillside haste to the
shepherd's fold,
For death lurks in the mountains, and darkness
comes apace.
The flocking sun looks backward and turns the
sky to gold.
Then folds the mantle of the night across its
crimson face—
Home, when the daylight is waning,
Home, when my toiling is done.
Ah, down by the gate, sweet, watching
eyes wait
My coming at setting of sun!

Lay aside the hoe and spade and put the sickle
by.
All the world is weary, and I am weary too.
Gently fades the rosy light from out the west-
ern sky.
And I am coming from the fields, dear heart,
to home and you—
Home, when the daylight is waning,
Home, when my toiling is done.
Ah, down by the gate, sweet, watching
eyes wait
My coming at setting of sun!

—American Agriculturist.

HOW IT ENDED.

"You're going tomorrow?" the young woman said.

"I have to see my people before I join my regiment," the young man answered.

"What a good time I've had here!"

"You were about," she observed, "to say something about the Southern Cross."

"The Southern Cross? Why should I?"

"Surely," she said, "you won't throw away your opportunities? Aren't you going to gaze on the Southern Cross in a few weeks and think of me?"

"Very likely," he answered quietly.

"That's right," she pursued. "No young man of feeling, within sighing distance of the Southern Cross, should neglect it. I, on the other hand, shall look at the Great Bear and think of you."

"Have you been to any theaters lately?" he asked.

"No," she said, "but you must have visited some really pathetic melodramas."

"I only meant that it's been a rather warm July, and are you fond of bicycling?"

"It's not a bad floor tonight."

"Aren't you just a little ungrateful?" she said. "I only wanted—"

"I understand—a nice, cold shower bath," he answered. "You needn't be afraid I shall bother you. Only I should like to thank you for having given me the happiest fortnight of my life and to wish you good luck."

"You are," she said softly, "rather a nice boy."

"Some day," he answered, "I trust that I shall be a nasty man. A nice boy is a thing that is supposed neither to mind nor matter."

"Jack," she said, putting her hand on his arm, "without prejudice, as the lawyers say, would you mind less if it did matter?"

"Is it quite impossible?" he asked.

"Well, isn't it?" she answered.

"Of course we should have to wait," he said. "But couldn't you wait awhile, Kitty?"

"Please don't think me horrid and mercenary," she said. "It isn't altogether that. But don't you know what a long engagement means? It's the longest thing on earth. It's a marriage on the hire purchase system, where you pay three times as much as it's worth for a thing that's worn out before you really get it."

"If I left the service," he urged, "we should have enough to live on quietly."

"You'd be so content if you did," she said, "and our castle in Spain would be a villa in West Kensington. No, Jack, it wouldn't do. I'm sorry, but it wouldn't do. Can't you see?"

"Oh, I see clearly enough," he said bitterly. "I hope that some day you'll have a nice large paper marriage, a la modiste, with real golden wedding bells and the full approval of the family solicitor."

"Don't, Jack, don't," she answered. "Can't you see that it takes two to make a muddle like this? Don't let's spoil the little time that's left us. Let us at least part friends."

"I'm sorry," the young man said. "I suppose nothing I could say would make any difference."

"Nothing, I'm afraid."

"Very well. May I at least have all the other dances tonight?"

"Yes, if you want them now," the young woman said sadly.

The young man and young woman enjoyed themselves immensely for the rest of the evening, although they imagined themselves heartbroken. The young man said several things which he considered really cynical, and the young woman wallowed in a sense of martyrdom. They said goodbye in a cold morning light, and she allowed him to kiss her. The kiss they regarded as a kind of sacrament.

The angel of death, with his habitual disregard of the fitness of things, disturbed the even course of the affair. The young man had possessed a mercantile cousin, and the cousin, having gone two or three days before to a land where mercantile possessions are rigidly excluded, had left the whole of his property to the young man. His reasons for this unexpected act of generosity were probably that he had never met the young man, which, in view of the old gentleman's temper, was an advantage, and also that the latter cultivated martial aspirations underneath his mercantile soul, even to the extent of being at one time a captain of volunteers, and regarded the young man with favor, as being the only military specimen of the family.

Therefore when the young man rose from his brief sleep on the following morning he found a solicitor's letter informing him of his good fortune. At first the information appeared too good to be true, but the additional information that he was at liberty to draw on the firm for any reasonable amount put the truth beyond question. The fact that he was rich, portentously rich, at first filled him with an insane desire to shout. As a silent relief to his mental tension he took his slippers off and threw them at the door. Then he put them on again and lit a pipe. All his life the young man had been in straitened circumstances. He had never had enough pocket money at school or a satisfactory allowance since. Now he felt that he possessed no single desire which he could not satisfy. Visions of infinite possibilities rose before him. He even looked at his pipe with contempt.

"And now," he said to himself triumphantly, "I shall be able to marry Kitty."

Oddly enough, the young woman had not stood in the forefront of the possibilities. He noticed the fact with something

of a start. Romance was not at its strongest in his mind that morning, because the kind person who provided the dance had also provided a pale pink champagne, which punished even the most abstemious with the after horrors of excess.

"Yes," he insisted to himself, "I shall marry Kitty. Not much fear of being poor now."

Then his mind wandered away again to the more inanimate possibilities. Should he stay in the service or not? On the whole, he thought he would for awhile, but he would be inclined to exchange into a cavalry regiment. A few rare horses? Yes. He had just begun to contemplate himself leading in the Derby winner when he again returned to the young woman.

"Yes," he said to himself, "of course that's the best part of it. As a matter of fact, it was not at all the best part of it. Marriage in a way means the end of youth, and the young man was just entering on a new world which he had never known before. It is impossible to be satisfactorily young on a limited income. The rosy dreams that came trooping before his eyes were not domestic. To be adequately domestic you must be a little tired of other things—not necessarily vicious things, but you must know the sunshine to appreciate the shade. Half against his will the dream pictures told him this. He wanted, though he would not admit it to himself, to enjoy his own sweet will without any clog.

These things were hidden as yet from anything but the young man's subconsciousness. As he finished dressing slowly he decided to go at once after breakfast and tell the young woman of his happiness. The thought ought to have suggested a triumphant procession, but only presented itself as a logical and obvious proceeding; also, if his feelings had been what he imagined them to be, he would have babbled out his good fortune to the other late comers at breakfast. He believed that it was romantic to reserve the news for the young woman, but the belief was artificial.

He found the young woman sitting in the sunshine on the lawn. She was looking, too, preposterously healthy and happy, considering the circumstances. He was able to explain quite intelligently what had happened, and the young woman listened and watched him quietly. In some ways he was a very transparent young man, and she was a young woman of perception.

"So now," he concluded, "of course we can be married just as soon as ever we like."

"Married? You want to marry me?" she said, as though he had said something new, which as a matter of fact was the case.

"Why, what's the matter, Kitty? Aren't you glad?" he asked.

"I'm very glad that you'll be rich," she answered, with a smile. "What are you going to do?"

"Oh, have a good time generally!" he answered.

"A good time generally—generally," she repeated slowly.

"What is the matter, Kitty?" he inquired in a puzzled way. "I don't understand."

"I'm not sure that I do yet," she said. "Surely after last night"—he burst out.

"Last night," she said, "I refused you because you were poor, and last night was years ago to you."

"You surely don't think I'm such a cad as to let that make any difference. Of course I know you were right last night."

"No, I know you're not a cad, Jack. You happen to be a gentleman. That's what complicates things so," she said.

"I don't understand at all," he said.

"You're very, very young, Jack," she answered. He did look very young that morning in his new aspect of a possible husband.

"I'm no younger than I was last night," he urged.

"If I said yes"—she went on quietly.

"If you said yes? Don't you care for me still?" he asked.

"Wait a moment," she answered. "If I said yes, we should be married soon. Then we should settle down to a quiet, humdrum, unexciting life. Do you realize that? Next year you wouldn't want to dance with me all the evening."

"Then do you mean you don't care for me?" he asked.

"No, I don't care for you," she said deliberately. She had watched his eyes for the light that never was on sea and land, but it had died away since the night before. "And I'll tell you why. Last night I was a great deal to you. I should have been the prettiest thing in a life that wasn't very pretty. Now I'm only a very, very small part of your life. That wouldn't satisfy me."

"Surely you don't mean what you say?" he pleaded.

"Oh, yes, I do," she said, with a little laugh. "I shouldn't be adequate, and you wouldn't be adequate. It wouldn't do. Believe me, Jack, it wouldn't. We like each other, but we don't love each other. Don't let's be foolish any more. Let the dead past bury its dead. You've a lot of arrears of enjoyment to draw, and you'd better go away and play now without making too much of this."

"I never thought"—he burst out.

"No, Jack, I don't think you ever did," she said, "or you'd agree with me. I know you must not just for the moment, because I've said no, but that's the only reason. Run away and play. Goodbye, Jack. I'd rather you'd go now."

"Kitty!" he exclaimed.

"Goodbye, Jack," the young woman said, with a smile, holding out her hand.

The young man took it and strode away angrily. For several days he said evil things to himself about the young woman and decided that she was not worth caring for. Soon afterward he decided that he never had cared for her. After another brief interval he came to the conclusion that she was an unusually nice girl and that some day perhaps, if he met her, he might try his luck again. When the young woman married another man, he felt sorry for her and the other man, being under the impression that he held a permanent first mortgage on her affections, which was a mistake, because the only mark which he left on the young woman's mind was a capacity for appreciating the other man.

But the whole thing was a pity. It might have been such an excellent little piece of romance in two people's lives, and it degenerated into the exposure of a flirtation.—Today.

His Grievance.

Mrs. Peck—Yes, I was tongue tied when I was a child and had to undergo an operation in order to be cured.

Mr. Peck (sotto voce)—Gee, I wish I could meet the doctor that done it!—Chicago News.

Allying His Jealousy.

Charley—I can't understand why you should let your watch Frank.

His Friend—Why, isn't it open faced?—Jewelers' Weekly.

SOLDIERS IN CHINA.

QUEER METHODS WHICH MAKE THEM WORTHLESS AS FIGHTERS.

To Become a Soldier Is to Lose Caste, and Good Men Are Not Used For Warriors. Crazy Tactics in the War With Japan. Pepper Versus Bullets.

Major A. E. J. Cavendish, First Argyll and Sutherland highlanders, D. A. A. G., Dublin district (late military attaché with the Chinese army), writing in The Journal of the United Service Institution, says that in many respects the army of China presents a curious example of the survival of the fittest. In the broad outlines its scheme is simple and suited to the country. Nevertheless, with the characteristic Chinese love of detail, in its minutiae, it is exceedingly complex. Owing to an equally characteristic want of exactitude, although returns are rendered by separate accounts are often beautifully worked out to the thousandth part of a ton, yet in a combination of these returns nothing balances.

For members of parliament who cavil at the intricacies of the British estimates I can imagine no worse punishment in the future life than to be set by satan to unravel the mysteries of the Chinese military budget. Every province has its separate "army," for which the viceroy or governor is responsible, and in 14 of these it consists of Tartar and Chinese soldiers in certain fixed proportions. Any deficiencies in the military budgets of the poorer provinces are met by contributions from the central provinces. "The belly of China." Grouping all these "armies" together, the troops fall into four great categories—namely, (1) Tartar soldiers or banner men; (2) green regiments or Chinese territorial force; (3) fighting braves; (4) disciplined troops.

The writer gives an interesting account of these forces, and proceeding to general remarks, says: Much of the utter inefficiency of China's army is explained by the native saying, "Do not use good steel to make a nail nor take a good man to make a soldier," which is most thoroughly acted up to. "The absence of nerves" and the animal ferocity of the Chinaman admirably adapt him for the deliberate extermination of a revolt, but in real courage the abnegation of self under danger, he is woefully deficient. He will do much for pay, he will fight when his rage is aroused, but his passion, violent as a typhoon, as quickly passes away. On almost every occasion in 1894-5 the Chinese troops refused to stand up to the despised Japanese. Small wonder, when of the hundreds of thousands who since 1892 have been "drilled" with foreign weapons, not one in 50,000 has been taught their proper use. Musketry and artillery practice is limited generally to handling the weapons, and instruction in the use of rifles and field guns is not thought necessary—may, it is opposed. In January, 1895, several thousands of men had been collected at Shan-hai-Kuan, under General Wuta-cheng, to re-enforce the army in Manchuria. New rifles and field guns had been served out, and the force was to move early in February, yet on Jan. 20 the men fired their rifles for the first time, and barely 1 per cent of hits on a target 200 yards distant ensued. As for the guns, not a soul knew how to load them or set a fuse, and when at length one was fired with the aid of the foreigners present, the ammunition was so defective that, although the gun was laid for 3,000 yards, the shell only traveled 350. Yet these men were sent north to fight. Then came the winter without further training, instruction by a foreigner having been laughably refused.

To be a soldier is to lose caste in China, to imbibe foreign notions is worse still and incurs the hatred and suspicion of the civilians, who in reality govern the army and navy, so much so that to be a graduate of the foreign schools is an almost certain bar to promotion. In the military and other schools established by Sir Robert Hart and the viceroys at Peking and elsewhere the students have to be bribed to attend, so as to compensate them for the social disadvantages of foreign education. If we add to this the natural contempt for foreigners ingrained in the Chinese nature, we have potent causes for the willful laziness and ignorance of officers, which is truly appalling. Alas, that they should add cowardice as well!

The commander in chief at Shan-hai-Kuan told me he did not believe in musketry instruction for all. It was quite sufficient to have ten good shots in each "ying" to pick off the Japanese officers. His other theory was that the troops were defeated because they fought hungry, in which he was partially right. His remedy was to draw up his men in five lines. The first would fight for two hours, and then retire to dinner, the second line, having meanwhile dined, would take its place, and so on. Thus he would get ten hours' fighting, and every one would be fed.

A general near there, being ordered to keep a sharp lookout for the Japanese, whose landing was hourly expected, did so by asking the railway station master to send two coolies to the coast to look for the enemy! His was the plan of arming his men with bags of pepper to be thrown in the faces of the Japanese, who while engaged in sneezing would all be slain by the Chinese spearman!

It seems a libel on the human race to say that out of the manhood of 800,000,000 of Chinese a body of good soldiers cannot be made, and with the example of the Egyptian fellahs it may be premature to call it impossible. But China herself cannot do it. The very best human material and the most elaborate instruction would be wasted under the existing native official, who steadily resists all reform in his maladministration. Nevertheless the docile soldiers and sailors of China have never yet had a chance of showing under proper management what are their real capabilities. Should they under European tutelage ever prove themselves in any numbers to be of real military value, the "Yellow Terror" may not be a mere figment of the superheated brain.—London Globe.

Just the Place to Invest.

Visitor—I saw a statement in the paper a day or two ago that the railroads of the world carry 40,000,000 people annually.

Real Estate Boomer—That's a fact, and the majority of them get off at this station.—Boston Courier.

The missionary Haverstadt was so well pleased with the language of the Araucanian Indians of Chile that he published a work on it in 1777, advocating its adoption as a universal tongue for the world, a ready-made Volapuk.

I have always been a quarter of an hour before my time, and it has made a man of me.—Nelson.



A man must reap as he sows. If he sows ill-health he will reap ill-health. If he neglects his health the weeds of disease will grow up and choke it.

It is a daily and hourly marvel that men will recklessly neglect their health, when a moment's thought should tell them that they are courting death. It lies in most every man's power to live to a green old age. If a man would only take the same care of himself that he does of his horse, or cow, or dog, he would enjoy good health, and it gets sick, he does not waste any time about doctoring him up. When his garden gets full of weeds, he doesn't delay about rooting them out, for he knows they will choke out his vegetables. When he is out of sorts, sick, nervous, headache, has no appetite and is restless and sleepless at night, he pays little attention to it. The result is consumption, nervous prostration or some serious blood or skin disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best of all medicines for hard working men. It gives edge to the appetite, facilitates the flow of digestive juices, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of lingering coughs, bronchial and throat affections, weak lungs, bleeding from lungs and kindred affections. Do not wait until the lungs are too far wasted to admit of being cured.

As you know, five years ago the doctors had given me up to die with consumption. I was Mr. E. G. McKinney, of Deepwater, Fayette Co., W. Va. I took treatment from Dr. R. V. Pierce, and am entirely well now. I had taken steadily, as directed, his "Golden Medical Discovery."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a dose.

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Mr. Somers wishes to announce to his Newton customers that his Spring Woollens for Gentlemen's Wear, embracing a choice line of specially selected fabrics for the season, are now displayed. An early call before the rush of the season will insure the best of attention.

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P. O. Address, Newton, or Boston Office, Room 58, 166 Devonshire St. Telephone 1155, Boston. Refer to 20 Years' Work in Newton.

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WATER BUGS AND ROACHES. EXTERMINATOR. CLEAR THEM OUT WITH OUR No DUB. No trouble to use. Price, 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. If your drug or grocer does not keep it, we will mail package on receipt of price.

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HERBERT M. CHASE, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, TREMONT BUILDING, ROOM 642, 73 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. Residence: 56 Bowers St., Newtonville. Telephone: Tremont Bldg.

W. F. & W. S. SLOCUM, Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law. Rooms 9 and 10 Herald Building, 257 Washington St., Boston. WILLIAM F. SLOCUM, WINFIELD S. SLOCUM. Residences, Newtonville. Winfield S. Slocum, City Solicitor of Newton.

WILLIAM F. BACON, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law. 113 Devonshire Street, Room 42, Boston. Residence, 52 Hyde Avenue, Newton.

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Auctioneer, Mortgages Negotiated. Newton Office: JOHN A. EVANS, Agt., 67 Elmwood Street. Newton Property a Specialty.

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REAL ESTATE Money to loan on mortgage. Brackett's Block, 407 Centre St., Newton. Notary Public. 330 Exchange Building, 53 State Street, Boston. Telephone.

FRANCIS MURDOCK Insurance Agent. Gas Office, Brackett's Block Newton, Mass. INSURANCE TO ANY AMOUNT placed in first-class Stock and Marine companies. Sole Agent for Newton of the Middlesex Mutual of Concord, Mass.

NEW TONS. GEORGE A. LAND INSURANCE. 178 Devonshire St., Boston. Local Office, Newton Heights. Hours, 9 to 6.

Established 1857. Telephone 2957. EDWARD F. BARNES, Real Estate Agent and Broker. Expert Appraiser.

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Livery Stables. LIVERY, HACK, & BOARDING STABLE. Established in 1861. Barges, City of Newton & Boat Sleigh, ton & Garden City. Snow Bird. S. F. CATE, W. Newton.

DANIELS' NONANTUM STABLES. HENRY C. DANIELS, Proprietor.

Patrons will find at these Stables the best of Horses and Carriages for hire. Landaus and Hackes, with good horses and experienced drivers, for Pleasure Service and Funerals. Safe and reliable horses for ladies to drive.

BOARDING. Superior accommodations for Boarding Horses. Clean and comfortable stalls; careful and prompt attention. Telephone 271-3.

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THE NEWTON GRAPHIC

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NOTICES

of all local entertainments to which admis-
sion fee is charged must be paid for at regu-
lar rates, 25 cents per line in the reading
matter, or \$1 per line in advertising columns.

THE TAX RATE.

The assessors announce this morning
that the tax rate will be \$16.20 per
thousand, the same as last year. It is a
welcome surprise that it is not larger, and
however the decision was reached the tax
payers will all rejoice.The appropriations were about \$125,000
more than last year, which was an enor-
mous increase, and even during the year
there has been a tendency to spend more
than the appropriations and call for an in-
crease, and so on, were only choked off by the sad
fact that the borrowing capacity of the
city had become practically exhausted, so
that every one expected an increase in the
rate.

SECRETARY LONG had a warm welcome
home to Massachusetts, and there is no ques-
tion but that he more nearly represents Mas-
sachusetts sentiment than Senator Lodge.
Secretary Long told a reporter that he
had never been in favor of taking the
Philippines and he had not changed his
mind. He thought Manila would be a
good port and coaling station for us to
have. Secretary Long's popularity arises
partly from the fact that he always rises
to his opportunities, no matter how ex-
alted they may be. Not a word of adverse
criticism of his management of the navy
department has been heard, but only the
most unstinted praise. One has only to
realize what a benefit his holding this high
office has been to the nation, by imagining
for a minute what a mess Alger would
have made of it, with his favoritism in
giving out contracts and in making ap-
pointments. Touching general political
and other matters Secretary Long displays
the same levelheadedness as he does in re-
gard to our foreign policy. He told the
reporter: I think that the old sectional
feeling is absolutely and utterly wiped out.
The tariff and currency question are ut-
terly overshadowed by the tremendous
rapidity with which recent important
events have followed each other. The
success of the administration and its
ability to successfully cope with large
questions has, I believe, been universally
recognized. President McKinley has been
confronted with the very gravest problems,
and it seems as if the destiny of the repub-
lic had been enlarged in its scope. I don't
think it is going to be a good time for
contests, as Thomas B. Reed expressed it
in his district, and I believe that to be true of
other districts throughout the country.
There is generally a feeling in favor of
helping the administration instead of
fighting it. Then, too, the war being over,
there is an intense readiness for a renewal
of prosperous conditions. I look to see
the renewal of industry and enterprise
that will be of profit to capital and to labor
alike."

Could Massachusetts do better than to
choose such a man senator?

"It all depends on the point of view" is
a saying that has a wide application. Two
good men may be utterly unable to under-
stand each other, because they look at things
from such a widely different point of view.
This was well illustrated by the attack
made on Prof. Chas. Eliot Norton by Sena-
tor Hoar. One looks at things from the
point of view of a cultured scholar, and
the other too often only voices the senti-
ments of the average narrow and petty
politician. They could hardly expect to
understand each other, any more than if
they talked in different languages. The
affair has brought forward Prof. Norton's
rather pessimistic assertions that we lack
to-day the culture that should be ours, and
in regard to this, the following from the
leading article in last week's Literature
confirms his statements: "The truly culti-
vated man is he who possesses the sense
and appreciation of beauty, and he who
has this sense of beauty, he who instinctively
loves lovely things, is cultured, the
traditions even of these things is rapidly
dying out. . . . It is long since the artisan
ceased to be an artist, and it is only neces-
sary to be an inhabitant of London, to pass
through a single modern street, to know
to what dismal depths the building-craft
has sunk. In a word, it is not too much to
say that natural and unconscious culture is
a thing of the past. The great mass of the
people reads the worst books, likes the
most detestable pictures and the most
vulgar enjoyments, and approval is too
often the most decisive condemnation of
any work of art. There is, therefore, all
the greater need for those who still hold
solitary forts against the enemy to see that
these are not also carried by assault."

NEWTON has been very fortunate in the
way of thunder storms this year, the most
severe ones passing around us. On Wed-

nesday afternoon there was but compara-
tively little rain here, and although the
lightning was terrific, it did not strike
nearer the city than Waltham, and the
thunder was far away. It was the most
severe storm of the season in Boston and
at the shore resorts near that city, while
towns to the north of us suffered severely
and many fatalities and a large number of
fires were reported. People who were in
the street cars during the storm thought it
must have been worse than the bombard-
ment of the Spanish fleet.

THE Cuban war correspondent of the
London Daily Chronicle, who is most
friendly to America, and praises the
American soldier in terms of eulogy, brings
out the way our soldiers were unprovided
for very clearly for his English readers:—
"Before the army invaded Cuba most
elaborate instructions were issued as to
what the men should or should not do.
Everything that was set down as danger-
ous to health the men have done, simply
because they had no alternative. They
were warned not to eat fat meats, and the
only meat procurable is fat pork; they
were told it was dangerous to sleep on the
ground, and the government provided
neither hammocks nor tents."

This term of County Commissioner Big-
low of Natick expires this year, and he
will probably be his own successor. Since
the retirement of Commissioner Read from
the board, there has been very little public
criticism of its doings, and hence many
infer that it is not open to criticism.

NEWTON UPPER FALLS.

—Mr. E. A. Flagg of Eliot street was at
Concord last Sunday.

—Mr. George Connelly is building a new
house on Pettee street.

—The barbers have agreed to close their
shops on Monday afternoons.

—Mr. O. E. Nutter and family of Oak
street are at Wells Beach, Me.

—Mr. H. E. Locke and family of High
street are at Wells Beach, Me.

—Mr. Edward Ryan of Eliot street is en-
joying a three weeks' vacation.

—Mr. Bernard Billings enjoyed an outing
at Newport, R. I. last Tuesday.

—Mr. John H. Shaugnessy enjoyed an
outing at Nantasket last Sunday.

—A valuable horse belonging to Contrac-
tor J. E. Cahill, died last Friday.

—Mr. James Mayall has secured a posi-
tion in the Pettee machine shops.

—Mr. Otis Pettee's new house on Boyl-
ston street is ready for occupancy.

—Mrs. M. L. Pullen of Eliot street is
sojourning in the Green Mountains.

—Mr. I. W. Sweet, the coal dealer, is
building a new house on Oak street.

—Mr. John Collins of Needham has
moved into a house on Winter street.

—Mr. Walter Fisher and family of Bea-
con place are at Christmas Cove, Me.

—Mr. Warren Campbell of Richardson
road is sojourning at Popham Beach, Me.

—Mrs. William Dyson and daughter are
spending several weeks at Greenfield, N.H.

—Mr. J. D. Coward's new house on
High street is about ready for occupancy.

—Mr. M. L. Pullen of Eliot street has re-
turned from a few days' visit at Newport, R. I.

—Mr. William Jackson of Thurston road
spent a few days at Newport, R. I. last
week.

—Mr. Fred Hurd of Medford, Mass.,
spent last Sunday at his home on High
street.

—Miss Ida Buckley of Reservoir street
has returned from her vacation spent at
Nantasket.

—Patrolmen A. M. Fuller and John Mc-
Kenzie left Wednesday on their annual
vacation trips.

—Miss Etta Crankshaw of Fall River is
a guest in the family of Mr. Charles Mills
of Eliot street.

—Mr. Joseph Borilla of Watertown,
Conn., is in town visiting his family on
Central avenue.

—Mr. Morrill of the Fanning Printing
Company has returned from a vacation in
New Hampshire.

—Mrs. J. I. Bosworth of North Attle-
boro is visiting her mother, Mrs. Thomason
on Chestnut street.

—Mr. A. W. Huestis and Mr. R. T.
Haworth are occupying Mr. Everett's new
house on High street.

—Prof. W. H. Pettee of Ann Harbor,
Michigan, is the guest of Mrs. George
Pettee on Pennsylvania avenue.

—Mr. William Hopkins, (Bud Brier) of
the Boston Globe, has returned from a
stay at the Pacific House, Nantasket.

—Mr. William Lamson, formerly of this
place, who is now in the service of the
United States government, came here from
Hartford this week on a visit.

—A large company of friends called at
the house of Mrs. A. M. Cargill on High
street the other night and witnessed the
opening of the night blooming cereus.

—Messrs. John McKenzie, John Thom-
ason, Joshua Randall and William Leonard
of this place, attended the league muster
of the veteran firemen at Portland, yester-
day.

—Thursday evening at the Methodist
parsonage on High street, took place the
marriage of Mr. E. B. Wildman and Miss
Florence Gibson. Rev. F. J. McConnell
officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Wildman will re-
side in Auburndale.

—Mr. Albert Temperley is recovering
from the injuries sustained in a fall from a
ladder at Newton Highlands some weeks
ago. Mr. Temperley is able to sit up each
day, and within a short time it is hoped he
will be able to be out again.

—Mr. Percy Bakeman, formerly of this
place, and now of the U. S. Battleship
Texas, which is undergoing repairs at the
Brooklyn navy yard, was here this week
on a four days' furlough. Mr. Bakeman
was in charge of the gun on the Texas,
which did such damaging work to the
Spanish boat Colon. He related with
much interest his experience during the
thickest of the fight. He saw many men
killed about him. Mr. Bakeman himself
was slightly injured. He brought home
several souvenirs, among them being a
rifle taken from the Colon, and belts,
buttons, etc., belonging to the Spaniards.
Bakeman is a native of this place and has
for several years been in the United States
marine service. On several occasions he
has been commended for life saving and has
received medals for meritorious conduct.
Yesterday he went before the board of
examiners at New York for promotion.
He will be placed on duty at the Charles-
town navy yard, where he will remain a
few months. While here he was royally
entertained by his friends.

His Course.

[From Puck.]

Dingley—Where are you going to spend
your vacation, old man?

Bingley—I'm not going to take any vaca-
tion this year. I'm all broken up, weak,
nervous, and a general wreck. I'm in no
condition to stand a vacation. I shall stay
home and rest.

JUVENILE FIRE FIGHTERS.

BOYS OF WEST NEWTON WITH "TRITON"
NO. 3, WIN THE ADMIRATION OF ALL
DEPARTMENT MEMBERS—DESCRIPTION
OF THIS MINATURE HAND TUB.

Though the city of Newton is unable to
maintain a reserve fire department, such as
many of the larger cities of the country
possess, there is a sturdy little band of
fire fighters in West Newton very willing,
and in a measure quite able, to act in this
capacity. And not a penny would they
ask for their services. To share the glory
and honor with regulars is all they desire
as recompense.

At any hour, day or night, they are
ready to be called upon. As yet the full ex-
tent of their power has to be determined,
but the boys themselves are confident of
great possibilities. With a hand engine
capable of throwing an 80-foot stream
through a three-fourths inch hose, their as-
sistance in extinguishing a fire of ordinary
size might prove of considerable value.
Thus far these young fire fighters have
confined themselves almost exclusively to
brush fires. At Lower Falls some months
ago, however, they were able to assist the
regular department in conquering a pile
of burning railroad ties. This they look upon
as the greatest of their achievements.
Through the constant practice, such as
these boys indulge in regularly, they may
be certain of increasing progress. With the
encouragement of many older people,
they may yet attain the much desired fame
and position of honor among the organiza-
tions of juvenile firemen.

"Triton, Number 3" is the name of this
company. This is in honor of the old hand
engine company of West Newton, whose
record is among the best of older hand
tub departments. In their day the Tritons
were among the leaders. It is the ambition
of their young followers to make them-
selves just as powerful, and for this reason
they have named the engine "like that of
the grandfathers, after the famous demigod
of the sea."

Built after the Hunsenman pattern, such
as was used in Boston some years ago, this
miniature hand tub is a perfect example of
mechanical skill. It is the work of Patrol-
man Albert D. Cole of West Newton. It
was completed in the fall of 1896, though
since that time Mr. Cole has made improve-
ments over the original plans. The pump is
three inches in diameter, and requires a
seven inch stroke. The length over all is
ten feet. In the water works there is not a
bolt, screw or nail. It is constructed en-
tirely of galvanized iron, the different por-
tions soldered together.

The nozzle of the hose is three-eighths of
an inch in diameter. Through this a stream
of 85 feet has been played. The draught
of water is made through seven and one-
half feet of suction. The body of the en-
gine is of yellow, and the trimmings of
yellow and black, with wheels of natural
wood. Altogether it weighs 15 pounds.

With a company of sixteen members to
draw the engine, man the brakes, and
handle the hose, the boys express them-
selves as satisfied that their company is
complete. They have organized, with Mas-
ter Howard E. Cole, four companies. For two
years they have been the envy of all small
boys throughout the city. The apparatus,
which includes a hose reel, is kept in Mr.
Cole's barn at West Newton, and with its
crew make regular trips to a fire in that
vicinity. Promptly are the boys on
hand when the bell is sounded, with an
enthusiasm fully equal to that of the
regulars.

Father Callanan's Great Picnic.

Rev. P. H. Callanan has arranged for a
grand celebration of Labor day, Monday,
September 5, at Newton Lower Falls.
Since Father Callanan has had charge of
St. John's parish he has provided many
opportunities for the enjoyment of his
people, and this time he has taken them to
the neighboring towns. Each and every cele-
bration that has been arranged under his
supervision has been remarkable for the
attractions offered, the large audiences,
a strict adherence to the published pro-
gramme, and an honorable distribution of
prizes offered.

Besides the music and dancing there are
sports, games, races, athletic contests, gay
games, and the grounds are so arranged
as to be brilliantly illuminated so all can
see and there are seats for a thousand
spectators on the grounds and pavilion.
The admission to the grounds is free.
Elevators will be erected on the grounds
and these with two mammoth
pavilions and the Parish hall will afford
shelter for all in case rain should fall.

Labor day has become an established in-
stitution and there is no finer spot for a
day's recreation, no greater attractions to
be found for a day and evening's outing
than the grounds of St. John's parish at
Newton Lower Falls.

Large tents will take place, tug-of-
war contests will take place, and the
divisions of Suffolk and Middlesex and
Norfolk counties, also from the Catholic
diocese of Portland and the city of Colum-
bia. An athletic pavilion accommo-
dating 2000 people has been erected.
Electric cars from all points go direct to
the grounds.

What May Happen.

[From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

"What are the newboys distributing?"
"Alger letters."

"Why doesn't he have them published
in the daily papers?"

"Oh, they've got so common that no
editor will take them."

MARRIED.

ATRINS—SEARS—At Cambridgeport, August
5, by Rev. Geo. H. Spencer, Fayette Harold
ATRINS and Miss Mabel Sears of
Newton.

TULLY—THOMPSON—At Newton Centre,
August 15, by Rev. F. J. McConnell, a
fully and Elizabeth A. Thompson both of
Newton Upper Falls.

WEBSTER—RIGGS—At Newton Centre, July
25, by Rev. Geo. H. Spencer, Fayette Harold
Webster and Olivia Clark Riggs.

WILDMAN—GIBSON—At Newton Upper Falls,
August 11, by Rev. F. J. McConnell, Edward
Blaine Wildman and Florence Isabel Gibson.

DIED.

WARNER—At Newton, Aug. 14, Rebecca War-
ner, widow of John Warner, 59 yrs., 4 mos.,
8 ds.

MERRIAM—At Newton Centre, Aug. 15, Fran-
cine J., son of Charles D. and Christella
Merriam, 9 mos., 12 ds.

JACOBS—At Newton Centre, Aug. 15, Harriet
Carolina, widow of James M. Jacobs, 63 yrs.,
11 mos., 12 ds.

SEELY—At Newton Upper Falls, Aug. 16,
Michael, son of Maurice and Francis Seely,
4 mos., 1 d.

MORTON—At Auburndale, Aug. 12, George M.,
son of John M. and M. C. Morton, 15 yrs., 23
ds.

MACDOUGALL—At Newton Centre, Aug. 11,
Sarah, wife of Angus MacDougall, 45 yrs.

MAHAN—At Newton, Aug. 15, Margaret E.,
daughter of John J. and Margaret A. Mahan,
3 mos., 8 ds.

BURKE—At Newton, Aug. 15, Edward J. Burke,
33 yrs.

MORRIS—At West Newton, Aug. 14, Robert,
son of Matthew and Annie Morris, 1 mo.

HENLEY—At Lower Falls, Aug. 16, Timothy
Henley, 30 yrs.

SKILLINGS—At Newton, Aug. 16, John
McLellan, son of Alexander and Elizabeth
Skillings, 6 mos., 7 ds.

SEWALL—At Newton Upper Falls, Aug. 18,
Edith L., daughter of F. J. and Mable Sewall,
1 mo., 1 d.

ALLEN—At Newton, Aug. 13, Mildred, infant
daughter of Harry D. and Marion B. Allen.

CHINESE GORDON.

Gladstone's Hatred of the General and the
Snub He Gave Him.

Gordon sent a message to Lord Granville
that he would accept, would come to Lon-
don for his instructions and start for
Egypt the next day. He took the first
train, arrived in London on the night of
the 18th and saw Lord Granville. But he
knew as well as anybody that Lord Gran-
ville's was not the deciding mind in these
matters, and he wished to see Mr. Glad-
stone.

Now Mr. Gladstone, be it remembered,
was committing his own fortunes and the
fortunes of his government to General
Gordon. On the success of his enterprise
depended both. It was of almost equal
moment, both to Mr. Gladstone and Gen-
eral Gordon, that they should exchange
views, and that there should be a full un-
derstanding between them. Mr. Glad-
stone in answer to a message sent word
that he was unable to see General Gordon
that evening. Gordon, all impatience as
he was to be off, waited 24 hours. But
during all these four and twenty hours
there was not one which the prime min-
ister found himself able to give his envoy.

In plain words, he refused to see Gen-
eral Gordon, and Gordon left on the eve-
ning of the 19th, having had no interview
with Mr. Gladstone, and no communica-
tion from or with him except through a
third person. The discourtesy to Gordon
was something. But what of the policy?
Did Mr. Gladstone mean to leave himself
in a position to disavow Gordon? It is a
hard supposition; but, in view of what
followed, is it unjust? There is but one
other—that his repugnance to meeting the
man whose help he was not too proud to
accept was unconquerable. We all know
what followed.

If this story seems incredible, I can only
say that I have it from Mr. Gladstone's
own lips that he never saw Gordon.—
"Mr. Gladstone," by George W. Smailey,
in Harper's Magazine.

VALUABLE WASTE.

The Refuse of Photograph Galleries Turn-
ed to Good Account.

"Refiners of nitrate of silver for the use
of photographers," said a man engaged in
this line of business in New York to a re-
porter recently, "have agents traveling
constantly all over the United States col-
lecting the waste clippings of sensitized
paper that accumulate in every photo-
graphic gallery. They buy all they can
find and pay for it in new nitrate, allow-
ing the photographers a good round price
for his waste."

The waste is shipped to the refiners,
where the nitrate in the paper is separated
from it by chemical processes and prepared
for market again. This re-refined nitrate
is as good as it was originally and is sold
for just as much. The refiners of course
make a big profit out of the waste, and the
photographer is able to get a good supply
of material for the old scraps that would
otherwise be of no use to him.

"When one thinks of the great number
of photograph galleries and studios in this
country and the fact that the waste paper
of them all is closely gathered by the re-
finers at a price that will average \$1 a
pound, he may get some idea of the prop-
ortion of a business that is utterly un-
known outside the persons directly inter-
ested in the trade. Not only the scraps of
silver sensitized papers, but those of the
paper treated with a solution of gold, are
eagerly sought by the refiners, and the
photographer is always very willing to ex-
change his accumulation of to him, worth-
less waste for a new stock of valuable ni-
trate."—Washington Star.

An Age of Largeness.

Nothing is more characteristic of the age
than the large units of its enterprise, says
Seth Low in The Atlantic. A single build-
ing today will hold as many tenants as a
block of buildings in the beginning of the
century, a single bridge of our time will
cost as much as 20 bridges of the earlier
day, and so one might go through the en-
tire catalog of private and public under-
takings. But size often makes simple
things difficult. Any one building a house
in the country, when he has dug a well,
has solved the problem of his water sup-
ply, but to supply water for a great city
calls for the outlay of millions of dollars
and for the employment of the best engi-
neering talent in the land. Yet nothing
has happened except that the problem has
become magnified. Thus the difficulties
created by the multiplication of tasks are
very real, so that the very enlargement of
opportunity that democracy has brought
with it has faced democracy with problems
far harder than were formerly presented
to any government.

The Nice Young Man.

It is quite useless for either man or
woman to expect perfection. The man
who will not marry until he gets this
must necessarily remain unmarried. He
is a sour grayer, hanging by a twig of ob-
stinacy on a wall of great expectations,
and the only thing to be said in his favor
is that he has missed the opportunity of
making some woman miserable. A young
man once said to a friend: "I am not go-
ing to give myself away when I marry.
The fortunate girl who gets me must have
three qualifications. 'What are these?'
"She must be handsome, rich and a fool."
"Why all that?" "Well, she must be hand-
some, or else I won't have her. She must
be rich, or else I won't have her. She must
be a fool, or else she won't have me."
—Chambers' Journal.

Margaret Fuller's Good Shot.

Mrs. Horace Greeley had a strong antipathy
to kid gloves and never wore them
on any occasion. One day, it is said, she
met Margaret Fuller on the street and in-
stead of greeting her with any usual salu-
tation she touched Margaret's hand with a
shudder, exclaiming: "Skin of a beast!
Skin of a beast!"

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Mar-
garet in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"Skin," returned Mrs. Greeley, "skin al-
ways."

Margaret touched her hand and shud-
dered, saying: "Entrails of a worm! En-
trails of a worm!"—Exchange.

Cremation in Norway.

Norway has a law dealing with crema-
tion. According to the act, every person
over 15 years of age can be cremated after
death if he or she has made a declaration
in the presence of two witnesses. For
those under 15 a declaration on the part of
the parents is necessary. The police, the
medical registrar and the doctors in at-
tendance on the deceased have also to fur-
nish written testimony as to the cause of
death before a body can be incinerated.

Matrimonial "Mark Down."

She—You used to give me \$100 when-
ever I asked you.

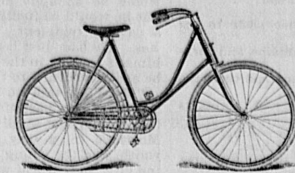
He—Well?

And now I only get \$98. Have I been
marked down in your affections?"—Cin-
cinnati Enquirer.

1898 NEW MAIL.

17th YEAR

LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

Men's and Ladies' Patterns, Highest Quality
with all Latest Improvements.

BARGAINS. We are closing out a small lot of \$85.00 Wheels, entirely new at \$25.00 each; also a lot of \$20.00 each. Best bargains in Boston to-day.
GOLF GOODS. Have taken agency for the celebrated D. Anderson, St. Andrews & Scotland, make of Clubs, with Texa shaft and unbreakable head. These are used by professionals, as by the Texa shaft the longest drives are obtained. Henley & Silvertown Balls at \$2.50 per doz. Send for catalogue.

WM. READ & SONS, 107 Washington St., Boston.

Real Estate **Newton**
Estate **Newtonville**
— IN —
Mortgages **West Newton**
Insurance **Auburndale**

Special Attention paid to Sale and Leasing of
Estates in the above villages.

Representatives of All the Leading Insurance Companies.

J. C. FULLER, Newtonville.

J. FRENCH & SON, Tremont Building, 73 Tremont St. Boston. Rooms 650 & 651.

An Old Firm in
New QuartersCHURCHILL & BEAN,
Tailors,

Have Removed to No. 41 Temple Place, Boston.

Elevator at 37.

WEARING SOLDIER CLOTHES.

No Law to Prevent Anybody From Don-
ning an Army Uniform.

NEWTONVILLE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.
—Mrs. M. N. Coleman is enjoying a two weeks' stay in East Boston.

—Mr. Dorkendorf of Walnut street is in Maine for a three weeks' stay.

—Miss Marion Fisher of Walker street is enjoying her vacation in Maine.

—Don't forget Clapp's special sale, low prices on shoes, Associates' block.

—Mrs. Charles Johnson of Washington is enjoying a week's outing at Nantasket.

—Mr. Walter Cunningham left Thursday for Maine where he will pass his vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. McMan of Cabot street are at Northampton for a stay.

—Mr. A. J. Dodge returned this week from Nova Scotia where he passed his vacation.

—Among the guests registered at Hotel Pemberton, Hull, last week, was Mr. W. H. Claffin.

—Dr. Otis E. Hunt of Walnut street is enjoying a few weeks' vacation at Poland Springs.

—Mr. and Mrs. Dustin Lancy of Lowell are at Duxbury, where they will make a short stay.

—The lights on the bridges over the B. & A. road are much appreciated by the pedestrians.

—Mr. A. R. Mitchell of Walnut street was here from Poland Springs for a short stay this week.

—Mr. George Estabrook and family of Austin street are at Beverly for a few weeks' stay.

—Mrs. Frank W. Pray and family of Court street have returned after a few weeks' vacation.

—Mr. F. E. Macomber is enjoying his vacation at Winthrop. He registers at the Leighton House.

—The improvements on Mr. George F. Williams house on Washington park are nearly completed.

—Mr. and Mrs. William F. Kimball of Harvard street were home from Point Allerton this week.

—Miss Helen Gaudet of Washington street has returned from Maine, where she passed her vacation.

—Miss Ethel Sampson of Washington street has returned from Maine, where she passed her vacation.

—Mrs. N. H. Brown of Walnut street left this week for Maine where she will remain until September.

—Mr. Quimby, ex-Minister to the Netherlands is the guest of Mrs. Wentworth at her home on Foster street.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Wetherell of Walnut street are summering at Jackson, N. H. They stop at Gray's Inn.

—Mr. H. W. Calder of Austin street returned this week from New Hampshire where he passed his vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Nash of Court street returned this week from Boothbay, where they passed their vacation.

—Mrs. J. D. Billings and Master Harold Billings left this week for Maine where they will enjoy several weeks' stay.

—Mrs. Alfred Pierce of Clyde street is a guest at the Bellevue Hotel, Interlaken, N. H. where she will remain until September.

—Miss E. Addie Brooke has returned after a three weeks' vacation spent at the Goose Rocks House, Kennebunkport, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Patterson of Newtonville have returned from Heniker, N. H., where they passed several weeks.

—Rev. Wm. L. Worcester of Philadelphia will preach at the Highland avenue church next Sunday morning. All are welcome.

—The poultry house of James Page on Washington park was entered some time Monday night and several hens and roosters stolen.

—You can buy woman's button and lace boots, small sizes, 2 1/2 to 4, at \$1 and \$1.50, former price \$2.50 to \$4.50, at Clapp's, Newtonville.

—Mrs. Henry M. Soule and Master Howard Soule of Brooks avenue have returned from Intervale, N. H., where they enjoyed a month's stay.

—Don't fail to get a pair of those fine russet and black low shoes, formerly \$3.50 and \$4.00, now \$2.50. Clapp's, Associates' block, Newtonville.

—There are letters remaining in the post office for M. J. Thackes, Mrs. Daniel Dugan, Appleton street, Mrs. H. H. Stannard, 4 Washington park.

—Mr. and Mrs. William P. Soule of Walker street are enjoying a two weeks' vacation in Maine. They will visit Rockland and Little Deer Isle.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Cahey and Miss Hattie Calver returned this week from Plymouth, N. H., where they enjoyed a month's stay.

—Mr. Fred H. Keyes was out yesterday with his new boat "Teh." She is a very graceful craft, designed and built by the owner, who is well known here.

—Mr. Arthur Corrigan who was manager of the Linden Farm Creamery has given up the store in Partridge's block and will conduct the business from his residence in West Newton.

—Baby carriages wanted.—Several baby carriages, even if considerably worn, could be disposed of by the associated charities and also by the district nurse. Many of the little people are reported as ill and, to hasten the convalescence it is necessary to keep them in the open air.

—Mrs. M. A. B. Allen and daughter of Washington terrace returned this week after a two months' tour in Europe. They visited many of the noted cities and enjoyed a sail down the Rhine and across the Mediterranean, leaving Naples on the Kaiser William for New York. Miss Allen went in the interest of her prof. Betti of Italy.

—The sad news of the death of Henry J. Preston, Jr., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Preston of Minot place, was received this week. Deceased was twenty-three years of age. He was a Newtonville boy and was a graduate of the Newton schools. He died at the summer home at Falmouth, Monday afternoon, after a few weeks' sickness. The funeral was held Wednesday from the residence at Falmouth.

—Messrs. H. F. Ross, Louis Ross, Arthur Field, Walker H. P. Foster and Edward E. Howard have returned home after a cruise in Mr. H. F. Ross' yacht "Clocia." Two weeks were consumed in cruising along the coast of Maine and New Brunswick. The following is taken from the column of the Bangor Daily News: "Eastport, Aug. 9.—The pretty yacht Clocia, Capt. Holden of Boston, was in the harbor Sunday after a visit to St. John, N. B., and other Canadian ports. The yacht is 75 feet in length and owned by H. F. Ross of Newtonville, Mass., who was on board with guests. Several of the party were in the city during the day, previous to their departure for Portland and other cities along the coast. The Clocia arrived in Passamaquoddy Bay Saturday evening after a very rough trip, and in passing near Point Lepreau, half way to St. John, narrowly escaped being swamped in the big sea. Two bags of coal, containing 250 pounds each, several brooms, mops, etc., were washed off the deck, and one of the anchors was carried along, striking the pilot house with great force and making a

hole in it. The trip was full of excitement."

—Patrolman Dearborn is filling Officer Soule's place during the latter's absence.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Mercer of Wilmington are the guests of friends here for a few weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Messenger of New York are the guests of friends here prior to a trip through Canada.

—Mrs. Alexander Griswold and Master Chester H. Griswold of Foster street left today for Kearsarge Village, N. H.

WEST NEWTON.

—Miller pianos, Farley, Newton.

—Mr. Henry Bixby is at Chatham for a few weeks' vacation.

—Miss Adams of Lenox street is away for a few weeks' stay.

—Mr. H. L. Burrage is among the guests at Hotel Pemberton, Hull.

—Miss Helen Hunt of Webster street is summering at Green Harbor.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Felton are at Barre, Vt., for their summer outing.

—Patrolman Wm. Butler is enjoying his annual vacation of two weeks.

—Mr. Ralph Chase of Hillside avenue has returned from his vacation.

—Driver Fogwell of engine 2 company is enjoying his annual vacation.

—Mr. J. S. Alley of Prince street was in town for a short stay this week.

—Among the summer residents at Chatham is Mr. Trainer of this place.

—Patrolman Richard Kite has returned to duty after a two weeks' vacation.

—Mr. H. A. Luman and family of Perkins street are summering at West Sutton.

—Mr. John C. Ayres of River street is passing a few weeks at Portland, Me.

—Mr. Edward Kimball of Henshaw street is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

—Miss Carrie Lovett of Mt. Vernon street is away for a few weeks' vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Pratt of Highland street left this week for a month's outing.

—Mrs. Edward Fisher and children are enjoying a few weeks at York Beach, Me.

—John Elliot Lodge A. O. U. W. will hold its regular meeting Wednesday evening.

—Mr. Henry Cate of Highland avenue is enjoying a few weeks vacation at Chatham.

—Mr. W. J. Patterson is at Winthrop for his vacation. He stops at the Shirley House.

—Mr. George Hatch of Watertown street is at Kennebunkport for a few weeks' vacation.

—Mr. Rufus H. Dalton and family of Chestnut street are away for two weeks' vacation.

—Mr. Harry Crafts of River street returns from Chatham Monday, after a month's stay.

—Mr. Murdock J. Brison of Watertown street is reported as convalescing after a serious illness.

—Mr. and Mrs. Albert Metcalf and Miss Metcalf made a short stay at Wentworth Hall, Jackson, N. H.

—Mrs. J. L. Stoddard and son of Highland street have returned after several weeks' stay on the cape.

—Mrs. Claffin and family of Elm street have returned from New Hampshire, where they passed several weeks.

—Mr. C. A. Wyman and family of Temple street are at Camden, Me., for the remainder of the warm season.

—Miss Eva Stacy of Henshaw street has returned from Methuen where she enjoyed a three weeks' vacation.

—Mr. John A. Potter and family of Waltham street left this week for their summer residence at Point Allerton.

—Dr. John W. Pomfret and family of Eden avenue have returned from Byfield, where they passed several weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. MacHenry Robinson, formerly of this place, now of Dorchester, made a short stay here this week.

—The local branch of the American Legion of Honor will meet Tuesday evening in Metcalf's studio, Chestnut street.

—Messrs. Milo and Frank Lucas of Webster place left this week for New Hampshire where they will pass several weeks.

—Mrs. B. M. Katelle and family of Berkeley street have returned from Whitman's crossing, where they passed several weeks.

—Mrs. Walter W. Bruce and children of Washington street left this week for Bath, Me., where they will remain until September.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Barker and family of Washington street are at Rosebrook Inn, Bethlehem, N. H., for a short stay.

—Mr. and Mrs. Herman A. Packard of Valentine street have returned from New Hampshire, where they passed several weeks.

—Mrs. Charles H. Stacy and Miss Ida Stacy returned Monday from North Sandwich, N. H., where they passed several weeks.

—Mrs. B. L. Shattuck of Bethlehem, N. H., for the remainder of the warm season. She is a guest at the Jackson Falls House.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Ferry and Miss Harriet Ferry of Berkeley street are making their summer residence at the Crawford House.

—Miss Minnie McBride, Cherry street, and Miss Stasia Peters of Washington street, left Monday for Old Orchard beach, where they will pass their vacation.

—Mrs. Richard Rowe and Miss Alice T. H. Rowe are registered at the Jackson Falls House, Jackson, N. H., where they will remain until the middle of next month.

—At the 33rd annual summer outing of 32nd regiment Association held last Saturday at Nantasket Beach, Col. I. F. Kingsbury was present and spoke at the banquet.

—Arthur Aherne, the 7-year-old son of William Aherne of Washington street, while playing in the street last Sunday morning, was run over by a heavy wagon, and had his right hip broken. He was taken to the Newton Hospital.

—Miss Madeline Ellis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Olin Ellis, celebrated her eighth birthday recently at her home on Waltham street. She entertained about fifteen little friends. Games were enjoyed followed by music and dancing. A dainty collation was served.

—A horse and carriage owned and driven by Mr. F. W. Farley of Lexington street, Waltham, was run down on Margin street about 4.30 o'clock Monday afternoon by two unknown men in an express wagon. The wheel of the carriage was wrenched, and the top badly damaged.

—The announcement has been recently made that Mr. Henry N. DeNormandie will join Messrs. Nathaniel F. Allen and Janet F. Allen in conducting the West Newton English and Classical school the coming season. Mr. DeNormandie was the founder and proprietor of the Maplebank Home school at Danvers, Mass., and is a most

successful educator. He is the nephew of Rev. James DeNormandie of Roxbury.

—Mrs. Lovell of Parsons street is away for a few weeks.

—Miss Merriam of Perkins street has returned after a month's outing.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. Franklin Fuller have returned from their summer outing.

—Master Stafford Hobbs of Temple street is making a short stay at Nantasket.

—Mr. and Mrs. Mercer of Otis street have returned from their summer outing.

—Mrs. Mary Bacon of Prospect street has returned home after a month's outing.

—Miss Mabel Glazier of River street is at Meredith, N. H., for a few weeks.

—Mr. Joshua Blake of Cherry street has returned after a few weeks' vacation.

—Mrs. B. S. Hatch and son of Watertown street are in Maine for a few weeks' outing.

—Mr. R. S. Gorham and family of Prince street have returned after a summer outing.

—Mrs. J. W. Yeaton of Warren avenue is enjoying a few weeks in New Hampshire.

—Mr. W. D. Foster of Lenox street has returned after several months' stay in the West.

—Mr. H. W. Crafts of River street was in Portland, Me., for a few days this week.

—Mrs. French of Castleton is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson of Watertown street.

—Rev. E. P. Burt of Lincoln park has returned from a month's vacation in Nova Scotia.

—Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Langley of Cherry street have returned after a few weeks' outing.

—Mrs. William H. Magne of Chestnut street has returned after two weeks at the seashore.

—Mr. A. J. Patterson, Jr., of Parsons street, has returned after a few weeks' trip in Maine.

—Mrs. C. Barton Abbey of River street is the guest of relatives in Worcester for a few weeks.

—Mr. Walter Davis and family of Shaw street are at York Beach, Me., for a summer outing.

—Mrs. Harry A. Glazier and daughter of River street are at Hudson for a few weeks' stay.

—Miss Gertrude Eager of Otis street returned this week after a month's stay at the seashore.

—Mrs. S. N. Waters of Webster park is home for a week from her summer home at West Sutton.

—Miss Addie Carr of Somerville is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred T. Burgess of Eden avenue.

—Mrs. Stone of Webster Park has returned from the country, where she passed several weeks.

—Mrs. George T. Lincoln and family of Lenox street have returned from their summer outing.

—Mrs. Secomb and Miss Addie Secomb of Perkins street are in New York for a few weeks' stay.

—Mr. Charles Fisher and family of Webster street are at York Beach, Me., for a few weeks' outing.

—Mr. J. J. Davis and family of Margin street have returned from Plymouth after a two weeks' stay.

—Mrs. Warren Kilburn of Waltham street and Mrs. J. Franklin Fuller are away for a few weeks.

—Mr. E. E. Hurd of Watertown street has returned from Hartland, Me., where he passed several weeks.

—Mrs. William G. Bell of Shaw street has returned from the mountains, where she passed several weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. George A. Walton returned Saturday from Vermont, where they passed several weeks.

—Mrs. John Mead of Hillside avenue has returned this week from Buffalo, N. Y., where she passed several weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson of Watertown street leave to-morrow for Highgate, Vt., where they will remain until September.

—Mr. Arthur Corrigan has given up his store at Newtonville and will continue his business from his residence on Watertown street.

—Miss Alice Walton of Chestnut street has returned after a few weeks at Gloucester. She leaves again for Sheffield, where she will make a short stay.

—Miss Alice Morton of Webster street accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Hornblower of Arlington to Marblehead Neck, where they will remain until September.

—Following is the list of letters remaining in the post office: Capt. Frank Brown, Miss Annie Cullen, Mrs. Craig, Miss Mary Murphy, Mr. Frank Winslow, Mrs. Willey.

—Newton's Veteran Firemen were in evidence at the grand muster held in Portland, yesterday, and captured sixth prize, throwing a stream 208 feet, 4 1/2 inches. Lynn took the first, and Waltham was tenth in the list.

—Mrs. Alice Hood died Friday at her home in Ashland after a long illness. The funeral took place Monday from the residence of her daughter Mrs. Parks, corner of Washington and Putnam streets, West Newton. Rev. C. M. Tomblin of Ashland officiated at the service. The interment was in Newton cemetery.

AUBURNDALE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.

—Mr. V. A. Pluta is away on his annual vacation.

—Mr. Gordon Wetherbee is spending his vacation in Nova Scotia.

—Patrolman Fred Elwell is enjoying his annual vacation of two weeks.

—Mr. Charles Pickard and family have returned from an outing in Maine.

—Mr. C. F. Hall and family are spending a portion of the summer at Winthrop.

—Mrs. W. P. Thorn has returned from Lynn, where she has been the guest of relatives.

—Alderman and Mrs. W. F. Hadlock have gone to Buxton's Island, Me., to spend several weeks.

—Mr. Louis Robinson returned this week to Schenectady, N. Y., after a visit to relatives in this place.

—Mr. George O. Almy has returned to his home on Woodbine street after a two weeks' vacation in New Hampshire.

—Patrolman and Mrs. John Quilty of West Pine street are receiving the congratulations of friends on the birth of a son.

—Already poles for the Lexington street branch of the Newton street railway have been laid on the east side of Lexington street from River street to Walcott street. The rails are to be laid immediately.

—The Misses May and Marion Chapin are expected to return the latter part of the week, from a visit of nearly six weeks, to relatives and friends in Michigan. They have visited at Plainwell, Grosse Pointe, Traverse City, Atwood and Petoskey; and they write to friends here that they have been most cordially welcomed, and delightfully entertained at each and every place. The young ladies have a host

of friends here, who will be glad to welcome them home again.

—Miss E. B. Tyler has returned from Siasconset.

—Mr. George Bourne has returned from Portland, Me.

—Mr. George Keyes returned this week from Quincy, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Farley have a second son, born Tuesday.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Wildman have taken a house on Ash street.

—Mrs. Norton and family have returned to their home on Hancock street.

—Miss S. G. Mosman of Commonwealth avenue is spending several weeks at Centre Hill, Me.

—Miss Alice C. Jennings is the guest of her nephew, Prof. Parker of Yale, at Vineyard Haven.

—Rev. and Mrs. Southgate have returned from York and have gone to Cottage City and Nantucket.

—Mr. George Johnson, clerk at Keyes' drug store, leaves next week for an extended western trip.

—There are letters in the post office for Miss Conant of Laurel avenue, and Prof. Alfonso Adams.

—Mrs. W. E. Thayer and Master Thayer of Ash street left this week for an outing at South Weymouth.

—Rev. and Mrs. Winsor have left Auburn for the present. They will go later to Clifton Springs.

—Mr. George Johnson, of the firm of Johnson & Keyes, is spending a portion of the summer at York Beach, Me.

—Mr. and Mrs. Peabody, who occupy the Estabrook homestead on Central street, are congratulated on the birth of a daughter.

—Among those from this place who attended the Veteran Firemen's muster at Portland, yesterday, were Messrs. D. O'Donnell, F. Washburn and P. A. McVickar.

—The building on Lexington street occupied by George Johnson and Johnson & Keyes, is being moved back several feet, so that it may not obstruct the path of the proposed widening of Lexington street. The sheds in the rear are being turned about to face the boulevard. The work of moving other buildings and obstructions will soon commence.

—Recent arrivals at the Woodland Park hotel are: Mrs. Edward E. Hardy, Miss F. Hardy, Miss Thompson, Auburn; Mr. C. J. Clark, Boston; Mr. N. A. Southwick, New York; J. R. Copeland, Montreal; J. M. Mackie, Boston; Mrs. Joseph V. Jordan, Miss Jordan, Newburg, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Johnson, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Thompson, Chicago.

WABAN.

—Miss Hattie Severance is visiting friends in Dublin, N. H.

—Charles Flint left Tuesday on his bicycle for Nashua, N. H., to be gone some time.

—Dr. Lawrence Strong sails for Antwerp, Germany, this week, where he will study for a year.

—Station Agent Howard Crandall of Woodland has rented the suite over Mr. E. W. Conant's grocery store and will occupy.

—Benjamin Jewett, painters and decorators, and found on Centre street, are painting the school house here a very attractive color.

—Mr. W. C. Strong returned last week from the West, where he has been the past two months. He enjoyed his trip very much.

—Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Roscoe have returned from the Adirondack Mountains. Mr. Roscoe is very much improved in health.

—On invitation of the organist of one of the Episcopal churches of Salem, Mr. T. R. Raymond rendered several solos there last Sunday. He received a cordial invitation to sing again sometime.

SPANISH POSTOFFICES.

Queer and Unsatisfactory Ways They Have of Handling the Mails.

A foreigner in Spain sees many irregularities, especially in the postoffices. At Potes, a village of 1,200 inhabitants in northern Spain, the postmaster was an old man, who was usually found asleep and resented being stirred up to deliver a letter. In the larger postoffices the height of confusion is reached, because letters are put into pigeonholes, alphabetically arranged, according to the fancy of the postmaster.

"Mr. John Smith," says Dr. Gadow in his "Northern Spain," "will on inquiry probably be told there is nothing for him, because the letter is safely lodged under J, the postmaster having mistaken Smith for an additional surname. But John Smith, Esq., will as likely be relegated to E, and unless the postmaster is amicably inclined, your letter has a good chance of remaining there until the quarterly or annual clearance, when it may be returned through the dead letter office. I say may because such letters are considered troublesome and have a knack of disappearing."

Dr. Gadow, having obtained an introduction to the postmaster of Potes and exchanged compliments with him, was invited to look through his shelves and take his choice. He came across a letter addressed to a gentleman in Cabezón, a town at some distance from Potes. On asking why it had not been sent on he received this startling answer: "That man is a foreigner, is he not? Well, numbers of strangers come to Potes, and he is as likely to turn up here as at Cabezón!"

At San Sebastian Dr. Gadow called at the postoffice twice for a registered letter containing a remittance from his banker and was assured that nothing had arrived. On procuring a note from the English consul, the letter was forthcoming with the excuse that the post had just come in. He pointed out that the local postmark was five days old; then the post

BECAUSE A BIRD SANG.

Because a bird sang ere the raindrops were dry
Or sunbeams had driven the clouds from the sky
A dark life was brightened, a faint heart made strong,
For trustful and glad were the tones of that song.
He sang till he quickened a hope that was dead
By singing that song on the roof of the shed.
The hope had been buried so long that I deemed
'Twas only some beautiful thing I had dreamed.
It quickened and started and wakened once more
And filled with the visions that charmed me of yore.
So gladsome the tune and the words that he said
(That bird in his song on the roof of the shed),
He sang and he warbled, "Oh, longing heart,
Wait!"
Though dim is the future, yet kindly is fate,
Believe it and trust it, oh, mortal, to be
Replete with the dearest of treasures for thee."
So hope has arisen, and doubting is fled.
Because of that song from the roof of the shed.
—Hilda Muirhead in Ladies' Home Journal.

THE MAIL CARRIER.

It was a September morning in southern Colorado. Nothing could tempt Miss Van Laer out until the mail came, and she had been looking from her window for some time before the sound of a shrill whistle, followed by an intermittent beat of hoofs, announced the carrier's approach. Dave Stillman clattered up on the board walk and drew rein. The girl came down the path with rustle of skirt and airy grace of motion, and though she smiled and called out a gay "good morning," the carrier, without as much as touching the sombrero which darkened his face, merely held out some letters and answered the greeting briefly.

"The mail was glanced over quickly, and the girl showed no impatience to break a single seal. When she looked up under the sombrero again, the sun danced so sparklingly in her eyes that she raised a hand to shade them and thus caught more distinctly the expression on Dave's face. It was peculiarly unemotional, much as though a contemplative image sat upon the face of a man who had lived long on the prairie.

"What an air of leisure!" she cried. "Have you no more mail to deliver?" "Yes, mistress, yes—three bags full." Dave spoke in a tone of singsong recitative, and the girl laughed merrily. "You are a black sheep, then?" she inquired. "I shan't tell you. You danced with me last night, you know." Dave's contemplative eyes had lighted up, and he pushed his sombrero back on his head. He even smiled, and the effect was almost transforming.

"Well, perhaps you'd better not tell me, for I enjoyed that dance." There was open, light-hearted challenge in the girl's look, and a quick, daring light in the man's eyes responded. He started to speak, but closed his lips suddenly and only remarked, "It was a pretty good party, wasn't it?" Yet through every drop of blood in his body Dave remembered that dance. Its brief, dainty, marked for him an experience almost painfully exquisite. That sweet, bewildering, tantalizing mystery of womanhood which stood laughing there before him, as free and elusive now as the wind which pulled at her skirts and ruffled her hair, had been last night a thing caught and held; the sweetness of her within touch, the mystery and the bewilderment, felt with a piercing nearness almost unbearable. The broncho, as the reins jerked suddenly started forward, but was promptly reined in. "I'll be around for you tomorrow afternoon," Dave said, and then the dust of his making rose rudely about the girl. She looked after him with quizzical brows uplifted. She was thinking: "Well, he's a typical character, at all events. He'll do capitally." Some changing mood drifted over her face, but she seemed to drive it away with a disdainful "Pshaw!" and walked smilingly toward the town.

Las Armas was a place of interest to Miss Van Laer because of what she termed its "local coloring," for the girl, though she had done little as yet, had literary aspirations and was determined to find, beside health, material for her pen in Las Armas. The editor of a New York paper had already accepted an article describing the place itself, and she had been asked to send him a sketch of some typical character. Now, as she walked, the mind of Miss Van Laer was so full of the subject of this sketch that when she returned home she sat down and wrote it.

In beginning her work she frowned, and even flushed, though there was none to see. She said to herself: "Nonsense, there is no question of loyalty. I will describe him as he seemed to me at first. Besides no one who reads it will ever see him." Although something of a caricature, the sketch when finished was unmistakable. It described the mail carrier of Las Armas, and to make him stand out the more clearly as a type some of Dave's characteristics were exaggerated a trifle—small inaccuracies of speech and a certain crudeness of manner. He really danced well, but it was far more typical of the place to represent him as awkward, since almost every one else at the hall had been. To help her work she lived over again the dance with him, and her cheeks were crimson as she drove the pen ahead. But the mail carrier stood out at last, with a picturesque personality beyond any other, and the sketch was posted before nightfall.

The next day was Sunday, and Dave came as he had promised, with a rough road wagon, and Miss Van Laer driving over the prairie. "Just as if we were ranch people," the girl had suggested, and she even wore a sunbonnet exactly like those she had seen the ranch people wear when they drove to town in their great white covered wagons. She had borrowed it of her landlady, and it in nowise detracted from her charm. Dave looked into its depth without comment, but he was very happy.

Dave Stillman was not a talkative man, but something in those happy eyes which shone from the depths of the old sunbonnet drew him out of himself. He told the girl some of his mining and ranching experiences, and of the long illness which had led to his present work. "That fever left me fit for nothing but carrying mail," he said, "but I'm all right now and am going to strike out again for myself. And when I make my pile I'm going back east."

Miss Van Laer started. "Going back east! Why, where is your home?" "In Boston. Never would guess it, would you?" He laughed heartily. "Well, the life I've led does roughen a man up some, I suppose. Don't know that any of my old classmates would know me even."

"Did you go to Harvard?" the girl asked hesitatingly.

"Yes, I graduated ten years ago and came out here as a mining engineer. The mining seemed a sure thing then, and I was making money. So I saved up and

plunged on my own account. Everything was humming and kept right on for some time. The more I made the more I invested. Then the slump came. It isn't much of a story, is it?"

But Miss Van Laer thought it was. She sat silently by the side of the mail carrier and tried to realize this new conception of him. Phase after phase of her article, describing and caricaturing the man, came to her mind, and the color blazed out on her face. Dave, however, took comfort from her silence. To him it was eloquent of interest and sympathy. He leaned nearer and said gently: "It isn't much of a story, but that's the past. I'm young yet and strong as ever now. I could do anything if I—"

There was a pregnant pause. He was going faster than seemed wise. "If I had the right incentive, you know?" Ending thus, he made an abrupt transition of thought by pointing to a rugged mountain peak and remarking that he had been lost up there once in a snowstorm. The story of his adventure followed and launched them on the safe stream of narration. When the two drove back into Las Armas, the sun was just dropping behind Taylor's peak, and the quiet of a day's ending was enfolding the town.

Miss Van Laer did not write up her drive over the prairie. There were no words within her reach which could portray the wonder of it. Her thoughts heeled on a gleaming line of mountain peaks as on the pathway to some heavenly city, and the white glory of the Spanish peaks seemed as the portals thereof, revealed for them alone. The generous wrapping of the warm sunshine, the tender touch and trail of each passing cloud shadow, had been for them also. All, all was a part of something which others could not know—the same old earth, but with the eyes of a new birth turned upon it.

Dave Stillman's broncho stopped of his own accord now outside one house on the route, and if those who lived farther on did not complain because of mails delayed no credit is due the carrier.

It was morning and nearing midday. Miss Van Laer stood at her window watching, and Dave's whistle sounded down the street. As the carrier drew near the girl came leisurely down the path to meet him. Dave first handed her several letters from New York. Then he pushed his sombrero farther back on his head and surveyed the girl with mocking, curious eyes.

From the lips that smiled at him there dropped a laughing "Well?" "Here's a paper, too," he said and handed it over with deliberate care. "I didn't know you were a writer."

The girl felt a frightened movement at her heart and drew breath quickly. She glanced at the paper she held and then could not lift her eyes from it. Why, what do you mean? Her effort to express surprised indifference was a flat failure. Perhaps she blushed for that. The words had faltered out as though she were a scolded child.

"Oh, that sketch of me, you know! It's really very clever." "That sketch of you? Oh, surely you don't think—" "Please don't, Miss Van Laer." His voice was grave, almost threatening. It seemed to end the sentence. "Don't lie about it," but certainly the words were not spoken.

"How did you see it?" "Oh, I didn't open yours," he laughed. "I got one of my own. A cousin of mine who lives in New York knows I carry mail here, and he thought it was a good joke on me. I heard from him yesterday. Of course he didn't think it was really meant for me. You call your town El Moro, and he says the mail carrier there must be the very image of his own dear cousin."

The girl trembled with helpless mortification and pain. This light mocking was worse than anger. It played in the man's quick hazel eyes and froze all the warmth out of them. Miss Van Laer looked in his face, and even as she read the coldness there she read also as in a flash the secret of her own emotion. It was a cruel moment for such a revelation. The swift illumination of her thought had separated the mail carrier, in her mind, from all the rest of the world. Now from her also he was suddenly remote. Drawing nearer the horse, she laid her hand on the saddle and looked up with quivering fortitude.

"Please forgive me. I could not do it now. It is not as you seem to me now at all." Although her voice ended in a pitiful break, Dave regarded her calmly. "Yes," he said slowly, "I suppose I do seem different to you since you know that I'm a college chap and all that, but I did not tell you for the sake of making an impression. I told you because—well, because you seemed interested, and it doesn't really make a particle of difference, you know. Friendship is friendship all the same, and that's—"

He touched the paper, she held with the butt of his whip—his idea of friendship! I didn't know you were looking around for material, or I wouldn't have given myself so cheap. How much did you get for that?" The girl's eyes had fallen from his face. Tears welled in them and overflowed. "Please don't!" "Well, I think you might divvy up, you know, but I don't press that point. You'll need lots of material around here. I guess, and can make capital out of all the folks you meet. But that kind of vivisection, as I say, isn't just my idea of friendship. Well, goodbye, Miss Van Laer. I guess I've given you about enough literary material."

The broncho was about to start off, but the girl laid a hand on the bit. Her head was thrown back, and her eyes flashed into his. "No, no!" she cried. "You have already given me more! I can write now that the mail carrier of Las Armas is ungenerous and cruel; that—"

She paused for words which would cut deep. "That the poor fellow loved the girl from New York!" Dave broke in, throwing the words at her bitterly.

But at this the girl's face became transformed, and as he gazed at her the defiant mood of the man changed to one of incredulous wonder. She had drawn closer to the broncho's side and was looking up at Dave with a light in her eyes like the soft, steady glow of dawn. The man felt bewildered. He leaned nearer, breathing quickly.

"And the girl from New York," began Miss Van Laer softly. Then she paused. "Say it!" cried Dave. He felt indeed that it could not be true and longed for the very words.

But the girl's eyes had quivered and fallen from the hold of his. "Indeed I won't!" she murmured.—Exchange.

Hopeful Glean.

Mrs. Becky—Dear, oh, dear, my cold's getting worse and worse! I'm getting so I can't talk. I wonder what I'd better do. Mr. Becky (absently)—For goodness' sake, don't do anything!—Cleveland Leader.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

I gave her back her promise and released her. Each tender letter with it returned. She sent me back the ring, and all was over. (The letters that I wrote her she had burned). She took back every word that she had spoken and begged that I consider them unsaid. Our short engagement then so soon was broken. The dream of love was over, here was dead. And then she made me go—the weak voice faltered—

—On that more of wild, impassioned bliss— Her eyes met mine, they fell, her proud lip quivered. She asked, and I returned each cherished kiss. —Detroit Free Press.

COLUMBIA'S PLUCK.

Columbia was her name—Columbia Alpin. "I know it's queer," she used to explain, "for strangers, when they're introduced, always stare at me as if I were some sort of foreigner, when I'm not, thank goodness! But it's the name I've got, and I'm going to try to live up to it."

So Columbia was nothing if not patriotic, and her name, however odd, didn't seem inappropriate. She had little need to deck herself with the national colors which she so persistently flaunted, for nature had printed the red, white and blue in dawn tints on her glowing face, and bright stars shone there, too, right out of the blue, to make all absolutely perfect. She was herself our country's fairest, truest emblem.

But patriotism was at a discount in Rustival, or Rustyville, as it was insultingly nicknamed by its hustling neighbors in Newburg, just across the lake. For Rustival was a sour, belated little country town which had aspired to become the local metropolis and hadn't realized its ambition. I remember that when I went there to start a tannery in 1886, the year of the preliminary survey for the Z. V. and W. railroad, it was impossible to get a rod of ground for love or money, so extravagant were the expectations of the villagers. But they had seen the railroad and the county seat and all the other good things which they had accounted their own by one slip from their grasp and tumble into the lap of their upstart rival. Thus Rustival, dwindling and dingy, continually losing the more alert of its youth and retaining only those whose shallow, rustic conceit found scant encouragement elsewhere, had become the abode of peevish and carping discontent, ripe for disloyalty. The whole country was going to the dogs; that was evident. A glance at their neglected street, weedy yards and the white paint peeling from a straggling line of houses was proof enough to this mildewed community.

Naturally when the war with Spain broke out there was no enthusiasm. To be sure, Joel Slocum, the local politician, made off to Washington to try for an appointment, but he soon came back and reported a general state of rottenness.

"Them Spaniards," he declared, "are going to lick us out of our boots, and I hope it may do us good. Everything's all at sixes and sevens, and there can't nobody get any show except a ruck of rich men's sons."

"Why don't you enlist in the ranks and serve your country that way?" demanded Columbia, with characteristic aggressiveness. "I'd call that better business for a big, strong man like you than loafing about and grumbling here."

"I'm not in the postoffice, where Joel was haranguing, and stood like an animated edition of the 'Star Spangled Banner' on the edge of the crowd." "Ketch me servin' under them rincepoops!" roared Joel. "Better run home, little gal, an' stick on a few more of them red, white an' blue posies you've set out in your pa's front yard. That's the way you gals fight for your country, Clumby Alpin."

"I'll just show you someday!" she cried defiantly as she turned away with a letter postmarked Newburg.

Even the news of the brilliant victory at Manila fell flat in Rustival. "Just happened so," commented Joel. "Likely the Spanish war 'n't lookin' fer no sech fool doin's way off t'other side of nowhere, an' what's the good on it? Should say we hed savitches enough on our han's as it is."

And in very truth, this blue eyed daughter of Revolutionary rebels and Scotch Covenanters was not the sort of girl to bear an insult tamely, least of all an insult to her flag. And now a personal grievance was added, for some of these chivalrous bumpkins had deemed it a clever joke to break into her garden at night, uprooting the flowers and trampling down the beds, "exactly what a drove of hogs would have done," she cried, with angry tears, when she saw it.

And this utterance didn't tend to increase her popularity.

Following close on the heels of this feat of vandalism, the announcement of the no celebration resolution provoked a blaze of indignation in the Soldiers' Aid society which was a fine display of fireworks in itself.

"That shows them for just what they are—mean spirited, cowardly traitors," broke forth the warlike president, her cheeks outflaming her costume. "I don't wonder they sympathize with the Spaniards, for they aren't one bit civilized, insulting women and sneaking about at night to get revenge. But two can play at that game, I guess, and if the men won't celebrate their own country's independence day, we'll make a celebration ourselves, girls. I'd like to see them try to stop us."

So the rest of the afternoon was spent in plotting. Giant crackers and other fireworks were to be secretly procured and set off in various places at the first tap of midnight. The church bell was also to be rung, as usual, and two strong armed girls were detailed for this duty. One artful damsel undertook to get possession of the Home guards' big drum and beat it. "Only I shall have to make up with Joe a little," she protested, puckering her lips. Others promised to blow horns and conchs, but the great act was to be the firing of the cannon, and this the adventurous Columbia reserved for herself.

"They'd never believe we could do that, but I've watched them lots of times, and I know we can. I wouldn't miss it for anything. I shan't want you, Hilda Graham, to help me, and you, Mamie Miller. The three of us can manage it, I'm sure."

This cannon was a rusty relic of the Mexican war, procured from the government for Fourth of July purposes in the days when Rustival esteemed itself a model of patriotism. It was kept housed in an open shed at the top of a slight rise of ground just outside the village.

"We won't try to move it down," said Columbia, "it'd best shoot it off right where it stands."

At last the night of great events had come, to be signalized by a new revolt against overbearing tyranny. All Rustival was asleep apparently except Joel Slocum, who uneasily paced his porch and listened at the gate, still haunted by vague apprehensions anent "them striped petticoats."

Suddenly the still moonlight was jarred by the sharp clang of a bell. Fear for the sharp clang with clashing and discordant precipitancy like a fire alarm. Then there burst forth an unearthly shrieling and squawking of horns and conchs and a sputtering and banging of firecrackers of all dimensions. Joel rushed out into the street, to be greeted by the hissing rush of a mountain rocket, and the meteoric glare, as it exploded and spilled downward its shower of particled sparks, showed him that the afforementioned "striped petticoats" were abundantly in evidence. A moment later came the roar of the cannon from the hill, jolting the ear and rattling all the window panes with its harsh concussion.

Meanwhile the fair artillery corps were standing in terrific triumph by their tumbling gun.

"I thought I was just blown to atoms!" screamed Mamie, still dancing about. "Lucky you didn't stay behind it, Clumby. That was a real out-let-plea of yours to set it off with a firecracker. See, it's kicked a hole right through the back of the shed!"

"And isn't the smell perfectly awful!" cried Hilda, sneezing.

"I rather like the smell of gunpowder myself," answered Columbia stoutly, but she, too, choked and sneezed.

"Now for another one!" shouted Mamie. "Hurry up, Clumby, before anybody comes! But we've hardly any newspaper left for wadding. I'd no idea the old thing would take so much. What will we do?"

"I've seen the boys use grass," replied the resourceful captain.

So, with straining arms and heroic disregard of grime, they pulled their heavy ordinance back into position and lifted it nearly to the muzzle with armfuls of dewy grass, ramming it home with all their strength.

"Don't be afraid. They always fill it clear up!" panted Columbia, breathless with her exertions.

"You didn't forget to put in the powder?"

"Not I," she responded. "That would be a girl trick, wouldn't it?"

At that moment shouts were heard at the foot of the hill. She hastily adjusted the priming and sprang to her feet. A throng of dark, gesticulating figures were pressing up the slope, Joel Slocum at the head of the column.

"You leave alone that cannon!" he belowed as he cantered toward them like an angry bull. "You shoot that gun again an' I'll have you jailed."

"Put 'em under the pump!" bawled another of the gallant party.

"Look out for yourselves! It's going!" rang out the shrill, sweet treble of the captain, keyed to concert pitch by intense excitement.

The fuse was already sparking and spitting gushes of fire. She stood in its fitful light, aglow with color. Then the air was rent with a tremendous detonation, and both the cannon and its inclosing shed had vanished.

Slocum was hit full and fair by the huge wad of pulpy grass. Lucky for him he was no nearer! Stained green from reviving grass, he lay writhing and raging like a blasted snake.

"She's a-killing folks!" he yelled. "She fired right at us! Tar an' feathers is too good for her!" And the crazed mob took up the cry.

But the girls also had vanished. The two aids had fled in shrieking panic, but as the storm of threats broke upon her Columbia staggered to her feet, groping for support, a little stream of blood trickling from her forehead. "Stand back!" she cried faintly. "Don't you dare touch me!"

"Stand back, you scoundrels!" A clear, strong, menacing voice came like an echo with a reveille of hoof beats from the farther slope of the hill. A young cavalry officer, closely followed by a squad of his men, drew rein beside her. He lifted the girl to the saddle and drew a big revolver.

"This gun shoots lead!" he warned them. "Don't you advance another step. I suspected there might be trouble tonight in a despicable little town where they respect neither country nor women."

"Are you badly hurt, sweetheart?" he asked tenderly as they rode away.

"No, Edmund; only a little gash on my temple—just a scratch," she whispered, but she was shuddering uncontrollably.

"Anything?" he responded, stilling a soldier's oath, for he was still hot with wrath. "You shall fight no more fights with the craven traitors of Rustival. If you will go to war, Columbia, you shall go with me."—Boston Transcript.

Names of Army Officers.

A correspondent of the London Spectator calls attention to the fact that out of a random list of 81 officers in the American army and navy there are three German names, one Italian, one French and one Dutch. All the rest are unquestionably British.

Good Place to Buy.

She—I understand that matter weighing one pound on the moon's surface, if transferred to the earth, would weigh six pounds.

He—Can't you manage to buy your butter up there, dear?—Yonkers Statesman.

NOT UP TO HIS PART.

A Drummer Who Was Traveling on a Clergyman's Railway Ticket.

"Just came from St. Louis," remarked a well known commercial traveler as he alighted from the train, "and had one of the funniest experiences of my life on the way up."

"Relate it, and be quick," replied his fellow drummer, who was about to catch a train.

"Well, you know Mandelbaum, the ticket scalper," replied the other. "Just as I was about to board the train he came to me and offered to sell a first class ticket for so low a figure that I was obliged to take it for strictly business reasons. My time was limited, and I neglected to look at the name of the original purchaser, so I boarded the train and took possession of a seat in the smoker. First came a cigar, and then, being thirsty, I took out that old flask of mine from the satchel and proceeded to quench my thirst in good old fashioned style."

"All the while the conductor kept his eyes on me and at times whispered to the brakeman, who was sitting quite close to me. They were both strange on the run, and consequently I did not pay much attention to them. I then got mixed up in a hot game of seven up and told one or two stories which would not pass the ordeal of press censorship. Finally the conductor came around and whispered in my ear. He asked me how the Sunday school was getting on and allowed that church matters were brightening up a bit in my section of the country. His talk was all Greek to me, but I managed to look wise until we had reached Chicago."

"The whole business dawned on me then. He told me I should have been more circumspect on the journey up and warned me against one of my congregation. He said it had been bad form for a clergyman to smoke, play cards and drink whisky from a flask in full view of the passengers on board a train. I asked him if he knew who I was, and he pulled that scalper's ticket from his pocket and informed me that I was Rev. Mr. Phineas Bascom of Hannibal, Mo. I have made up my mind never to buy another scalper's ticket from Mandelbaum."—Chicago Chronicle.

THE BELUCOSE KENTUCKIAN.

Credited With Having Reversed the Destinies of the New World.

The utility of possessing New Orleans was evident, were it only to acquire the incontestable right to navigate the Mississippi, Spain having expressly interdicted this navigation to the Americans. But with New Orleans we sold them Louisiana—that is to say, an immense extent of territory which had no northwest boundary because that part of the continent was still unknown. This vast extent of gray horizon produced the Kentuckian, who became the father of the second phase of the American spirit, as the Puritan was father of the first. The Kentuckian had in him a touch of Virginian civilization grafted upon the temperament of the trapper and adventurer. Do not neglect a single opportunity of studying that strange type of the Kentuckian.

It is he who has reversed the destinies of the new world. What he is still to be found in the man of Chicago, but attenuated and deformed. The Kentuckian loved whisky, dueling and cards. He was crazy over eloquence. The sense of grandeur was developed in him in a surprising fashion. He wished to magnify everything. His patriotism was pure, but exalted. Napoleon was his god and the eagle his emblem. He was bellicose. He urged on the war against England in 1812. He wanted to conquer Canada. He obtained finally the annexation of Texas, the invasion of California, the war against Mexico. The treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo crowned his prayers. The United States stretched now from one ocean to the other. Its area was quintupled in 45 years. It took rank among the great countries of the world. The Kentuckian, obscure workman of this immense task, had for standard bearer in the federal senate the celebrated Henry Clay, after whom Webster and Calhoun patterned themselves, all three enamored of the same dream of national greatness.—Revue Bleue.

He Effected a Sale.

She made a call at her usual drapery establishment to purchase some stockings. Taking a seat, she was shown by the obliging young man some very pretty striped articles, but she did not care for them, as she thought they were out of fashion.

The assistant began to wonder how he could convince the lady that this was not so. A bright idea entered his head.

"Madam," said he, "I will soon prove to you that most ladies are wearing them at the present moment. You see, madam, there are about ten ladies in the shop. Don't be alarmed when I shout, but keep your eyes on the other ladies' feet."

He gave a knowing smile, and, bounding over the counter, shouted in a loud voice:

"A mouse! A mouse!" Each lady instantly drew up her dress, with the result that—well, she ordered six pairs of those striped stockings.—Pearson's Weekly.

Why She Looked Pale.

Not long since a sentimental young Liverpool lady was down on the Cunard steamship pier, where she saw a young girl sitting on a trunk in an attitude of absolute dejection and despair.

"Poor thing!" thought the romantic girl. "She is probably alone and a stranger. Her pale cheeks and great sad eyes tell of a broken heart and a yearning for sympathy. She has probably had some unfortunate affair and has left her lover in America."

She went over to the traveler to win her confidence.

"Were you crossed in love?" she asked sympathetically.

"No," replied the girl, with a sigh; "crossed in the service, and a mighty rough passage too!"—London Tit-Bits.

He Ought to Know.

It is said that the late Professor Cohn of Breslau, the famous botanist, thus opened his course of lectures on botany: "The four chief constituents of plants are: Carbon, C; oxygen, O; hydrogen, H, and nitrogen, N." Then writing down these four letters, with apparent carelessness, on the blackboard—COHN—he smiled, observing, "It is clear that I ought to know something about botany."

Among the odd names in Jefferson county, Ind., are Rat Row, Possum Trot, Doe Run, Goat Hollow, Hog Trough, Mud Lick, Mollie's Run, Carpet Allen, Gentry's Bluff, Wash Board, Indian Sofa, Rabbit Hash, Ten Cent Pollywog, Sausage Row and Pig's Eye.—Exchange.

It is claimed that at present the English language is spoken by 110,500,000 people.

After Scarlet Fever

Little Boy Was Left Weak and Delicate—Scrofula Bunches Appeared on His Neck—Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured and Made Him Strong.

"When my little boy was 18 months old he had scarlet fever, which left him weak and delicate. His skin was blue and transparent, his appetite was poor, and scrofula bunches appeared on his neck. A severe cold always left him with a cough. Having given Hood's Sarsaparilla to an older child for canker with the best results, I concluded to try it in this case. In a short time the glands of his neck diminished in size. He took three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It gave him a good appetite; the blue tint left his skin and he is as strong as any boy of his age." Mrs. GEORGE M. CLARKE, 552 Chestnut Street, Lynn, Mass.

Be sure to get Hood's because

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Bile; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Legal Notices.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue and in pursuance of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Anastasia Ryan of Newton in the County of Middlesex to Francis Buttrick of Waltham in said County, dated March 4th, A. D. 1898, and recorded with Middlesex Dist. Deeds, book 1099, page 187, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on Saturday the 3rd day of September, A. D. 1898, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all the premises described and conveyed by said mortgage, to wit: a certain tract of land situate in said Newton in the County of Middlesex, and bounded and described as follows, viz:

Northerly by land of John Brown and land of Thomas Ryan one hundred and seventy five and 19/100 feet; Easterly by land late of the grantee, (Buttrick) about two hundred forty eight and a half feet; Southerly by Adams street one hundred and seventy five feet; and westerly by land late of Ellen Keough about two hundred and forty eight and a half feet.

\$100 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale. Other terms will be stated at the sale.

ATTEST: M. BUTTRICK, JAMES F. BALDWIN, EDWARD F. SMITH, THOMAS H. ARMSTRONG, Executors of the will of Francis Buttrick, the mortgagee

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX SS. PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of George F. Davis late of Newton in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court the grand jury of administration on the estate of said deceased to Charles B. Wheeler of

A Table Requisite
Light, crisp, and flaky.
The most delicious biscuit ever baked. An antidote for hunger.

FAVORITE MILK BISCUIT

An appetizing accompaniment for soup or salad. Sold everywhere, with the word "Favorite" on every biscuit.

NATIONAL BISCUIT CO.

Expressmen.
CHAMBERLAIN'S NEWTONVILLE AND BOSTON EXPRESS
Newtonville Office: Tainter's, 286 Walnut St.
Boston Office: 105 Arch St., Chatham St.
Leave Newtonville 9:30 A. M., Boston 2:30 P. M.

HOLMES' BAGGAGE EXPRESS.
You can always find one of Holmes' Expressmen at their stand, NEWTON'S BAGGAGE ROOM, from 6:30 A. M. to 8:30 P. M., where a call may be left, or leave orders at G. P. Atkins', Grocer, or Newton Business Exchange, 402 Centre St. Telephone connection.

Furniture and Piano Moving
also **Crockery and Pictures** carefully packed for transportation.
General Jobbing of every description promptly attended to.
Residence, 152 Adams St., Newton, Mass.

NEWCOMB & SNYDER, Newton and Boston Express.
Leave Newton 7:30 and 9:30 a.m. Leave Boston 12 m. and 3 p.m. Newton Office: 334 Centre St. Order Box: G. P. Atkins' Store.
Boston Office: 15 Devonshire St., 174 Washington St., 34 Court St., 105 State Street, 67 Franklin St., 11 Harrison Ave. Extension.
Personal attention given all orders. Telephone 238-4. Furniture and Piano moving.

PEARSON'S Newton and Boston Express.
Boston Office: 91 Kilby St., 105 Arch St., 35 Court St. Order Box: 91 Faneuil Hall Market.
Newton Office: H. B. Coffin's. Order Boxes Postoffice and Atkins'.
Leave Newton 9:30 a.m., Leave Boston 3 p.m.

Teachers
Violin Instruction
L. EDWIN CHASE,
(Pupil of C. M. Loeffler.)
211 Church St., Newton, Mass.

EDGAR A. BARRELL,
Teacher of
Pianoforte (Virgil Practice Clavier), Church Organ, Harmony, and Counterpoint.
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ALL LEADING Writing Machines
Remington, Smith Premier, Yost Caligraph, Densmore, Williams, Bar-Log, Blickensderfer, Franklin, Hammond, American.
Sold, \$3, \$4, \$5 per month.
Rent, \$3 to \$10.
Ribbons furnished free, and machines kept in good working order. Six months guarantee given when sold. Typewriters repaired.

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HISTORY OF Newton Fire Department
Full of facts that will interest Newton people. Handsomely bound in cloth.
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John Hargdon..... West Newton
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H. W. Hyde..... Newtonville
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Prescriptions Properly prepared
Say it, Remember it, Test it.
We carry the best goods at popular prices. Twenty-five years' experience.

J. G. KILBURN,
"The Nonantum Apothecary."
Cor. Watertown and Faxon Sts., NONANTUM.

NEWTON FREE LIBRARY.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ball, John. The Alpine Guide; the Western Alps. A new edition reconstructed and revised on behalf of the Alpine Club, by W. A. B. Coolidge. 31.548

Cookson, Christopher, ed. Essays on Secondary Education; by various Contributors. The volume is edited by a tutor of Magdalen College, Oxford, and the essays are the work of men who have had considerable practical experience either as teachers or examiners. 82.215

Corbett, Julian S. Drake and the Tudor Navy; with a History of the Rise of England as a Maritime Power. 2 vols. 74.333

Davis, Varina Anne Jefferson. A Romance of Summer Seas. 65.912

Eliot, Charles. Vegetation and Scenery in the Metropolitan Reservations of Boston. A forestry report written by Charles Eliot, and presented to the Metropolitan Park Commission, Feb. 15, 1897, by Olmsted, Olmsted & Eliot, Landscape Architects. This paper was the last report written by Charles Eliot. 101.891

Essays, Mock Essays, and Character Sketches: reprinted from The Journal of Education; with original Contributions by Lionel Tollemache and others. 54.1292

Foster's Common Sense in Whist. The first issue of a work intended to be a whist players' annual, giving the results of experience and investigation up to date. 101.892

Fowler, J. H. XIX-Century Prose. (Literary Epoch Ser.) The six volumes to complete the series are to cover the period from 1880 to the present time, and each volume is to contain a summary of the most significant facts and ideas of the epoch, a short life of each author whose work is represented, and a full literary criticism of each selection, as essentially typical of the epoch. 52.649

Haygood, Warren. The Haygood Family: Descendants of Shadrach, 1650-1898. 95.593

Kelley, J. D. Derjold. Our Navy, its Growth and Achievements. Part first is historical; part second describes the vessels of our navy, illustrated in water colors by F. S. Cozzens. 77.294

Keyser, Leander S. News from the Birds. 101.896

McDonnell, A. C. XIX-Century Poetry. (Literary Epoch Ser.) O'Hagan, Anne, and Kaufman, Emma B. Cuba at a Glance; with an Intro. by President T. Estrada Palma of the Cuban Junta. 52.650

Tolstol, Lyof Nikolavitch. What is Art? from the Russian Original by Aylmer Maude; embodying the Author's last Alterations and Revisions. This book appears now for the first time in its true form, according to the author's preface. The Russian edition having been rewritten and materially changed by the censor. 73.335

Van Dyke, John Charles. Nature for its Own Sake; first Studies in Natural Appearance. The object is "to show that light, form, and color are beautiful regardless of human meaning or use, and to suggest what pleasure and profit may be derived from the study of that natural beauty which is everyone's untaxed heritage, and may be had for the lifting of one's eyes." 101.894

Zack, pseud. for Gwendoline Keats. Life is Life, and other Tales and Episodes. 65.914

E. P. THURSTON, Librarian.
August 17, 1898.

NONANTUM.

—Mr. Albert Deakes returned this week from an outing at Cottage City.

—Alderman Forknall of California street returned yesterday after an enjoyable vacation trip.

—The pool room on Watertown street owned by M. Mahoney is undergoing extensive repairs.

—Patrolmen J. J. Davis and Wm. Dolan resumed duty here Wednesday after a vacation of two weeks.

—Mr. Ernest A. Mayell of Bridge street returned this week from an outing at Popham Beach, Maine.

—Alterations and improvements are being made to Mrs. P. Farrell's house, corner of Green and Pearl streets.

—Letter-carriers James and William Dunn return to duty to-morrow after their annual vacation of two weeks.

—Mr. C. F. Avery has purchased the house on Crafts street, opposite California, formerly occupied by Mr. Whidden. A large addition is also being erected.

—A lawn party in aid of the Buelah Mission will be held next Wednesday evening on the grounds about Mrs. H. G. Fancher's residence. The committee on arrangements have planned for an excellent entertainment, and the success of the affair is assured.

—Edward J. Burke, Sr., died last Saturday morning at his home on Adams street after an illness of some weeks. He was 53 years old and had made his home in Nonantum for many years. A wife and four children survive him. The funeral services were held Monday morning at the Church of Our Lady on Washington street. There were floral tributes including a handsome column from the members of Hose C. company.

—The signing of the peace protocol was the cause of a grand public demonstration on the part of Nonantum citizens last Saturday evening. Many hundreds participated. Watertown street was brilliant with thousands of Japanese lanterns strung in graceful festoons from the houses and business blocks. At intervals along the way huge banners were suspended, bearing such mottoes as "The Maine has been remembered," "Spain's honor has been satisfied," "Now peace and prosperity," "Peace and good will." Across the front of the Nonantum clubhouse was a handsome inscription, with border in red, white and blue. It read, "Victory '98." Three bonfires were lighted about the square, and in front of the clubhouse a band concert and speeches occupied the evening. The

affair concluded with an elaborate display of fireworks.

—Patrolman Kyle of the night squad is enjoying his annual vacation.

—Next Sunday afternoon at the open air meeting of the Buelah Baptist Mission, Mr. George Ferneaux of West Newton will speak.

—On the Bemis baseball field last Saturday afternoon the Etina nine of this place were defeated by a team representing the Brighton Y. M. C. A. The visitors piled up 25 runs against the Etina's 9.

—An unusual and extraordinary act of cruelty to a dumb animal has this week been reported to the police of division 2. Some time Thursday night or Friday morning of last week the barn of Richard Mills on Adams street was entered by a horse taken out. The parties harnessed the horse to a carriage and drove it about for several hours. Upon their return they completely removed, with the aid of scissars, every particle of hair on the horse's tail. When Mr. Mills arrived in the morning he found that the horse had also been cruelly beaten. The police were immediately notified and Patrolman Ed. O'Halloran was sent to investigate. On Monday Mr. Mills notified the officers that some one had placed a large quantity of broken glass on the vacant land off Adams street where the horse is pastured. Mr. Mills and the police are looking for an explanation of the affair. The former is a most popular resident of this place, and is not known to have an enemy. His neighbors speak in the highest terms of him, and his friends throughout the city hold him in high esteem. Mr. Mills has been suffering with a bad attack of rheumatism for some time, and these persecutions combined with his illness make it very severe for him. His friends are endeavoring to close his barber shop on Adams street.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The September number of Harper's Magazine will be unusually cosmopolitan in character. The timely subject of the outcome of the war with Spain will be treated in three important articles: "The Future Policy of the United States," by James Bryce; "The United States in Foreign Military Expeditions," by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart; and "The New Fiscal Policy of the United States," by Worthington C. Ford. England receives attention in Mr. Smalley's second paper on Mr. Gladstone; and in it "Social Life in the British Army," illustrated by R. Caton Woodville. "The Romance of a Mad King" is a vivid sketch of the life of King Louis II. of Bavaria; Sidney Whittman, F. R. G. S., writes of "The Turk in Home," and "Days in the Arctic" are notes from the journal of Frederick G. Jackson. Part I. of "An Angel in a Web," a novel by Julian Ralph, four short stories, including one by Frederic Remington, and the Drawer conclude the number.

Among the interesting articles announced for early publication in Harper's Bazar may be mentioned "Leading Feminine Educators," by Carolyn Halsted, an illustrated paper giving portraits and sketches of the Deans and Presidents of the famous Women's Colleges in the United States; "Courtship and Marriage," by Mrs. John Sherwood; a short story by Marion Harland; and "Every-Day Talks with Mothers," by Margaret E. Sanister. The usual letters and departments are continued, including "Club Women and Club Work," by Margaret Hamilton Welch.

"Prospecting the Klondike," and "Who Discovered the Klondike?" are the titles of two richly illustrated articles that will appear shortly in Harper's Weekly. They are written by Henry Adams, the Weekly's special correspondent, who has been in the gold regions for the past year and has had therefore ample opportunity to study his subject.

Messrs. D. Appleton and Company's announcements for August and September include Spanish Literature, by James Fitz Maurice-Kelly, a new volume in The Literature of the World series, edited by Edmund Gosse; The History of the World a new volume in The Concise Knowledge Library; History of Boston and its neighborhood, an Historical Pilgrimage personally conducted by Dr. Edward Everett Hallowell; Our Country's Flag, by Edward S. Holden; The Earth and Sky, by Edward S. Holden; Philip's Experiments in Physical Science at Home, by Prof. John Trowbridge of Harvard University; The House of Hidden Treasure, a novel, by Maxwell Gray; The Widow, by W. E. Norris; The Lust of Hate, by Guy Boyd; and The Gospel Writ in Steel, by Arthur Paterson.

Much interest is shown in the new novel by G. A. Henty, author of "The Henty Books," who has been best known as a writer of juvenile stories. The novel, The Queen's Cup, has just been published by D. Appleton and Company.

The last novel by the late Dr. Georg Ebers was entitled Arminie, and recently published by D. Appleton and Company, the publishers of the complete edition of Dr. Ebers's works.

The Reason.

[From Judge.]
Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed are puzzled to know why the lady in the background is so popular. They do not know that she has on a Dewey waist, a Schley collar, a Hobson necktie, Roosevelt fan and a Wainwright belt.

Beyond Comparison.

[From the Philadelphia American.]
"I suppose the bullets fell like rain at Santiago," said the interested listener.
"No, sir," replied the veteran, shivering. "Nothing that falls is like a Cuban rain."

Perhaps you have made up your mind to take

Scott's Emulsion

this summer.

Then look for this picture on the wrapper, a man with a big fish on his back.

Do not let anyone talk to you of something "just as good."

When you want cod liver oil and the hypophosphites you want the very best. You will find them in only one place, Scott's Emulsion.

There is no other emulsion like it; none other does the same work; and no other has the same record of cures.

All Druggists, and \$1.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

NAVAL APPRENTICES.

THE BOYS ON OUR WARSHIPS AND HOW THEY ARE TRAINED.

An Experience That Tends to Make Them Dignified, Self-Controlled Men, Well Qualified to Make Their Way Either Afloat or Ashore.

Apprenticeship in the United States navy is capable of making either a man or a reprobate of a boy. He is given every inducement to become a good, solid man, whether for continuation as a member of a man-of-war's ship's company or for the earning of a livelihood ashore. The officers of the American navy give the apprentice boys considerably the better of it over the bluejackets who ship as such in all that concerns their interest and advancement, and the boy who during the period that he wears the apprentice's figure of eight knot on his mustering shirt goes wrong and becomes a rowdy and a sea lawyer has only his innate coarseness to blame for it.

The whole tendency of the apprentice's training aboard an American man-of-war makes for the conversion of the lad into a dignified, self-controlled, able man, a matchless seaman and a tiptop gunner, to say nothing of the substantial equipment it furnishes him for lucrative employment should he elect upon the conclusion of his apprenticeship to settle down ashore.

It is the old sailors, the men who have spent about an equal number of years in the merchant marine and in the United States navy, who possess the greatest power for good or evil in making or breaking American naval apprentices. The officers aft hold the lads with a strong rein when they have them under immediate instruction, but the boys live forward among the men, and they form their characters in the forecastle.

If the material is in them, it is bound to come out. The old time naval sailors can tell at a glance whether a just shipped boy or a boy fresh aboard a cruising man-of-war from a training ship has the "makings" of a finished sailor and a good shipmate in his composition. If their careful inspection of such a boy convinces them that the lad is worth their pains, they "go to work" on him from the very outset of his cruising career, season him with all of the practical ship and gun information that they themselves have picked up after years' experience, and thus supplement the technical education that the boy receives from the officers. The sailors who thus take a kindly interest in a boy who looks promising do not treat him with partiality, and he gets swatted about just as much as the apprentice who is a sluggard.

But the interest they exhibit in drilling sea lore into his mind and their pains in instructing him on every little valuable detail as the occasion arises plainly show that they have "got him in their minds," and observation proves that the boys who are thus picked out by the old timers up forward as being worth these efforts are the lads who get the warrant officers' blouses when their apprenticeship is over. Ask any warrant officer in the United States navy today about the struggle he had to finally attain the wearing of a sword from the wearing of a figure of eight knot, and he will begin to speak affectionately of two or three grumpy, savage old boat's mates or quartermasters to whom he claims he owes most of his success. It is a matter of pride with the old timers to thus boost a lad up the ladder.

From his very first day on board either a training ship or a man-of-war proper the unlearned youngster is expected to hop right out of his boyhood and to assume, to all intents and purposes, the full status of a man. He lives among men that have ranged the world most of their lives; he works alongside of them, and almost as much work is expected from him as from the old timers; he puts up with the same amount of hardship, toes the same mark of discipline, is quite as responsible as the mast for derelictions and just as liable to a tour in the brig in double irons for misconduct as his older shipmates, who regard the circumnavigation of the globe as a bagatelle.

The boy who at the outset of his naval life sheds a lonesome tear or two in his hammock, but who keeps up a brave front when in view of his shipmates, is the lad who may be always marked for a winner. It would be out of nature for a youngster of any sort of sensibilities whatsoever to plunge into man-of-war life, with all of its apparent rigidity at first sight, without being taken aback and oppressed by the roughness of it all. The navy is composed, as a whole, of men of deep, genuine masculine mind and of deeply affectionate and unswervingly loyal men, too, when their esteem and confidence have been won, but in no environment is the parade of even the slightest suspicion of sentimentality more quickly frowned upon than upon the forward deck of a man-of-war.

From the purely physical point of view apprenticeship in the navy is a fine thing for a lad. Nine out of ten naval apprentices when they attain their majorities are strapping, rugged, brawny men, capable of enduring any amount of hardship and possessing a quality of health and soundness that is bound to set them through many ups and downs ashore should they elect to quit the sea when they reach the age of 21, which not many of them do, by the way. Of course in order to get into the navy at all the apprentice must be sound of body, but many of the lads only get into the service by narrow margins, owing to their being undersized or of no very rugged character of physical make up. Once they get to work on the decks of a man-of-war, providing there is nothing latent and constitutional the matter with them, it is amazing to see how the lads begin to spread and grow. They are put through the most exacting exercises, quite aside from their daily bit of heavy work—exercises that are designed to bring every muscle of the body into play—and the result is that they very soon begin to expand, and the steel gets into their muscles, there to remain as long as they live.

When the apprentices emerge from their apprenticeship and ship over as full fledged bluejackets at the seaman gunner rate, they are given first call in the distribution of petty officer prizes and are, as stated, eligible for the promotion to the rank of warrant officers. For these reasons apprentices are never called upon during the service as boys to perform any menial tasks on shipboard. The whole idea of naval apprenticeship in the American navy is to inculcate uprightness, dignity and manliness into the lads, for upon the character of these boys the future of the forward ends of American man-of-war is known to depend.—Philadelphia Times

A Japanese Ceremony.

While the wedding service is proceeding in Japan the bride kindles a torch, and the bridegroom lights a fire from it and burns the wife's playthings.

SIFTING AND SAVING



The longer you sift the less you save. There is no economy in using a coal stove in summer, no matter how careful you are. A modern

VAPOR STOVE

will reduce your fuel bill, lessen your labor. You can do anything on a Vapor Stove that you can do on any other stove, and it is better. It makes no dirt, is always ready, and never over-heats the house.

STOVE GASOLINE is the most economical fuel you can burn, because there is no waste to it. It is the cleanest fuel you can burn because there are no ashes. Therefore no dust or dirt. If you want to know what real comfort is, get a Vapor Stove. If your dealer does not sell Vapor Stoves and Stove Gasoline, write to the Standard Oil Company, New York City.

NASAL CATARRH
is a LOCAL DISEASE and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes. This remedy does not contain mercury or any other injurious drug.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
Cures COLD IN HEAD, CATHARRH, BRUISES, SORE THROAT, RHEUMATISM, HAY FEVER, ETC.

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BLANKETS, ROBES, WHIPS, ETC.
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Careful and thorough operating in all its branches.
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Dry Cleansing and Re-pairing a Specialty.
Particular attention paid to Blankets, Lace Curtains, Fine Linens and Hand Laundry Work of all kinds.

21 Carleton Street, Newton, Mass.

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Telephone No. 36, Newton.

Furnaces, Ranges Cleaned and Repaired
NEWTON COAL CO., COAL and WOOD
Family Orders a Specialty.
OFFICE: ELIOT BLOCK
Newton and Watertown
Gas Light Company.
All orders for Gas or Electric Lighting left at their office, 421 Centre street, will receive prompt attention.


WALTER THORPE, Newton Centre.

Agent for THE GRAPHIC, and receives subscriptions and makes collections for it. He has a large stock of advertising hand-bills, and all other kinds of printing. Also, Real Estate to sell and to rent, and insurance against fire in the English and American companies.

NEWTON CENTRE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.
—Mr. H. A. Nutter is in Alfred, Me.
—Cadet C. H. Rich is here from West Point.
—Read W. O. Knapp & Co's new advertisement.
—Mr. Albert Reed has returned from his vacation.
—Miss Bertha C. Stone is with friends in Taunton.
—Rev. Mr. Spencer has returned from Burlington.
—Henry George has taken a position at J. W. Beverley's.
—Miss M. F. Ryan is in New York for a two weeks' visit.
—Miss Hewett of Worcester is visiting at Mrs. Thorpe's.
—Mr. Albert Bailey has returned from a vacation in Maine.
—Rev. Mr. Spencer has returned home after a brief outing.
—Charles Thompson has returned from an outing at Onset Bay.
—Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Goodridge returned the first of the week.
—Mr. G. B. Sherman left Wednesday for a vacation trip to Portland, Me.
—Rev. Dr. Green occupied the pulpit of the Baptist church last Sunday.
—Mr. D. S. Briggs of Willow street is at his former home, Berkeley, Mass.
—Miss Grace Richardson is at Seaside with Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Waters.
—Rev. and Mrs. D. A. Morehouse are at Old Orchard Beach for two weeks.
—Letter-carrier Walter Barney has returned after a two weeks' vacation.
—Mrs. Rayner and Master Rayner of Langley road are visiting out-of-town.
—Miss Rosena Doherty of Langley road is summering at Centre Harbor, N. H.
—Miss Hattie A. Barner has been enjoying an outing at Old Orchard Beach, Me.
—Wm. Fulton came up this week from Onset after a vacation of several weeks.
—The Misses Rogers of Cheshire road are spending the month at Monhegan, Me.
—Mr. W. W. Webber and family of Langley road are away for several weeks.
—Mr. C. C. Patten and family of Crescent avenue are summering at North Scituate.
—Mr. Arthur Ball has returned from a vacation of two weeks at Squirrel Island, Me.
—Engineer Benjamin Trip of Engine 3 Company left Tuesday for his annual vacation.
—Miss Mary Carlan has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Clark of Langley road.
—Mr. and Mrs. Norman George, Gray Cliff road, have returned from the seashore.
—Mrs. Wm. C. Ball of Oak Hill is at the Ocean House, Newport, R. I., for two weeks.
—Mrs. Reuben Stone started for Fall River yesterday, to go all the way in electric cars.
—Miss M. F. Ryan has removed her millinery store from Union building to Bray block.
—The monthly meeting of the advisory committee of the Baptist church was held last evening.
—Mounted Patrolman Charles R. Young has returned to duty after his annual vacation of two weeks.
—Miss Alice Dodge is acting as chief clerk at the Newton post office in the absence of Miss Grace.
—Walter Griffiths has returned from Onset, where he has been spending a greater portion of the summer.
—Mr. John Ellis and the Misses Ellis have returned from New Hampshire to their home on Summer street.
—Mr. Thomas R. Frost has bought the I. R. Stevens grocery store. Read his advertisement in another column.
—Chief Randall of the fire department left yesterday for Plymouth where, with his family, he will enjoy a two weeks' outing.
—That Newton Centre residents may not forget the needs of the fruit and flower mission, special attention is called this week.
—Dr. and Mrs. Harris of Providence are at Mr. Walter Thorpe's for a few days. They are on their way home from Bar Harbor.
—The highway department laborers, with the assistance of the steam roller, are making extensive improvements to the condition of Langley road.
—Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. Salmon and son Allen, Mr. George F. Richardson and son George, and the Rev. Mr. Freeman are at St. Andrews.
—Capt. Fulton of the Circuit Cycle Club has called a run for next Sunday. Promptly at 9 a. m. the members will leave the club rooms for a trip to Lake Nagog.
—There was an interesting open air meeting at the Thompsonville chapel last Sunday afternoon. Prof. Hovey of Washington, D. C., spoke before a large gathering.
—Messrs. Chas. Polly, Chas. Bartlett, Valentine Haffner, Samuel Chadbourne, M. M. Russell and others are attending the New England League Firemen's Muster at Portland, Me.
—Last Saturday evening many friends and neighbors of Mrs. W. K. Giles of Parker street enjoyed the opening of a night blooming cereus, the blossoms measuring over twelve inches in diameter.
—Yesterday afternoon a party of Newton Centre ladies and gentlemen, in charge of Rev. B. F. McDaniel, pastor of the Unitarian church, visited the U. S. Arsenal at Watertown. Many things of interest were seen, and the visit thoroughly enjoyed.
—A number of boxes containing some \$25 worth of candy, and bearing various addresses were found by Patrolman Taffs in the shrubbery about the station last Friday. They were taken to the police station, and Cobb, Aldrich & Co., the manufacturers, notified.
—Last Friday evening thieves entered the residence of Mr. W. H. Brewer on Institution avenue, and carried away two bottles of ginger ale. Entrance was effected by placing a ladder against a house, and forcing a second story window. It is thought that the intruders intended to plunder the house, but were frightened away. The affair has been reported to the police.
—Following is the list of letters remaining at the post office: Mrs. W. E. Baker, Wm. H. Bailey, Mrs. John Cannon, 1217 Centre street, Arthur Darling, Mrs. Blanche Giles, Harry J. Hyde, J. R. Hunt, Wm. Lincoln, Langley road, A. J. Langford, Miss Emma M. Miller, D. F. Martin, Miss Mary E. McKewen, J. M. A. Ginty, 75 Montford road, Mary Ann O'Brien, Wm.

E. Parsons, W. A. Partridge, Miss Annie Sullivan, Mrs. G. B. Wilcox.

—The family of Dr. Cooke, Commonwealth avenue, are at the shore for several weeks.
—Mr. McDaniel's party will visit the Charlestown navy yard and Bunker Hill, on Thursday, Aug. 25th, leaving on the 12.00 car for Boston. All are welcome.
—Mr. Watson H. Armstrong and Miss Minetta B. Graham were married at the home of the bride last Wednesday p. m. They left immediately on a wedding tour.
NEWTON HIGHLANDS.
—Mr. A. S. C. Hilton and family are at home again.
—Mr. and Mrs. Allen of Eliot are at home again.
—Miss Hills, who has been at Willoughby Lake, has returned.
—The O'Donnell family are at home from their stay at Block Island.
—Mr. Page and family have arrived home from their summer travels.
—The Luitwieler family have returned home from their summering.
—The Holt family of Eliot terraces have returned from their stay away.
—Mr. E. Moulton has gone to Alfred, Me., to spend his vacation season.
—Driver Jones of ladder 2 company left Tuesday for a vacation of two weeks.
—The Tru family have returned from their stay at Peaks Island, on the Maine coast.
—Mr. V. M. Bowen and family have returned from their summer sojourn at Block Island.
—Ralph Havens, who has been spending a part of his vacation season in Maine, has returned.
—Mrs. Logan has arrived home from a stay at Christmas Cove. Miss Logan will return later on.
—Mr. E. P. Bosson and family have returned from Ogunquit, Me., where they spent a few weeks.
—We hear that the house at Rockledge, built and owned by Mr. L. A. Ross, has been sold to a party whose name will be given later on.
—Dr. Wiley arrived home on Monday from Fortress Monroe, where he had been to visit a relative, who was one of the soldiers sent there, on the sick list.
The professional all round athletic contest for the championship of the world will be held, Aug. 20, on the Cedar street grounds. Also a 100 yard and a 1-2 mile handicap.
—Greenwood's real estate agency for the owner and Mr. George A. Ward for the buyer, have negotiated the sale of the Chubb estate on Floral avenue, to a Mr. Phelps of Boston.
—Rev. George H. Ide, D. D., of Milwaukee, Wis., will occupy the pulpit at the Congregational church next Sunday. Morning service at 10.30, evening service at 7.30. Free seats. All welcome.
—Sign boards on Boylston street in the neighborhood of Eliot Heights, read thus: "Coasting Permitted," which is certainly suggestive of a cool retreat this dog day weather, but the sensation of coolness, suddenly disappears when a double meaning of the sign boards is suggested to the mind, and that it may also refer to bicycle coasting by some scorcher.
Gifted.
[From the Chicago Record.]
"Has Hagby any talents worth mentioning?"
"Talents? I've known him to borrow one girl's horse and phaeton" to take another girl out for a drive."
Dismal Outlook.
[From the Pittsburgh Chronicle.]
"Is Mr. Homewood reconciled to your engagement with his daughter?" asked Mr. Schenley Park of Mr. Point Breeze.
"No," replied the latter, "I can't even get him so far as to sign a protocol."
The Very Worst.
[From the Philadelphia American.]
"Do you think they will give us peace?" asked the Queen Regent.
"That's about all they will give us," replied Sagasta, dejectedly.
Dubious.
[From the Philadelphia American.]
"Do you remember the night you proposed to me?" she asked, softly.
"No," he replied, "I've never heard of it." And ever since then she has been in doubt.
A Knock for the Business.
[From Judge.]
Tom—How did you come to get discharged after growing bald in his service?
Dick—The boss manufactures a hair restorer.
She: "Do you know what I would do if I were a man?" He: "Oh, I suppose you'd hurry down to where they are fighting and knock out the Spaniards." She: "No, I'd put my foot on the porch railing and take a little comfort in life."—Cleveland Leader.
"Do you think the war is over?" asked one Spanish official.
"The war has been over a long time," was the answer. "The question is whether we can manage to conceal the fact any longer."—Washington Star.
"No, I tell you this thing of gobbling islands can't be a paying business."
"What are your reasons for thinking so?"
"Nobody has tried to organize it into a trust."—Chicago Daily News.
Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

A GAMBLER'S NERVE.

NAILED HIS CARDS TO THE TABLE WITH HIS KNIFE.

Then Calmly, but Rapidly, Atwood Puffed His Revolver and Turned to Pay His Respects to the Man Who Had Shot Him From Behind.

"The coldest nerve I ever saw displayed by any one," said the gray haired, young looking man, "was Jack Atwood's when, after being shot at from behind, he paused to nail his poker hand to the table with a bowie knife before turning and drawing his own revolver to return the fire."
"Atwood was a queer fellow in a good many ways. Physically he wasn't much to look at, but he had dandified habits that seemed curiously out of place in a man whose business kept him constantly in association with the roughest men in the country at the time—I am speaking of the lumbermen on the upper Mississippi 30 years ago—and who was, in fact, as wild as the wildest of them."
"He was a good deal of a politician and was suspected of writing some of the most violent articles that appeared in the local papers. There had been a great deal of scandal about a member of the state legislature from Minneapolis—call him Davis—for some time before the fight that I speak of, and Atwood had been among Davis' most violent critics."
"This particular night, there was quite a crowd in Bill Galloway's gambling house on the east side of Minneapolis, near the old Fort Snelling road. Atwood was playing poker with four other men. Two were lumbermen, friends of Atwood's, and the fifth was a St. Paul man, a stranger to me. It was the first game I had ever seen played with \$10 goldpieces for chips. Of course for the heavy betting they used paper money, for as the ante was one chip and it took two to come in, there was not chips enough to bet with when the big hands came. Limit games were not much in vogue in Galloway's place at any time, but the table stakes usually meant a few hundred dollars at the outside, and this was the largest I had ever seen up to that time, for each player had a good sized wad, and where most have been \$12,000 or \$15,000 in sight at least."
"Nothing special occurred for over an hour, when there came a jack pot which was worth \$100, and somewhat to my surprise all the players came in. It was a jack for five chips in the first place and had been sweetened once, so there was \$800 in the center before the draw. The second surprise came when each man drew two cards, excepting Atwood, who stood pat. They were holding their cards close, so none of us around the party knew what any player held, but it appeared later that Atwood had four jacks."
"I remember putting another hundred on the strength of his three of a kind. The next one raised it \$100. The third did the same thing and so did the fourth. He was the St. Paul man, and he had caught a fourth seven spot, while the others had not bettered. Atwood made it a thousand to play. One, two and three dropped out. Three of a kind was no kind of a hand for that struggle, and that is what each of them had. The St. Paul man was delighted, though he tried hard to conceal it, and he came back at Atwood with another thousand. He was ahead of the game, having about \$6,000 in front of him at the beginning of the deal, while Atwood had only about half that. That left him enough to raise St. Paul once more, and he did it promptly."
"I suppose I'll have to call you," said the latter, "seeing it's table stakes, but I'm sorry you haven't more money with you."
"I have \$3,000 in the bank," said Atwood. "If you care to take my check, I'll stand another raise."
"Checks were not in great favor at Galloway's, and the St. Paul man hesitated naturally enough, but one of Atwood's clients spoke up. 'I'll cash your check for you, Jack,' he said, and just then the shot came."
"The entrance to the room was midway between the faro and the poker tables, and Atwood sat with his back toward it. Davis had entered the room noiselessly and had fired as soon as he saw Atwood. Shooting from behind will ruin a man in any community, and I don't suppose Davis would have done it if he hadn't been half drunk and half mad with rage as well. He probably wouldn't have missed his shot, though, if he hadn't been drinking. I was watching Atwood closely and hadn't seen Davis enter. As was I, I saw the left end of Atwood's mustache disappear at the instant the shot rang out and a red streak showed on his cheek, but he didn't turn his head. He reached down as quick as a ferret and drew a knife from somewhere below the line of the table top, laying his cards face down on the table with his left hand at the same instant."
"The game stands as it is," he said without a quaver in his voice as he drove the knife through the cards and the table cover. "Into the wood, with a vicious stab, and just as quickly he reached for his hip pocket and stood facing around with a revolver in his hand leveled at Davis."
"Two other shots rang out as he rose. They were fired by Atwood's friends, but fortunately they hit nobody. Another man had seized Davis' gun as he was trying to shoot again, and there was a scuffle going on in a moment, with three or four men on a side, all of whom, however, were trying to force Davis out of the room. Atwood held his fire, seeing that there was a group of men in front of him and stood still as he saw the struggle going on. When he saw that Davis was being pushed out at the door, he smiled, but didn't say a word. Perhaps I ought to say he grinned. Smile is too pretty a word for his face."
"When his enemy was outside and the door was closed, he put the pistol back in his pocket and felt of his cheek carefully. It was bleeding very slightly, but he wiped it off with his handkerchief, and turning back to the table, said as coolly as ever: 'All right, Jim. Give me the money, and I'll write you the check in a moment.'"
"He was the least excited man in the room. The St. Paul player looked at him steadily as Atwood's friend was counting out the bills and then exclaimed with an oath: 'I don't believe I care about raising you again. It's a call.'"
"The hands were shown, and of course Atwood took the pot."—New York Sun.
A Big Bust.
Gadzoos—Has the Boom company made its report yet?
Zounds—Oh, yes, and a very loud one too. But the stockholders think they may get 10 cents on the dollar.—New York Tribune.
Out of 20,000 clerks employed by the government in Washington more than 6,000 are women, with salaries ranging from \$600 to \$1,800 a year.

AMERICAN SAYINGS.

Some Phrases That Will Live as Long as the World Lasts.

"Don't swear; fight!" The phrase has the ring of sound metal.
The American army of invasion advancing upon Santiago de Cuba was preceded by a body of rough riders. Suddenly the Spaniards, who were lying in ambush, fired a deadly volley, and the startled rough riders replied with an outburst of curses. "Don't swear; fight!" called Colonel Wood. The phrase will live.
America is a big country. It is destined to become a great country, for there is manliness and vigor in the memorable phrases coined by celebrated Americans. It was Stephen Decatur who originated the toast, "Our country, right or wrong." Henry Clay said, "Sir, I would prefer to be right than to be president." The last words of Nathan Hale were, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." William Penn coined the phrase, "I prefer the honestly simple to the ingeniously wicked." And it was Henry Ward Beecher who uttered the words, "The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom."
When nations become artificially refined, the phrases which their great men coin are generally either cynical or flippant. Thus to Talleyrand is attributed the phrase, "Mistrust first impressions; they are always good." Voltaire declared that "ideas are like beads; children and women never have them." To which he added, "except when they are monstrosities." Antoine Rivarole said, "It is an immense advantage to have done nothing, but one should not abuse it." Samuel Rogers said: "When I was young I said good natured things, and nobody listened to me. Now that I am old I say ill natured things, and everybody listens to me." To Sydney Smith we are indebted for the following ingenious description of a fashionable woman: "Do not mind the cupreous of fashionable women. They are as gross as puddles fed on milk and muffins."
Whether Colonel Wood uttered them or not the words, "Don't swear; fight!" will ring for long in the memories of many generations.—London Truth.

LESSON OF THE LANTERN.

How It Came to the Assistance of Its Scornful Companions.

There was once a tiny Japanese lantern. It was so small and homely that no one wanted to buy it. It happened by mistake one day to be sold in an order of costly and beautiful lanterns. The little lantern was mocked by the large and handsome ones. It said nothing, but it felt very badly.
The man who bought the lanterns wanted to use them to decorate his seaside villa in honor of a great procession. The night came for the procession, and one after the other the lanterns were taken out and strung around the house. They were all much admired except the homely little lantern, which when first seen was laughed at by every one. From its obscure corner it looked out upon the gay scenes and said nothing, although it felt very badly.
The lanterns were all lighted, for the grand procession was soon to go by. They all danced gaily around in the evening breeze.
Suddenly there was a cry. "The procession is coming!" Just then there was a quick gust of wind, and to the dismay of every one, one after the other each lantern went out—every one excepting the homely little lantern, which shone steadily on.
"Quick! Matches!" the master shouted. But for some reason none was to be had.
"What shall we do?" he shouted again.
"The procession is just around the corner and here we are in darkness."
The master glanced at the homely little lantern. The music from the procession was coming nearer.
He glanced at the little lantern once more. Its light was small, but still it was burning.
Quickly he took it, and, carefully going from one to the other, he relighted the darkened lanterns by its aid and was just hanging up the little one again when the procession appeared.
"The homely little lantern by its faithfulness has done more than all the rest," the master said.
The little lantern said nothing, but was very happy.—Zion's Herald.

Singular Coincidence.

"In 1884," says the Detroit Free Press, "just after Commodore Schley returned from rescuing the survivors of the Greely arctic expedition, the Massachusetts Humane society presented him with a handsome medal for his achievement, and Benjamin W. Crowninshield, one of the State's great orators, was sent to Washington to make the presentation speech. On the way to the capital Mr. Crowninshield fell in with an old and prominent resident of Boston, who took the privilege of asking the orator what his mission in Washington was. In reply the old gentleman was shown the medal and told what was to be done with it."
"Singular coincidence," mused the venerable gentleman from a Hub. "Forty-four years ago, in 1840, I rode over this same line and met General Winfield Scott. I was as inquisitive then as now and asked him where he was going. He said that a son of his friend, Mr. Schley, had been named for him and that he was going to Maryland to see the baby. Nearly half a century is past, and now I find you going to Washington to carry a medal to the man that General Scott visited when the man was an infant!"

Some Lawyers' Bills.

A London solicitor recently tendered a bill in which the last item was thus stated: "To dining with you after the case was lost." A Gotha lawyer once threw a peasant out of doors because he did not wish to take up his case. He afterward sent him a bill for 2 marks "for his trouble." Another, on receiving the present of a hare from one of his clients, wrote to thank him and then charged 4 marks for the letter. On the Hamburg exchange a stranger once asked a lawyer, "Is this ducent worth 10 shillings?" "Yes," replied the lawyer as he put the coin in his pocket and took out 3s. 4d. "Here's your change; 6s. 8d. is my regular consultation fee, you know."—Chicago Post.

His Inspiration.

Among the many traditions concerning William Lee and the stocking frame is one that he was expelled from the university for marrying, and that, being very poor, his wife was obliged to contribute toward the housekeeping by knitting. It was while watching the motion of her fingers that he conceived how to imitate those movements by a machine.

A Study in Dimensions.

"Jiminy, how large a piece of cake do you want?"
"I want a big piece, but don't gimme so much that I'll have to divide it with sister."—Chicago Record.

P. S. BARTLETT 17 jewelled Waltham Watch, nickel movement, in silver case, \$15.00.

Lady's WALTHAM or Elgin Watch in gold filled case, \$8.00.

Other kinds correspondingly low priced. Fully guaranteed. Cleaned free 12th month after sale.

J. W. BEVERLY, JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,
BRAY'S BLOCK, NEWTON CENTRE.

WATER!

Agents for the famous
Lincoln Spring Water,
Solcott Spring Water,
Apollonia Spring Water,
Vatray Seltzer Water,
Lime Juice, etc., etc.

BUT Don't forget our full line of

Finest Groceries,
Butter, Eggs, etc., that can be bought

W. O. Knapp & Co.
NEWTON CENTRE.

Telephone 22-3, Newton Highlands.

NEWTON CENTRE

Boarding, Livery and Hacking Stable.

Mr. F. L. Richardson and Mr. E. J. Goodnow have formed a co-partnership under the firm name of Richardson & Goodnow, and will continue the stable business heretofore conducted by Mr. E. W. Pratt, and at the old stand, corner Beacon street and Langley road. Particular attention will be paid to boarding horses and carriages.
The Livery (or letting) portion of the business will be limited to a few first-class turn outs. We shall be ready at any time, day or night, to furnish hacks and carriages for private or public parties, with experienced drivers.
Asking for a continuance of the good will and generous patronage extended to Mr. Pratt, we hope by strict attention to our business to merit the same generous patronage.
Telephone, Newton Highlands 34-4.

GROCERIES.

With First-class Groceries and prices as low as anyone can afford them, I ask for a share of your patronage.

T. R. FROST,
Successor to I. R. Stevens.
Corner Centre and Beacon Sts., Newton Centre

A. H. ROFFE,

DEALER IN
Hay and Grain, Lime, Cement,
and Drain Pipe.

Cypress St., near Centre, N. Centre.

T. H. SMITH,
HACK, BOARDING
—AND—
LIVERY STABLE.

OAK ST., NEWTON UPPER FALLS,

Telephone 167-2, Newton Highlands.

FROST & DARRELL,
(Successors to W. E. Armstrong & Co.)
The Best of Meats, Vegetables,
Fruit, Poultry and Fish.

PROMPT DELIVERY.
Farnham's Block, Newton Centre

Mortgagee's Sale.

Pursuant to a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Andrew J. Fiske, dated September 5, 1889, and recorded with Middlesex south district deeds, book 1862, page 324, and for breach of the conditions thereof, will be sold at public auction, on Saturday the 17th day of September next, at 4 o'clock P. M. on the premises the following described property—A parcel of land with the house thereon in that part of Newton called West Newton, and situated on the Northernly side of Auburndale Avenue, beginning at a point on said avenue 126 feet Easterly from a stake by the corner of land sold by Thomas E. Graves to Michael Taft, thence running Northernly one hundred and fifty feet to a stake, thence turning at right angle and running Easterly in a line parallel with the Northernly side of said Auburndale Avenue one hundred and fifty feet to the point of beginning and containing 2240 square feet, also a parcel of land adjoining the same with the dwelling house thereon, and Westernly from the previously described lot, and containing 5000 square feet more or less.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

SUSAN P. ADAMS,
Mortgagee.

Marcus Morton, Auctioneer
West Newton, August 18th, 1898.

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West Newton, August 18th, 1898.

Mortgagee's Sale.

Pursuant to a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Andrew J. Fiske, dated September 5, 1889, and recorded with Middlesex south district deeds, book 1862, page 324, and for breach of the conditions thereof, will be sold at public auction, on Saturday the 17th day of September next, at 4 o'clock P. M. on the premises the following described property—A parcel of land with the house thereon in that part of Newton called West Newton, and situated on the Northernly side of Auburndale Avenue, beginning at a point on said avenue 126 feet Easterly from a stake by the corner of land sold by Thomas E. Graves to Michael Taft, thence running Northernly one hundred and fifty feet to a stake, thence turning at right angle and running Easterly in a line parallel with the Northernly side of said Auburndale Avenue one hundred and fifty feet to the point of beginning and containing 2240 square feet, also a parcel of land adjoining the same with the dwelling house thereon, and Westernly from the previously described lot, and containing 5000 square feet more or less.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

SUSAN P. ADAMS,
Mortgagee.

Marcus Morton, Auctioneer
West Newton, August 18th, 1898.

By S. R. KNIGHTS & CO., Office 73 Tremont St., Boston, Room 650.

Mortgagee's Sale of Estate

on Tarleton Road, Newton Centre.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John F. Rely and Rose Rely his wife in her own right to the Bass River Savings Bank dated July 23d A. D. 1887, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex (So District) Libro 252 folio 372, will be sold

THE NEWTON GRAPHIC.

VOL. XXVI.—NO. 48.

NEWTON, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1898.

TERMS, \$2.00 A YEAR

EBEN SMITH,
Established 1872.

Mrs. EBEN SMITH,
Successor 1897.

PICTURE FRAMING

AS IT
SHOULD BE DONE.

188 Lincoln Street, - Boston.

Mrs. Smith, living in Auburndale, will call and give estimates on re-gilding, Picture, Portrait, and Mirror Frames, Bric-a-Brac, and Furniture. Special discount for August and September.

Hastings

THE PHOTOGRAPHER,

Formerly at 146 Tremont St., Boston, has leased the Brazer Studio, 328 Centre St., Newton, Mass., and is thoroughly prepared to wait upon his old patrons and their friends for anything desired in UP-TO-DATE PHOTOGRAPHY.

CHILDREN'S PICTURES A SPECIALTY.
In giving personal attention to all sittings and finishing of orders, my patrons can rest assured that all commissions will be attended to with skill and promptness.

GEO. H. HASTINGS.

C. C. BUTLER.

CREAMS, ICES,
SHERBETS, Etc.,

Delivered to any part of the
Newtons.

TELEPHONE, 61-2, WEST NEWTON.

Woodland Park Hotel.

Merchants' Co-operative Bank,

19 Milk St., Boston.

Money loaned to buy, build, or pay off a mortgage. Rates usually 5 per cent. or 5 1/4 per cent. No premium. A \$2,000 loan at 5 per cent. requires \$18.33 monthly; \$10 credit to loan, balance interest. Call for information or circulars. March 10, 1898. A. E. DUFFELL, Treas.

The Secret Discovered How to make the best blueing known to science. Mrs. Henry Vincent Pinkham of Newton invites the attention of all housekeepers to this new production (manufactured by herself under the name of the E. Foster Manufacturing Co.)

JAPANESE BLUEING, which is pronounced by experts to be the best blueing known to science. For sale by the S. S. Pierce Co. of Boston and the leading grocers of Newton.

Wedding Decorations,

(ARTISTIC DESIGNS)

Cut Flowers and Plants.

E. T. MOREY,

WASHINGTON AND TREMONT STREETS, NEAR
NEWTON LINE.

875

Some doctors declare that candy is unwholesome, but all doctors agree that if you must eat candy choose the purest.

BRADSHAW'S,

875 Washington St., Newtonville.

FURS.

Now is the time to have your
FURS RE-DYED
RE-LINED
RE-ALTERED
in the best manner possible at summer prices.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
S. ARONSON, Furrier,
Up one flight, 12 West Street, Boston.

Spring and Summer

MILLINERY

—AT—

The Juvenile.

Eliot Block, - Newton

—AT—

HALF A LOAF

IS BETTER THAN NO BREAD.
HALF A LOAF OF OUR BREAD IS
BETTER THAN MANY A WHOLE
LOAF BOUGHT FROM ANY OTHER
BAKER. WE ALSO BAKE Dainty
CAKES, DELICIOUS PIES and HOME-
MADE DOUGHNUTS. TEL. 224-3.
GOODS DELIVERED.

F. L. BEVERLY, Baker,

354 Centre St., Newton.

"A Bakery for 10 years."

STOVES

and every variety of

Household Goods

—AT—

BENT'S FURNITURE ROOMS,

64 Main St., Watertown.

DOOR TRIMMINGS

look old and dingy they give a caller a bad im-
pression. Just call at BARKER BROS. and see
one of the new patterns.

FURNISHERS OF THE HUNNEWELL CLUB.

Doe, Hunnewell & Co.,

Established 1860.

Custom Furniture, Wood Mantels,
Interior Finish, Tile and Brick
Fireplaces, Wall and
Floor Tiles, Decoration,
Upholstery, Wall Papers, Carpets.

361 Boylston Street, - Boston.

Factory, 537 Albany Street.

Telephone, Back Bay 64.

NOTE—Mr. J. M. Quibby of the firm who had charge of the furnishing the Hunnewell Club lives at 37 Wesley St., Newton, and would be pleased to call and give estimates on any old or new work. Re-upholstering and re-furnishing of furniture, at reasonable prices.

Telephone, Newton 167-3.

THE HOLLIS, NEWTON,

will re-open Sept. 1st, under the well known management of the Craig House, Falmouth. Desirable accommodations may be secured by applying at once to H. H. Craig, The Hollis, Cor Centre & Hollis Sts.

Blair's House

CAMPTON, Pemigewasset Valley.

P. O. Address, Blair, N. H.

One week's board and two (5 mile) drives, \$8.00.

J. C. BLAIR, Jr., Manager.

Comer's Commercial College

Provides thorough and practical individual instruction in

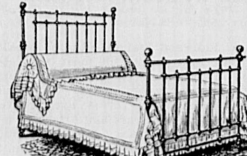
Business, Bookkeeping and Shorthand

preparing young people for office work and general business; pupils aided to employment; the tuition fees are \$40 per quarter, \$120 per year; our record of 31,800 pupils and 57 years speaks for itself; 58th year opens Sept. 6th. For full prospectus, address or call upon

C. E. COMER, Principal,

666 Washington St., cor. Beach, Boston.

CHAMBER FURNITURE



In addition to our well-known stock of Brass and Iron Bedsteads we are showing some new patterns of Bureaus, Chiffoniers, etc., in Mahogany, Oak, White Enamel, etc.,

MORRIS, MURCH & BUTLER,

42 Summer Street, Boston.

Sig. AUGUSTO VANNINI,

(From Florence) Master of the

True Italian Method of Singing,

Church, Concert and Opera.

No. 143 Massachusetts Ave., Boston.

Gutter's Little Spools

In All the Latest Shades.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM

AND TAKE NO OTHER.

JOHN C. MEYER & CO.,

Selling Agents,

87 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

NEWTON.

—Pianos, Farley, 433 Washington street.

—Miss Grace Owens is visiting in Whitman, Mass.

—Developing and printing for amateurs done by E. E. Snyder.

—Mr. George M. Putman has returned from a New York trip.

—Mr. Guy Smith has been the guest of relatives in Gloucester.

—Miss Susie Atkins has returned from a visit in Provincetown.

—Dr. Stone of Vernon street was in Clinton, Mass., this week.

—Mr. J. H. Wheeler and family of Waverley avenue have returned.

—Mr. Edward O. Childs, Jr. is enjoying an outing in Jackson, N. H.

—Mr. Joseph Owens has returned from a business trip in New York.

—Mr. Herman S. Pinkham has returned from a visit in Harvard, Mass.

—Rev. George E. Merrill returned this week from Digby, Nova Scotia.

—Rev. Dr. W. H. Davis returns next week from Harwichport, Mass.

—Mr. Walter Holbrook and family of Pembroke street are out of town.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bigelow of Centre street are at North Woodstock, N. H.

—Mr. Edward Earle and family of Centre street are in Swampscott for an outing.

—Mr. Harold C. Paine returns the first of next week from Kearsarge Village, N. H.

—Mr. Frelson Page has arrived from New Orleans and is the guest of relatives here.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Briggs of Washington street are visiting relatives in Dennis, Mass.

—Mr. C. B. Galland and family of Eldredge street are at East Washington, Mass.

—Dr. T. F. Carroll of Washington street has been in Old Orchard for the past two weeks.

—Mrs. L. B. Gay of Franklin street returned home this week after a summer's outing.

—Miss Helen Mead, bookkeeper at Brackett's, has returned from her annual vacation.

—Mr. Warren Partridge has returned to Newark, New Jersey, after an extended visit here.

—Mr. Charles Worth and family have returned from Morse street to 5th avenue, Watertown.

—Mrs. Fannie S. McDonald of Vernon street has returned from an extended southern trip.

—Mr. Mitchell Wing and family left yesterday for the Eagle Mountain House, Jackson, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Harrington and daughter of Church street are at Old Orchard Beach.

—Mr. P. H. Robinson will lead the 4 o'clock meeting next Sunday afternoon at the Y. M. C. A.

—Mrs. G. B. Paine and Miss Gertrude Paine of Manning street returned last week from Pemberton.

—Mr. H. M. Walton and family of Jefferson street are expected home next week from East Dexter, Maine.

—George Daniels of Washington street has returned from Sea View where he was the guest of Walter Mandell.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Trowbridge of Hunnewell avenue returned Wednesday from Kearsarge Village, N. H.

—Slight repairs at trifling cost will greatly extend the usefulness of your shirts. See Blackwell's ad. on page 4.

—Dr. and Mrs. Hall, formerly of the Hollis, have gone to Fitzwilliam, N. H., the latter's health being much improved.

—Mr. G. W. Bush and family of Elmwood street have been spending the week camping on the shores of Lake Couchichewick.

—Mrs. E. A. Whitney of Jefferson street leaves tomorrow for North Woodstock, N. H., where she will spend several weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Greenough and Miss Helen Greenough are at the Sea Cliff Inn, Nantucket, and will return about September 5.

—Mr. W. F. Dearborn and family of Waverley avenue are spending the balance of the month at Owl's Head, Crescent Beach, Maine.

—Dr. Reid has returned from Moss Island Camp and will spend the rest of the month with his family at No. Scituate, returning to Newton Sept. 1st.

—Alderman J. M. Niles and family left yesterday for two weeks at Upper Dam, Me., where Mr. Niles holds the record for the biggest trout yet captured.

—Mr. John Hall of Lawrence, Nova Scotia is visiting his son, S. C. Hall, for a few days. Mr. Hall is a renowned horseman and is here looking after some good ones.

—Miss C. Blanche Rice will play this season the role of Pink in "Cumberland," the part created by Louise Galloway. Miss Rice will remain in Waltham until called for rehearsals, Sept. 15.

—Rev. Andrew Hahn is in town visiting relatives. Rev. Mr. Hahn was on board the ill-fated train at Sharon, Sunday, when the terrible accident occurred. He received a severe shaking up, but fortunately escaped uninjured.

—Mr. Walter C. Whitney, who has been active in local newspaper work during the summer, leaves tomorrow for North Woodstock, N. H., where he will enjoy a rest of several weeks. He will return in September and resume his studies at Technology.

—The Newton cricket eleven played a game with the Everett team at Everett last Saturday. Everett winning by three runs. The feature of the game was the bowling of Newman for Everett, taking six wickets for seven runs. The fielding of the Newtons was excellent. Hamblin took six wickets for 17 runs.

—Special meetings will be held at the Salvation Army on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, August 27, 28 and 29. Saturday and Sunday meetings will be conducted by Adj. Miller of Boston. On Monday night, Ensign Crowley of Cambridge and Capt. York of Boston will lead. There will also be an ice cream and cake festival at the close of the meeting on Monday night. All are cordially invited to attend.

—The Hollis has been taken by the managers of the Craig House at Falmouth Heights, and will be opened for guests the first of September. Mr. Craig and his sister have made a brilliant success of the Craig House, of which they have had charge for the past six years, and the present season they have had an average of over ninety guests. Mr. Craig is a recent graduate of Yale, and Miss Craig a recent graduate of Wellesley, and they, along with good roads and such magnificent scenery, the party can be pardoned for saying that this trip has no rival in the world. The weather was cool enough for comfort, and no rain was met with, although we had severe rain here in Newton at the time. Mr. Barber will gladly

Hollis have already engaged rooms for the winter. See card in another column.

—Mr. Edward Wetherbee has returned from Nova Scotia.

—Mr. Sterling Elliot has returned from a trip to Michigan.

—Mr. John Crowdie has returned from his annual vacation.

—Mr. B. B. Converse is reported ill at his home on Park street.

—Mrs. E. D. Hall and family of Waverley avenue have returned.

—Mr. F. H. Nichols left Wednesday for a week at the Adirondacks.

—Mr. Carl Miller of Centre street has been at Kittery Point, N. H.

—Mr. Chas. E. Currier and family are at Warner, N. H., for two weeks.

—Miss Maud C. Hartwell has returned from a visit to Stanstead, Quebec.

—Mr. B. F. Tripp and family of Avon place are in Maine for two weeks.

—Mr. Francis H. Franklin of Baldwin street is enjoying his annual vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beverly of Williams street are away for a few weeks.

—Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Fewkes of Maple street have returned from Portland, Me.

—Mr. George Pearson and family of Bacon street are visiting in Nova Scotia.

—Mr. G. F. Uhler and family have returned to their residence on Pembroke street.

—Mr. H. B. Owens is home again after an outing of several weeks at Jackson, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Leavitt and Miss Elizabeth Leavitt have returned from Maine.

—Mr. E. S. Worden of Pearl street is in the White Mountains for a two week's outing.

—Mrs. James J. Pratt and son of Lowell are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Lemon.

—Mr. H. C. Daniels went to Portland to attend the annual New England State fair in that city.

—Dr. and Mrs. Fred W. Webber of Centre street are at Rangeley Lakes, Maine, for an outing.

—Rev. Mrs. Van Anderson, who has been occupying the Storers house on Maple street, has removed to Newtonville.

—The regular meeting of Newton Lodge 21, A. O. U. W., was held Tuesday evening in the lodge hall, Nonantum building.

—Mr. H. J. Marshman, janitor of the public library, has returned from his vacation and will resume his duties next week.

—Mrs. H. J. Marshman, Miss Annie L. Marshman and Mr. Fred Marshman left for Rockville, Conn., next week for a short visit.

—The union services next Sunday at the Methodist church will be conducted by the Rev. Prof. D. F. Estes, D. D. of Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y.

—Miss Bowman of the Hunnewell left this week for the Breakwater at Wood's Hole, which is crowded with guests, and will probably remain open the greater part of September.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Robbins have issued invitations for a reception in celebration of their 25th wedding anniversary to be held at their residence on Bellevue street, from 4 to 6 o'clock, Saturday afternoon, September 3rd.

—The annual exhibition of the Nonantum Industrial school will be held this afternoon at the Athenaeum building on Dalby street, from 3 to 5 o'clock. A full account of the affair will be contained in next week's GRAPHIC.

—The building commissioner has nothing to do with moving permits, as they are granted by the board of aldermen, and they are generally passed with but little attention if the petitioner is a man of influence, consequently it is the aldermen from their ward that the Jefferson street people should direct, if they are disposed to find fault with anyone.

—The men who are digging through Washington and Park streets have encountered a long ledge near the surface, which necessitated a great deal of blasting. One blast went off rather unexpectedly and sent a large stone crashing through a window in Mr. Hough's house, corner of Park and Elmwood streets. The family are away for the summer so no one was injured.

—In alighting from a car of the Boston Elevated street railway in Nonantum square about 2 o'clock last Sunday morning, Frank A. Blackburn of 432 Newtonville avenue, employed by P. C. Bridgman, missed his footing and fell, fracturing his right ankle. His injury, though painful, did not prevent his walking to Newtonville square with friends. Patrolmen Burke and Cole met him at this point, and summoned Dr. Talbot. The physician ordered his removal to the Newton hospital where he was taken in the police ambulance.

—Mr. Mitchell Wing has been taking some electrical treatment, and on his record, however, in the severe thunder storm last week, he was sitting in his office, when suddenly his pen flew out of his hand, across the room, and he felt a burning sensation pass, finding the Mt. Pleasant and Crawford streets. He started to get up, but fell senseless to the floor, and it was some time before he could be revived. He was able to take the last boat for Nantasket, however, as he is staying at the Rockland house, but will feel the effects of the shock for several days.

—A recent issue of Among the Clouds, Mt. Washington's bright paper, says: "An always welcome visitor to the Summit is Mr. E. R. Barbant of Boston, who came up from the Altamonte in Bethlehem, for a short stay. This is Mr. Barbant's eighteenth visit to the Summit, and he proposes to make his nineteenth ascent before the season is over. He declares he does not consider his vacation complete until he has been on the summit of Mount Washington at least twice each year. He proposes as one of his excursions this season, to soon make the tour of the Northern Peaks with a party of friends."

—Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Barber, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard and Rev. Mr. Bronson have just had a delightful trip through the White Mountains in their wheels. They took the train to No. Woodstock, and from there took to their wheels, visiting the Flume and other points of interest, and by way of the Profile house to Bethlehem. Here was the only bad riding, a steep hill three miles down, which called for reliable brakes, and then a two mile climb. From Bethlehem the party rode to Fabians and Crawford's, finding the Mt. Pleasant and Crawford streets. They took the train to No. Woodstock, and from there took to their wheels, visiting the Flume and other points of interest, and by way of the Profile house to Bethlehem. Here was the only bad riding, a steep hill three miles down, which called for reliable brakes, and then a two mile climb. From Bethlehem the party rode to Fabians and Crawford's, finding the Mt. Pleasant and Crawford streets. They took the train to No. Woodstock, and from there took to their wheels, visiting the Flume and other points of interest, and by way of the Profile house to Bethlehem. Here was the only bad riding, a steep hill three miles down, which called for reliable brakes, and then a two mile climb. From Bethlehem the party rode to Fabians and Crawford's, finding the Mt. Pleasant and Crawford streets.

give information to any who contemplate a White Mountain trip.

—Mrs. C. S. Johnson of Thornton street has been visiting friends in Randolph.

—Mr. J. Henry Bacon and family have been spending the week at York Beach, Me.

—The Misses Wiggin of Tremont street have returned from a month at Tyngsboro, Mass.

—Mr. T. C. Phelps of the Hunnewell has returned from an extended visit in New York.

—Mr. E. C. Huxley and family are at the Moose, Breezy Point, N. H., and early in September they will be at The Hunnewell.

—Miss Mabel Philbrook of Hunt street has returned from a cruise along the coast of Maine with Capt. Gower, on his yacht "Windward."

—Prof. S. E. Warren and Dr. Stone have been attending the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the A. A. A. S., being held this week in Boston.

—The preacher at the Union services next Sunday will be the Rev. Prof. David Foster, D. D., of Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y.

—In the police court, Wednesday morning, Frank Manning of Nonantum was sentenced to the Concord reformatory for being idle and disorderly.

—Miss Katherine Whittemore has returned from an outing at Cottage City, Mass., where she has been the guest of friends at the Frazier house.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Corey of Newton, and the Misses Wallace of Newtonville, arrived on the "Canada" Friday, and will spend the remainder of the summer at Allerton.

—Some time last night the provision store of Wellington Howes on Centre street was entered, but nothing stolen. Escape was effected by forcing the rear door. Patrolman Good discovered the break about 1 a. m., today.

—Why do our American citizens go to Burns for their hair cutting? Because he has won an enviable reputation and the full endorsement of prominent Newtonians for his celebrity of taste in artistic hair cutting. Burns, Cole's block.

—Fire alarm box 117, situated in front of armory hall, is not in working order, as a result of coming into collision with a team. The glass front and rim work of the door was completely demolished, and the interior apparatus was wrecked.

—One of the Glen Farm milk teams was frightened by the electric cars on Tremont street this morning and freed himself from the wagon by the breaking of the whiffletree. Only slight damage was done to the wagon, as most of the milk had been delivered.

—Mr. F. O. Stanley has relinquished all claim to Pearl Johnson on account of the continual interference of the child's relatives. The girl's father was killed about three years ago by one of Mr. Stanley's horses, and he took the child with the idea of giving her a good education and a home. The grandmother of the girl, Mrs. Rachel Allen, of Waltham, has caused so much trouble to Mr. Stanley that he decided to have nothing more to do with the child. The girl is at present with her grandmother on Myrtle street, Waltham.

—Mr. Joseph Simpson's new house on Hunnewell street is approaching completion, and will be one of the handsome residences on the Hill. The old Claffin house has been placed on Gramere street extension, and has been recently remodelled. The new house is a semi-classical style. The Wells house is now settled on its new foundation and is also being remodelled. The Hunnewell Land Trust is making great improvements on the Hill, and with the extension of several streets, now being built, and lots commanding a beautiful view of the river, and carefully restricted, it will be one of the most attractive parts of the city for residences.

TO THE CITIZENS OF NEWTON:

THE VOLUNTEER AID ASSOCIATION

ask this week for large contributions of money. The association has obtained permission to establish a diet kitchen at Montauk, on condition that all the sick are treated alike—the volunteers and the regulars. Now is the time for us to show our gratitude to the men of our regular army and our appreciation of their soldierly qualities. They have given us the great lesson of the value of training and of preparation which will be of inestimable value to us. Out of 20 regiments at the memorable battle of El Caney, we are told that 17 were regulars. The 2nd Massachusetts was among the other three. The wounded and sick of regulars and our 2nd are together at Montauk.

We have 200 sick and wounded in our Boston hospitals, and the "Bay State" is expected with 100 more. Of the 600 men of a Col. Clark's regiment, fully one third are not fit to take anything but the most delicate food, although borne on the rolls as well men.

The Newton Branch, M. V. A. A., appeals urgently to the citizens of Newton to enable them to respond to Mr. Higginson's earnest appeal.

Let each man and woman say to himself, "What if one of these men were my son, and I was in a remote part of the country?"

Send contributions as quickly as possible to the treasurer, Miss Alice Buswell, 92 Franklin street.

LUCY W. SAWYER,
Corresponding Secretary.

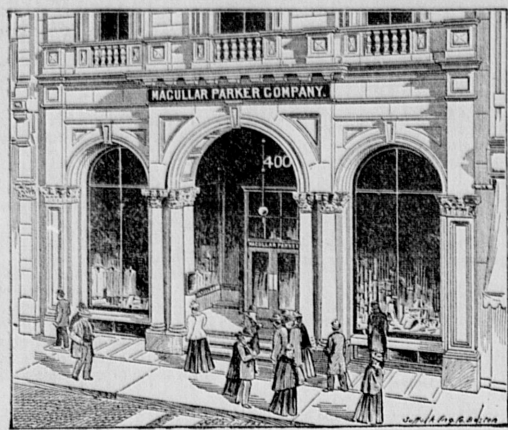
Japanese Blueing Tablets.

The attention of all persons interested in perfect laundry work is invited to this new production, pronounced by experts to be the best article for blueing known to science!

THE BEST CLOTHES

FOR MEN AND BOYS

MADE IN CLEAN WORKROOMS IN THIS BUILDING.



FOUR HUNDRED

WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

AN ALL-ROUND ATHLETIC TEST.

CARPENTER SCORES MOST POINTS IN THE NEWTON GAMES.

The professional all-round athletic championship of the United States was won on the Cedar street grounds last Saturday afternoon by L. A. Carpenter of Newton Highlands.

Beside Carpenter, the competitors included B. F. Stewart of Canada, J. W. Frew of Cambridge and J. F. MacNeil of Scotland. None of the three made things very hard for the winner, Carpenter's lead at the end being 1322 points in 5947.34 total. Stewart, second with 4625.12, had but a small lead over Frew, 4402.12. MacNeil finished a poor fourth with 3402. Carpenter won seven of the ten events, Stewart two and Frew one.

The competition began with the 100-yard dash. The lank Canadian had things all his own way, and finished at least four yards to the good in 10.1-2s. Carpenter and Frew were close contestants for second place, the former winning by a couple of feet.

Carpenter and Frew were again pitted against each other in the shot-put. Carpenter won by 2.1-2 in. The running high jump was easy for the Newton boy, who cleared the bar three inches higher than did either Stewart or Frew.

The hurdle event was productive of the poorest showing all around of any of the 10 contests. The distance, 120 yards, was very creditably covered by Carpenter in 10.2-5s. The other men's records were very poor, 21.2-5s. for Frew, Carpenter and 22s. for Stewart. Throwing the hammer brought out the only win of the day for Frew, who hurled it 103 feet 10.1-2 in. Carpenter was a poor second, with 91 feet 10 in. The champion found things his own in the pole vault, his record of 9.1-2 feet being closely disputed by Frew, who cleared 9 feet 2.1-2 in.

Carpenter was the only one who seemed to understand the manipulation of the classic discus, and he found no difficulty in making the splendid showing of 102 feet 8 in. The running broad jump was also his, with 21 feet 2 in. as his figure. Putting the 35-pound weight was Stewart's. The five-mile was won by Carpenter in a sensational finish of a spurt on the homestretch, and a win by half a lap over MacNeil.

There were two open events. The 100-yard dash was won in the slow time of 10.2-5s, by R. Greenough, with "Piper Donovan, world's champion, in second place. W. Scott of Hyde Park finished third. There was also a half-mile race, in which four started. Ryder finished first, McCann second and McLean third.

In the world's championship contest the points are figured from a basis of 1000 points, representing the world's record in each event.

One hundred-yard dash—Won by Stewart, 10.2-5s.; Carpenter second, Frew third.

Sixteen-pound shot put—Won by Carpenter, 35 feet 3 in.; Frew second, 35 ft. 1.2 in.; Stewart third, 33 feet 8.1-2 in.; McNeil fourth, 29 ft. 3.1-2 in.

High jump—Won by Carpenter, 5 ft. 4 in.; Stewart and Frew, each 5 ft. 3 in.; McNeil 5 ft.

One hundred and twenty-yard hurdle race—Won by Carpenter, 19.2-5s.; Frew and McNeil each 21.2-5s.; Stewart, 22s.

Sixteen-pound hammer throw—Won by Frew, 103 ft. 10.1-2 in.; Carpenter second, 91 ft. 10 in.; McNeil third, 87 ft. 4 in.; Stewart fourth, 84 ft. 1.1-2 in.

Pole vault—Won by Carpenter, 9 ft. 6 in.; Frew second, 9 ft. 2.1-2 in.; McNeil third, 8 ft. 9 in.; Stewart fourth, 8 ft. 4.1-2 in.

Throwing the discus—Won by Carpenter, 102 ft. 8 in.; Stewart second, 94 ft. 8 in.; Frew third, 79 ft. 8 in.

Broad jump—Won by Carpenter, 21 ft. 2 in.; Stewart second, 19 ft. 4 in.; McNeil third, 18 ft. 6 in.; Frew fourth, 16 ft. 8 in.

Throwing 56-pound weight—Won by Stewart, 22 ft. 11.1-2 in.; Frew second, 20 ft. 4 in.; McNeil third, 19 ft. 1.1-2 in.; Carpenter fourth, 18 ft. 1.1-2 in.

Five-mile run—Won by Carpenter, 5m. 25s.; McNeil second, 5m. 57s.; Stewart third, 6 m. 2s.; Frew fourth, 6m. 15s.

The summary by points:

Competition	Carpenter	Stewart	Frew	McNeil
100 yards	854	916	825	783
Shot put	580	570	570	420
High jump	508	512	512	480
Hurdle race	430	40	100	100
Hammer throw	291	208	208	297
Pole vault	528	352	512	424
Discus	520	718	368	722
Broad jump	772	506	340	510
56-pound weight	190	322	208	128
Five mile	664	470	414	594
Totals	6047	4625	4402	3402

Possible Reduction in R. R. Fares.

The railroad commissioners have been instructed by the legislature to investigate the question of fares in the suburban district, with instructions to hold hearings this fall. The matter is of considerable importance in Newton and all cities and towns within twenty miles of Boston.

A Real Catarrh Cure.

The 10 cent trial size of Ely's Cream Balm which can be had of the druggist is sufficient to demonstrate its great merit. Send 10 cents, we will mail it. Full size 50c. ELY BROS. 26 Warren St., N. Y. City.

Catarrh caused difficulty in speaking and to a great extent loss of hearing. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm dropping of mucus has ceased, voice again clearing have greatly improved.—J. W. Davidson, Atty at Law, Monmouth, Ill.

TOOL THIEF SENTENCED.

JAMES F. MEHAN OF WEST NEWTON GOES OVER TO CONCORD FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD—HAS A LENGTHY POLICE RECORD.

By the arrest and conviction of James F. Mehan, the Newton police feel that they have removed an important factor in the various cases of larceny of carpenters' tools that have occurred in the city with regularity during the past few months.

Mehan's arrest was brought about Friday afternoon by Officer William J. Rooney of station 1, Boston, as the former was emerging from a Salem street pawnshop. Mehan was seen by the officer entering the shop with a large bundle of tools in his possession, and afterward pawning them. Rooney at once recognized him as a tool thief, who had been convicted in the superior court a little over a year ago by the Newton police. Putting two and two together, the officer reasoned that, perhaps Mehan was up to his old tricks, and, therefore, placed him under arrest.

Mehan, taken off his guard, admitted the larceny of the tools.

Inspector Fletcher of the Newton department, who had been connected with the former case, was notified of the arrest, and brought Mehan to Newton police headquarters at a late hour Friday night.

In court, Saturday morning, Mehan pleaded guilty to a charge of breaking and entering and larceny, stating that he secured the tools from a house on Irving street, Newton Centre, which was being constructed by Frank Joy of Newtonville.

Mehan further stated that he entered the building merely to shelter himself from the rain, and at the time had no intention of stealing. He unfortunately happened to sit down on a tool chest, and as he was feeling hungry the temptation to steal the tools at once formed itself in his mind. He accordingly sawed a hole in the chest and stole all the tools he could lay hands on.

Judge Kennedy sentenced him to the Concord reformatory for an indefinite period.

Mehan's record in the Newton court is long. He was always resident in West Newton, and has been under police supervision since he was 15 years old. In 1881 he began his career by breaking into N. Y. & N. E. railroad station at Newton Upper Falls and stealing money and tools.

Sgt. Purcell of the Newton police was detailed on the case, and arrested Mehan some days later on a B. & A. train near Brookline. Mehan, being aware that the officer was looking for him, hid behind a door in the smoking car, from which hiding place he was unceremoniously dragged after the train had been given a thorough searching. He was sent to Westboro reformatory for this offense.

Here he soon won the hearts of all by his meek ways, and was allowed the privileges of a "trustee."

One day the engineer of the institution sent James outside the building for a monkey wrench, and the latter forgot to come back. He claims to have been to sea, and also to have visited the Klondike, in the interval of time between this and his arrest in 1895 for drunkenness.

In the early part of '96 he again showed up in court, and still later in the year he once more put in an appearance. As usual, he appeared in court on a charge of larceny, and received a long sentence to the house of correction. Since his release the police think he has been connected with a number of breaking and entering and tool stealing jobs, not only in Newton, but elsewhere.

Mehan has a wife and two children living in West Newton.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

No Doubt True.

[From the Chicago News.] Wheeler—I wonder what has become of Walker; I haven't seen him for a week. Ryder—I saw his wife yesterday. She said she was learning to ride a wheel. Wheeler—How's he getting along? Ryder—On crutches, I believe.

A Swell In The Uniform.

"Look here," said the young lieutenant of a great father, "this uniform you have made for me is entirely too large." "That's all right," explained the tailor, "when you get it on you'll feel so big that it will be a perfect fit."—Philadelphia North American.

The Value of History.

[From Judge.] First grandee—I tell you, Spain is making history these days. Second grandee—Yes, sir; and so long as we have the privilege of making the history we can afford to let the mercenary Yankees win the battles.

HE SAID TOO MUCH.

Then He Discovered That He Had Smashed a Beautiful Record.

The danger of saying too much is always more imminent than that of saying too little. The man who is convinced he has approximated the virtues of the Creator and insists on it to his fellow men is always more offensive than the man who secretly believes it, but spares his acquaintances the knowledge of the awful truth.

A story recently related to a representative of Hardware by the head of a large hardware house in New York illustrates the case in point. Something of this merchant's disposition may be gleaned from the fact that when speaking of his employees he says "the boys," with an affectionate intonation, born of long appreciation of their good points and kind toleration for their occasional errors.

It was the intention of the house to put another representative on the road, and the man they had in view had been favorably, though not thoroughly, known to them for a long time. Negotiations were about concluded, and the signing of a remunerative contract by the salesman was regarded by him as a mere matter of form. At a final interview with his prospective employer, and evidently with the idea of further impressing the latter with his desirability, he said: "Mr. —, I am an older man than you. I have been in this business for 25 years, and I wish to add that I have never made a mistake."

As the would-be employer reached out on his desk in an abstracted manner and gathered in the unsigned contract, which he slowly tore up in the same absentminded manner he remarked that it was a surprise of keen regret to him that he simply couldn't afford to employ such a valuable man, that there was not a man connected with the house, from himself to the dago who sorted the refuse paper every morning, who was not constantly making mistakes and profiting by the experience, and that the direct result of the placing of a perfect man among the force would be immediate demoralization. As the perfect man slowly wended his weary way up the street it probably occurred to him that he had smashed a beautiful record.—Hardware.

COSTUMES OF DALMATIA.

From Them Was Taken the "Dalmatic" of Ecclesiastical Use.

The women wear dark blue skirts and red stockings, with shoes which turn up at the toes, embroidered sleeveless blouse, and a great sleeveless upper garment, open in front and descending to the ankles. They have always a white or a red handkerchief tied over the head and under the chin. Speaking of dress, we made a most interesting discovery in ancient ecclesiastical costume. Those who are learned in the history of ecclesiastical dress know that the "dalmatic," or peculiar robe of the "deacon," was originally the distinctive dress of the Dalmatian peasant and that just as the frieze coat of the Irish peasant became the modern "ulster" so the Roman fashionable tailcoat, urged thereto by that young scamp, the Emperor Hellogabalus, took the idea of a "novelty" from the Dalmatian peasant dress and produced the garment called the "dalmatic."

It was a first fashionable Roman article of dress, then it came to be a portion of the distinctive consular and senatorial costume, and at last was appropriated by the clergy, who, with their conservative instincts, persisted in wearing it when its origin had been long forgotten. These learned persons, however, do not seem to know that the old original "dalmatic" is still worn in a remote part of Dalmatia. We were greatly excited when we first saw it on women coming into the market at Spalato. It is now an upper robe, open in front, coming down to the middle of the thigh and with a short slit at the thigh. It has long, wide sleeves. It looks exactly like the clerical garment that is figured in the oldest pictures of clerical dress. We were told that the wearers were women of Clissa, a little upland village which is perched on the rocks at the top of the mountain pass leading from the ancient Salona over the mountain range.—Good Words.

A Town Under the Ground.

In Valetta, the capital of Malta, there is an important but little known portion which goes by the native name of the Manderaggio. It is shunned by the police, who never visit it except in considerable force, and is as inaccessible to the tourist or casual visitor to the island as is Timbuctoo.

It is locally known as "Underground Malta" and corresponds to the Seven Dials in London. Here live all the raffish of the island—in fact, the scum of the Mediterranean. The crowding to which these people are subjected makes themselves extraordinary. On rather less than three acres of ground live nearly 3,000 people. They exist for the most part in darkness, seldom coming up into the light of day.

Once an evildoer can elude the police and enter the Manderaggio he is perfectly safe, as no one would venture to follow him.—London Standard.

Famous Tree Almost Gone.

"The famous oak tree under which William Penn, the great Quaker, made his treaty with the Indians over two centuries ago was literally ruined by the relic hunters and vandals," said J. F. McBride of Philadelphia.

"All that remains of the treaty oak now is a scarred stump a few feet high, and it is inclosed in a strong iron picket fence to keep the vandals away. This stump is located in Penn park. Relic hunters for years chipped off the bark of the tree and even cut into the trunk and carried away pieces of the wood, and even whole limbs were carried away. Finally the brave oak could not withstand these ignoble attacks, and it died. At last the authorities came to their senses, when it was too late, and ordered a strong fence put around the stump of the tree."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Steel Cure.

Customer—I wish I had a good head of hair as you have. I have tried everything to remedy my baldness, but with no good result. Watchmaker—Have you ever tried rubbing your head with steel?

Customer—Certainly not. That seems to me ridiculous. Watchmaker—Why ridiculous? Isn't it a fact that steel makes the hair spring?—Pearson's Weekly.

Five acres of land at Charing Cross, now owned by the Marquis of Salisbury, were bought 250 years ago by his ancestors for grazing purposes at a ground rent of ten shillings an acre for 500 years.

A south sea islander greets a friend by flinging a jar of water over his head.

BOSTON AMUSEMENTS.

TREMONT THEATRE.—Nothing could have more happily inaugurated the season at the Tremont Theatre than Lottie Blair Baker's play of life in rural New England, "Way Down East." With its interesting story, effective situations, bright dialogue and cleverly drawn characters, it contains all the elements of popular success, and that it appeals strongly to all classes is proved by the fact that the hearty applause which is so lavishly bestowed at every performance comes from all parts of the house. Miss Phoebe Davis has won new fame by her sweet, touching and womanly impersonation of the heroine whose heart history forms the basis of the plot. Admirable, too, are the portrayals of character given by Mr. Odell Williams, as a typical country squire, stern but just, with a kindly heart under his bluff manner; Miss Sara Stevens, as a no less typical New England housewife; Miss Louise Galloway, as a merry, flirtatious, but always charming young girl; Mr. Felix Haney, as a loutish chore boy; "Senator" Frank Bell, as a jocosely village constable, and, by no means least, Mr. Forrest Robinson, as a very manly, earnest and convincing lover. And there are many less important but no less well sustained characters. The piece is beautifully staged. The farm yard, with its old well sweep and other familiar accessories; the cheery sitting room, with its fireplace and old fashioned furniture; the cosy kitchen, with its well laden supper table; and the deserted sugar shed, in which the heroine finds refuge during the howling snow storm, and relies from all her troubles—all these are absolutely photographed in their likeness to the objects they represent. Altogether, "Way Down East" is a production well worth seeing, and it is gratifying to learn that it will hold the stage of the Tremont for some time to come. Matinees are given on Wednesdays as well as Saturdays, and a special afternoon performance is announced for Labor Day.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Roland Reed will begin his twelfth annual engagement at the Boston Museum, Monday evening next, August 23rd, and as has been his custom for a number of years, will present a new play. This season the piece selected is an adaptation from the German by Sydney Rosenfeld, and called "A Disturbed Guest." Mr. Rosenfeld, on his recent tour through Europe, saw the play in Vienna, where it has been running for nearly a year. In localizing it, for its scene is laid in the United States, Mr. Rosenfeld has retained all the original humor of the German version, and has, of course, added much on his own account. The play affords Mr. Reed the opportunity of appearing in a most unique role, a character entirely different from anything he has ever enacted, and one which gives great scope for his well known ability as a comedian. The story is most interesting and entertaining, and the complicated plot provokes no end of laughter. The characters apart from that of Mr. Reed's are cleverly drawn and are of distinct types, and well fitted to his exceedingly strong company. The charming actress, Miss Isadora Bush, who has a host of admirers in this city, where she made her first appearance some eight years ago, has not been neglected by the author, and she will be seen in an exceedingly strong role. Miss Bush will still maintain her reputation as being the best dressed woman on the American stage. She has prepared some striking gowns which will please her host of friends. The play will be elaborately staged and the company will include some of the old favorites and a few new faces, among them being Charles S. Abbe, Sheridan Tupper, Frank A. Connor, Julian Reed, L. P. Hicks, James Douglas, Henry J. Kelly, Alexander Lane, and Mabel Florence. Mr. Reed's engagement is for two weeks only, and the comedy will be given both weeks. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday and a special matinee on Monday, Sept. 5th, Labor Day.

The Result of Algeria.

The Worcester Gazette's editor has been at the camp at Montauk, and what he says is of interest in view of secretary Alger's statement to Mr. Depew. Says the Gazette:—While Mr. Alger was preparing his defense and packing his grip for the New York trip, telegrams were piling up on his desk. An appeal came from the chief commissary officer at Montauk, asking to be relieved, because the inability to feed starving soldiers would break him down. He also begged for a few wagons or authority to use other than the prescribed means of transportation in order to move the rations from the congested cars. Eight thousand loaves of bread rotted one night in dirty hay cars because this commissary could not, with the two mule teams he had, get them to the soldiers, who would have pledged a month's pay for a loaf. The dispatches were ignored, for Alger was probably too busy preparing to enjoy the naval pageant. But the officer did get one answer. He told Alger that many more were coming in on the transports so feeble that they revolted at salt pork and army beans, and yet were unwilling to go to the hospital. Could he not for them serve oatmeal as a special ration, for he had it in abundance? To this appeal of a humane officer the war department replied that the food rules were inexorable, but he might put oatmeal on the list of "purchase ration." "Purchase ration" is a food of delicacy not on the regular list for privates, but may be sold to officers or others who have money to pay for it. I have bought provisions enough," says Alger in substance, and then gives the number of pounds he has bought. Any one can buy provisions, but the United States war department has been unable to distribute them properly. The country in which Alger lives is bursting with plenty and shipping food supplies to the rest of the world. But owing to the red tape of the antiquated bureau system, the stupid adherence to precedents of the professional army officers, and the incompetence of the civilians appointed to responsible positions for political reasons, the food bought by Alger for our own soldiers is wasted and the men have suffered as the poor heathen suffer in an Indian famine.

War.

[From Puck.] The Spaniard was furious. "I would drink the ink of mine enemy!" he hissed, clutching his machete. Of course, that was the figurative language; but it showed that war was war and that a substitute for blood had been found.

Among the Missing.

[From the Philadelphia American.] "Mother," said the boy King, "didn't we used to have a general named Weyler?" "Yes, my son."

"In what battle was he lost?"

"I don't know," said the boy.

"I don't know," said the boy.

"I don't know," said the boy.

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"I don't know," said the boy.

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"I don't know," said the boy.

"I don't know," said the boy.

"I don't know," said the boy.

NO WOMAN IS EXEMPT.

Regularity is a matter of importance in every woman's life. Much pain is, however, endured in the belief that it is necessary and not alarming, when in truth it is all wrong and indicates derangement that may cause serious trouble.

Excessive monthly pain itself will unsettle the nerves and make women old before their time.

The foundation of woman's health is a perfectly normal and regular performance of nature's function. The statement we print from Miss Gertrude Sikes, of Eldred, Pa., is echoed in every city, town and hamlet in this country. Read what she says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel like a new person since following your advice, and think it is my duty to let the public know the good your remedies have done me. My troubles were painful menstruation and leucorrhoea. I was nervous and had spells of being confused. Before using your remedies I never had any faith in patent medicines. I now wish to say that I never had anything do me so much good for painful menstruation as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; also would say that your Sanative Wash has cured me of leucorrhoea. I hope these few words may help suffering women."

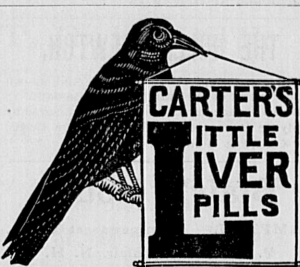
The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

All suffering women are invited to write freely to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for advice about their health.

Julie Terrell, of Uniontown, Pa., was cured of a bad case of erysipelas by using

Comfort Powder

By combining the powder on its use is immediately and cured effectively. This and proof that Comfort Powder is the great skin comforter.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Congested Liver, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Liver Stables.

New

Elmwood

Stables.

GEORGE W. BUSH, Proprietor.

The new Elmwood Stables, situated on Elmwood street, Newton, are the most completely equipped of suburban stables. The interior arrangements and appointments in the new handsome brick building furnish every convenience, that the best of care and attention may be given to boarding horses. This entire building, with accommodations for 62 horses and 150 carriages, is devoted exclusively to boarders. Large, light and airy stalls, with perfect sanitary connections, give all that may be desired for the horses' comfort. The floor space for the storage of carriages provides ample room for this purpose.

Separate buildings are maintained for the Livery and Hacking business. Stylish and up-to-date carriages furnished for business or pleasure driving. Hacks, with uniformed drivers, can be obtained for the conveyance of passengers to all parts of the city.

Elmwood street, Newton. Telephone 48-3.

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HENRY C. DANIELS, Proprietor.

Patrons will find at these Stables the best of Horses and Carriages for hire.

Landaus and Hacks, with good horses and experienced drivers, for Pleasure Service and Funerals. Safe and reliable horses for ladies to drive.

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Writing Machines

Remington, Smith Premier, Yost Calligraph, Denmore, Williams, Bar- Lock, Blickensderfer, Franklin, Hammond, American.

Rented, \$3, \$4, \$5 per month.

Sold, \$8 to \$90.

Ribbons furnished free, and machines kept in good working order. Six months guarantee given when sold. Typewriters repaired.

THE OLD GUIDEBOARD.

Where country roads diverge with graceful angle
To skirt the wood or perfume laden field,
Above the climbing vines and wild flowers' tangle
The gray old guidepost's fingers are revealed.
Whose letters time's soft touch has half concealed.

To dusty wanderers it speaks in pity,
It marks the pleasure seeker's nearing goal.
It counts the weary miles to the far city.
It names old towns where nature holds control.
Or points the way where ocean's surges roll.

And aged men, this thoroughfare frequenting,
Bear semblance to this weather beaten sign.
Time's tabulated miles they seem presenting,
Mid nature's bowers they point down life's decline,
Their placid faces coming night divine.

Some stranger 'tis, observing, speaks most often
Of mellow marks upon the signboard's face,
And strangers, too, first note the lines that soften
The visage of a lifelong friend with grace,
So subtly done we failed the change to trace.

Submitting to earth's edict of succession,
This landmark gray will fall 'neath time's vast trend,
And gentle, aged faces make confession
These last descents on toward life's ocean tend:
Each calmly rests and waits its mission's end.
—Arthur Howard Hall in Boston Courier.

HIS ROMANCE.

The rupture between Fanny Lock and Monteth was a nine days' wonder in Bohemia. Monteth on his side said nothing, and Fanny went hurriedly to New York, but where in New York nobody knew. Nor was it for two years that the truth leaked out, and by that time Fanny was Mrs. John Riddipath.

Monteth told it to Brooke one evening when both of them were in a retrospective mood. Brooke had been sighing like a furnace because he'd come across a little box of matches with April 10 scrawled across it in blue pencil, and Monteth had looked into Brooke's eyes. There was no twinkle in them now, and Monteth's face reflected the seriousness that shone from his friend's eyes.

"Memories, Ben?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Brooke slowly—"the worst sort, Monty—the sadly sweet; they hurt the most."

For a little space neither spoke. Then Monteth said, "And the story of that matchbox, Ben?"

Brooke's lips parted and his breath came quickly. "Why," he began, then he brought his teeth together hard, pursed his lips and drew a long, deep breath. "I'd rather not, Monty," he said.

Monteth nodded his head and looked down at the floor. "Brooke," he began, "it's two years tonight since Fanny left town, and I came around here expressly to tell you why. It was all a horrible mistake—we were the victims of a prankish trick of fate. And yet," he added, "it was all for the best. I presume, Fanny is happy, has a dainty home and a husband who idolizes her, as he should, too, by Jove!"

Brooke was silent. His mind went back to those Bohemian days when Fanny Lock and Monteth were part of a happy, carefree crowd; when Monteth's every thought was for the girl, when it was a matter of laughing comment to the crowd that Fanny couldn't make a drawing of a man, no matter of what nationality, or be he hero or villain, but what Monty's features were reproduced. And yet she'd gone away in the night, and no one knew why. The thought of it made Brooke clutch his matchbox still tighter, and he looked over at Monteth curiously.

"Fanny," went on Monteth, "was, as all artists are, romantic to a degree. She loved flowers, violets especially. Maybe she loved violets most because the first thing I ever gave her was a bunch of them. That might be the reason and it mightn't. But I know she loved them. One day I said to her, 'Fanny, I'm jealous of violets because you love them so much. If you didn't care for them, the affection those flowers get would all come my way, and then you'd care for me about three times more than you do.'"

"That couldn't be," she said seriously. "I couldn't care for you, Lew, more than I do now. But," she added after a second's thought, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll begin to hate them. I know how too. Let's make this compact: When you get tired of me or I get tired of you, which God grant may never happen, Lew, don't either of us tell it to the other. Instead send or give a bunch of violets. That means all is over. From this time on, dear, don't send or give me tiny violets. I hate them now with all my heart, because they mean the shriveling of my heart if I get them from you."

"Well, that was our compact, Ben, and it ended my giving her violets," Monteth stopped suddenly.

"I see it all now," said Brooke slowly. "Yes, I thought you went on passionately. 'Just think of it, what children of fate we were. And all through the mistaken kindness of Fales and Drummond.'"

"You haven't told them?"

"No, not yet. You can, though. For two years I've not opened my mouth about it to a living soul. And it all happened so naturally, too—seemed as if it was ordained to happen. The old flower woman was crossing the street, Drummond rang his bell, but Fales' wheel hit the old lady and flower woman, Drummond and Jack Fales were tumbled in one big heap. Luckily the old soul was more scared than hurt, but Fales in the goodness of his heart insisted on buying out her entire stock—22 bunches of violets.

But it was no use. Then at last another idea struck me. I inserted a personal twice a week for over a year in one of the New York papers. All I said was:

"FANNY—I did not send the violets."

"About a year after I first inserted the personal an answer appeared. It was printed directly under my personal and said:

"Who did?" FANNY.
"I almost went crazy with delight, Ben, when I saw that answer. I sent word to take out my personal and to insert this one one time in its place:

"FANNY—Where can I see you to explain?" "MOSTY."
"A week passed, but I heard nothing. Another week—then I again inserted the personal. But a month passed—two months, and I ordered in the personal then every day. At last I was rewarded. Again directly under my query appeared this answer:

"Will see you Sixty-fifth street entrance Central park 4 o'clock Monday next." FANNY.
"I don't know how I lived from the Thursday the personal appeared until the Monday I was to see her. I don't think I slept a half hour a night. I couldn't eat, I couldn't stand still, I could do nothing—absolutely nothing.

"I got to Central park at 2 o'clock and waited. Up and down I paced, up and down, up and down, until I ached. Fifty times I pulled out my watch. At 4 o'clock I was almost distracted, at 4:15 I was nearly crazy, and then right at my elbow I heard a voice—Fanny's voice—'How are you, Lew?' she said quickly.

"I turned like a flash, Ben, and my heart stood still. Face to face once more we stood, and I stretched out my arms to her, ready for her to throw herself into them again, ready to press her once more to my heart that had been hungering for her so long.

"She drew back quickly, her face scarlet. 'You mustn't do that, Lew,' she said hurriedly. 'I'm married now. There's been some horrible mistake, I know, but I'm married now, and neither of us must forget that. Let's find a bench quickly. I can't stay long.'

"Mechanically, Ben, I led the way to a bench close at hand. I felt crushed, stunned. It was for this I had striven and waited. I had found her, and she was married.

"I told her the story of the big bunch of violets—told her how Fales and Drummond had done what they did out of the goodness of their hearts, thinking they were pleasing her and doing me a courtesy, and when the truth dawned on her her lips quivered and two big tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"We sat there silent for a long time, each of us living over the past, thinking of the days that were all happiness, thinking of those dear dead days and the joy of them.

"And then she told her story. The day after she arrived in New York she was taken sick—brain fever. She went to a hospital, met him there—he was a doctor. After every one had given her up he clung to the belief he could save her, and he did. And through days and nights of careful, tireless nursing he brought her through the shadow. They married; she was happy.

"But why," I asked, "when you did answer my personal, did you leave so long a time elapse before you made this meeting?"

"I did not think it right, Lew, for me to meet you again, for I was married. And day after day I saw your appeal, and then I argued I will meet him just once and find out the truth. And then weeks passed before I summoned courage to tell you hear from me, and at last I put in the personal you saw last Thursday. All day today I have been wishing you would not come—in fact, I started for the door and went back three times before I really went out. For I'm married, and, being married, I owe to myself and to my husband all respect that is his. I had no right to see you today, and yet—yet—"

"I don't know why, Ben, but always in the great events of our lives you'll find little things—foolish things—take possession of one's mind. And all the time she was talking I was watching a sparrow a few feet distant trying to drag a tangled bit of twine from a twig and was wondering if he'd succeed or not.

"Then Fanny spoke again, but her voice was even now cold, I thought. You said, Lew, that when either of us grew tired of one of us was to send the other violets, didn't you?"

"Yes, Fanny, but—"

"She rose to her feet, interrupting me with a wave of her hand. Quickly she undid a flat brown bit of paper she was carrying, and there was a big bunch of pressed violets.

"She rose over between us, Lew," she said, her voice all a tremble, "so I give you a bunch of violets. They're the same ones—I've kept them. I don't know why. Like a flash she bent over them and kissed them once, twice, three times passionately, her eyes tear blinded. Then she thrust the withered bunch into my hands and without so much as a goodbye she turned and walked rapidly away.

"I sprang to my feet and called after her, Fanny, Fanny—one tiny second only! But she walked all the faster, never turned her head that she held high in the air, and then, Ben, a great overpowering weakness seized me, and I sank on the bench and cried like a child."

The clock on Brooke's mantel ticked loudly, and there was a mist in front of Ben Brooke's eyes that made all things seem blurred, for the woman had done what was right, and the man was his friend, and both of them were dear to him. But the woman had done what was right, and that, above all, was a gladness thought to Benny Brooke. For perhaps had she been a different woman she—

"I'm going, Ben," said Monteth, rising and reaching for his hat.

Brooke grasped him by the hand—such a grasp that has in it the unspoken words of affection that two men feel for each other at certain times in their lives. But Monteth's hand trembled like a woman's. "And the violets, Monty," said Brooke in a low voice, "what did you do with them?"

SING.

Sing, little bird, oh, sing!
How sweet thy voice and clear!
How fine the airy measures ring,
The sad old world to cheer!

Bloom, little flower, oh, bloom!
Thou makest glad the day,
A scented torch, thou dost illumine
The darkness of the way.

Dance, little child, oh, dance!
While sweet the small birds sing,
And flowers bloom fair, and every glaze
Of sunshine tells of spring.

Oh, bloom and sing and smile,
Child, bird and flower, and make
The sad old world forget awhile
Its sorrow for your sake!

—Celia Thaxter.

ACCEPTED.

I read one of your stories last evening, Miss Deland," said Jameson. Gates looked up quickly. "Do you write?" he asked. "What is the story in, please?"

"I don't know. Where did you see it, Mr. Jameson?"

"In the last Pacific Monthly."

"Oh, that one!" said Miss Deland. "I didn't know it was out yet."

"It's a good enough story of its kind," said Jameson bluntness. "But I haven't much opinion of the kind. What I want to see you write is a love story."

"I dare say it would amuse you immensely."

"But why have you never tried it?" persisted Jameson.

"I will tell you. It is because I have never been able to imagine a man's making love or proposing in a way that would not disgust or antagonize or forfeit the respect of any woman with a grain of sense."

Gates laughed. "That's pretty severe," said Jameson. "It hits me and my wife both."

"I'm very sorry, but I can't take it back. I haven't a doubt that you inspired one or all of the sentiments I have indicated. Mrs. Jameson must have overcome them by a tremendous effort of the will. Many sensible women do."

"And if the right man came along you would overcome them also, Miss Deland."

"Never! As soon as he began to show signs of softening of the brain he would cease to be the right man—for me."

"Perhaps and perhaps not. We shall see."

At intervals during the afternoon and on the way home at night Gates mused over what Miss Deland had said about loving and imagined different ways of doing it.

"I believe she is more than half right," he concluded as he went up stairs to his room after supper.

He had bought a copy of The Pacific Monthly that he might see her story, and when he had read it he laid aside the magazine and fell to thinking of the writer.

"Perhaps I have not been quite just to her," he soliloquized. "This little story shows that there is more to her than I thought. There's a tender human interest in it and a hint of deep religious feeling. I wish she would try to be a little more feminine."

It was two or three weeks after this, in the latter part of February, that Gates forgot one night to speak to Miss Deland about some small but important detail that had to do with her work the next day. He was not to be at the office in the morning, so could not repair the omission that he had thought of sending her a note, then decided to call around and tell her. He had never before been inside the large apartment house in which she lived on one of the upper flats.

"Come up," she called through the speaking tube when he had given his name.

So Gates went up. He gave a perceptible start when he had been shown into the pleasantest of sitting rooms and confronted Miss Deland. She seemed a different person, in a dress of soft gray ornamented by ribbon bows, a film of white lace about the neck, with a pink flower or two at the throat and her hair done in a way that did not do violence to a natural waviness.

She saw his look of surprise and laughed. "Perhaps I ought to be introduced," she said. "At The Weekly Recorder office I am Miss Deland, reader of manuscripts—a mere business woman. Here I am myself. I like to keep the two personalities distinctly separate."

"I am most happy to meet Miss Deland herself," said Gates, with a smile and a low bow.

Then he was presented to Mrs. Deland, who looked very like her daughter, only that she was smaller, more delicate and, of course, older. Gates felt drawn to her at once, and they fell into an easy conversation, somewhat to his amazement, for he usually found talking difficult.

Altogether it was so pleasant that nearly an hour had passed before Gates recollected that he had come on a mere business errand and took his leave.

It was summer now. Gates had taken more work upon himself and always outstaid Miss Deland at the office. One day, however, he planned his work so they should leave together.

"It seems quite like old times, doesn't it?" she said.

"Yes," he answered absently. Then, abruptly, "Do you remember, Miss Deland, something you said once to Jameson about proposals and love-making?"

He looked straight before him as he spoke, angry with himself that he could not keep the restraint out of his tone nor the color from coming into his face.

She gave him a quick glance and then looked away. "Remember," she said. "You were the business woman when you made those remarks. I have often wondered if you yourself held the same opinion."

"Oh, yes. The business woman and I disagree on some things, but that is not one of them."

"I don't think you ought to feel that way," he exclaimed irritably.

"Why, of course I oughtn't. It is a perfectly abominable way to feel. But how can I help it?"

"You do not believe in marriage, then?"

"Why, certainly I do. I think a happy marriage is the most beautiful thing in this world, and it improves people so much. I know several who were simply unendurable while single, but after a year or two of married life they had become charming men and women whom it was a pleasure to be with. It sort of humanizes a person."

"But yet no man could show he wished to marry you without exciting your disgust, turning you against him and insuring his refusal?"

"Exactly."

"It is fortunate that all women do not feel that way."

"Isn't it?"

"Miss Deland, have you a heart?"

"I don't know. I have asked myself that question. There's one thing that makes me think perhaps I have—I do love my mother."

"Yes, that is true," Gates admitted. "I have often been touched by it. I had no right to say you were heartless."

Then he sighed, and neither spoke again till they parted.

So the fall passed and winter came. McClintock's attentions to Miss Deland had become so marked by this time that they were a matter of comment to every one in the office and not a few out of it.

"She seems to have found out your 'right man,'" Gates blurted out to Jameson one day, nodding toward McClintock, who was leaning on Miss Deland's desk.

"Humph! You don't think she cares anything about that fellow?"

"She encourages him," returned Gates doggedly.

"I don't think so," said Jameson, "and it is only his thick skinned persistence that makes it look that way."

But Gates was not convinced. He had grown thin since summer, and his temper was not improved. Gates, however, even though glum and quick of temper, was universally liked, while as for McClintock, no one excepting Miss Deland, seemed to like him at all. "He talks too much, has too high an opinion of himself and is none too honest," was the general opinion.

One afternoon in January Jameson came over to Gates, ostensibly to borrow a knife. "Oh, that fool McClintock!" he groaned under his breath.

"What has he been doing now?" asked Gates, with assumed carelessness.

"Oh, he's the same as told Doddridge that he intends proposing to Miss Deland this evening," answered Jameson, looking critically at the knife. "He's going to take tea there—invited himself probably. Is positive she'll have him too. And I swear," he continued, still intent on the knife, "I'm most afraid she will myself. There's no knowing what a woman will do, especially if she is unhappy."

"What makes you think she is unhappy?" demanded Gates hoarsely. "I thought she had seemed to be in excellent spirits."

"Those excellent spirits are all put on. You just catch her unaware, as I have once or twice lately."

After Jameson had left him Gates leaned his face on his hand and thought. If he could only get the start of McClintock! The chances were 999 out of 1,000 that it would do no good, but there was the one chance. He looked at the clock. Miss Deland would leave the office in about 20 minutes, and McClintock would be on hand to go with her.

As he sat there his glance fell on his left hand, which rested on the desk in front of him. On the little finger was a ring which his only sister had given him just before she died, and which he had worn ever since. An idea came to him. With considerable difficulty he drew off the ring and folded it in a half sheet of paper. Then, drawing a fresh sheet toward him, he hid the ring in ink and wrote hastily:

MY DEAR MISS DELAND—If you can accept the inclosed article, an engagement ring, it will afford me intense happiness. If not acceptable, please return. Very sincerely yours, J. A. GATES.

Then he put the ring and what he had written in an envelope and addressed it. There was no messenger handy, so he delivered it himself. Miss Deland looked at him with cold indifference as he approached. He laid the letter before her. "Please read it now," he said. Then he went back to his work.

After a few minutes Gates gained courage to look toward Miss Deland. She was calmly reading a typewritten manuscript, and he watched her while she read the first page, a part of the last and a paragraph here and there between, then, refolding it, put in an envelope, together with a rejection slip, sealed it and as calmly went on to the next.

In about ten minutes more she tidied her desk, and five minutes after that she had on her outside garments and in the company of McClintock was leaving the office.

In going out they passed near Gates. Miss Deland, however, did not so much as glance in his direction. She carried herself proudly, her eyes were bright, her cheeks tinged with color, her lips smiling.

Gates held his hand against his face in a way to shield it from observation. There was a tight feeling in his throat, a smarting sensation in his eyes.

Some one touched him on the arm. He started angrily and looked around. It was McClintock, who thrust an envelope into his hand. "Miss Deland asked me to come back and give you this," he said and hurried away.

Gates' face grew hot. How like a woman to send her refusal by the hand of his rival and so enhance its bitterness! He held it in his hand and looked at the address for a full minute. Then, setting his lips together, he slowly opened the envelope and unfolded the letter. It was very brief:

MY DEAR MR. GATES—Your article, an engagement ring, is accepted. Very truly yours, ELEANOR BERTRAM DELAND.

—Elizabeth Robbins in Woman's Home Companion.

The Heat Cure.

Medical journals occasionally take up the subject of treatment by means of heat. The method has not met with extreme favor because of errors in applying it. This form of alleviating pain and curing disease is by no means new, having been successfully practiced by some of the laity for many years. The heat must be extremely dry to have the best effect. Steam or moisture is incompatible with success, for as soon as a sufficiently high temperature is reached the steam renders it unbearable to the patient. One of the best and simplest ways to apply dry heat is to fill bottles or cans with boiling water, wrap them in pieces of cloth and place them as near to the patient as can be borne. Neuralgia, rheumatism and digestive disorders have been known to vanish as if by magic under this treatment. All that is necessary is to refill the vessels as often as required. They must be absolutely water tight, and not a drop of moisture must touch the wrappings, as this would create the steam which is so objectionable. Congestive headaches and severe nervous attacks have been removed at once by this means.—New York Ledger.

What He Did.

"So yer wet darters got on men's pants an' went ridin on bikes!" asked the old farmer with the straw whiskers. "What did yer do?"

"Tandem!" was the father's reply, which went to show that he had been reading the funny column somewhere.—Syracuse Herald.

Winds In Arabia.

The whirling winds of Arabia sometimes excavate sand pits to the depth of 200 feet, the rim usually being three times that depth in diameter. A sand pit thus made may be entirely obliterated in a few hours and another excavated within a short distance of it.



A New Obstacle.

The old obstacles that used to prevent the marriage of loving couples are out of date. The blood-and-thunder villain is a myth nowadays. The cruel father is only a tradition. Distance, absence and shipwreck in these days of cheap, safe and swift transportation do not count. The new obstacle is a common sense one. It is ill-health on one side or the other, and sometimes on both.

Men nowadays hesitate to marry a woman, no matter how beautiful, no matter how attractive, or interesting, or witty, if she is a sufferer from ill-health. All men worth having desire happy, healthy children. Any woman who will, may fit herself for the duties of wifehood and the exalted function of motherhood. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription banishes all hindrance in the nature of local ill-health. It gives health, power and capacity to the delicate and important organs concerned in wifehood and maternity. It corrects all displacements, allays inflammation, heals ulceration, stops exhausting drains and soothes pain. It prepares for natural, healthy motherhood. It makes maternity easy and safe and almost painless. It insures a new-born child constitutionally strong and able to withstand the usual ills of babyhood. It is the greatest of nerve tonics and restoratives. Medicine dealers sell it and an honest dealer will not urge a substitute upon you.

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NOTICES

of all local entertainments to which admis-
sion fee is charged must be paid for at regu-
lar rates, 25 cents per line in the reading
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FOR REPRESENTATIVES.

Mention has been made of Mr. Mitchell
Wing of Newton and Mr. Adams D. Clafin
of Newton Centre for representatives
from this city, and the selection of two
such men would seem to be an excellent
thing for Newton. Mr. Wing has served
several terms in the city government,
where he made one of the best of records,
and was of great service to the tax-payers,
not by useless speeches or trifling objec-
tions to every measure, but because of his
habit of going to the bottom of every
scheme, and giving it a full investigation,
so that all its bearings could be under-
stood. He was generally regarded as one
of the most valuable men who have served
in the city council, and could be depended
on to do equally good work in the legisla-
ture. He is independent enough not to
wear anyone's collar, and if he voted for a
man or a measure it would be for conscientious
reasons.Mr. Clafin is the son of ex Gov. Clafin,
but that is not his claim to recognition,
for he has displayed such ability in the
management of the Commonwealth Avenue
Street Railway, as to place him in the
front rank of street railway presidents.
When the railway was first started no one
expected it to pay dividends, or even run-
ning expenses, for twenty years at least.
But Mr. Clafin and his associates kept
their own counsel, quietly made their
plans, and their wise business judgment
was seen in the opening up of Norumbega
Park, and providing such facilities for
reaching it that the success of their rail-
way astonished all other railway man-
agers. They were not content with pro-
viding ordinary accommodations, but
shrewdly planned to have larger and
better cars than could be found elsewhere
in New England, and all other accommo-
dations on the same scale, so that every
man who once took the trip recommended
it to every one he knew, and the patron-
age became enormous. Mr. Clafin was
not merely a figure head in the enterprise,
but gave everything his personal attention,
and it was not an unusual sight to see
President Clafin acting as motorman on
the new cars, testing them thoroughly be-
fore they were put on the regular trips.
It has been such careful attention to de-
tails that has made the Commonwealth
Avenue Street Railway such a brilliant
success, and the same business-like qual-
ities would make Mr. Clafin a good rep-
resentative.We do not think it could be said of him,
any more than of Mr. Wing, that he was
owned by any local boss, although they
are both loyal Republicans, and Massachu-
setts does not want to fall into the same
class as New York and Pennsylvania.
The men mentioned for representatives
this year should be very carefully investi-
gated, before nomination, as the record of
our General Court for several years has
been of a downward character, and it is
high time that the people took a hand in
the selecting of candidates, and made a
vigorous effort to raise the standard.

UNPAID TAXES.

The list of unpaid taxes was published
last week in the Newton Journal, making
nearly twenty columns of the large type
used. The total is only \$5,000 and they are
mostly for small amounts, on property that
is in dispute, or owned by non residents.As the bill for advertising these unpaid
taxes will amount to nearly a thousand dol-
lars, and as the advertisement was given
out without any bids being asked for, it
was very amusing to read this in the
Journal:"City Treasurer and Collector Ranlett
manages his department systematically, yet
courteously, and is determined to perform
his duty imposed upon him. He and his
colleagues of the treasury department
possesses the esteem and confidence of the
tax payers of Newton."One wonders what the Journal would
have said if the advertising had been given
to some other paper, as it was not so very
long ago that the Journal was publishing
and endorsing Mr. Fowle's attacks on the
Treasurer and his Department.In other cities such large contracts are
submitted to the papers for competition,
and if Treasurer Ranlett did this there
would be no chance for criticism, as the
lowest bidder would get the contract, the
city would save several hundred dollars of
the tax-payers' money, and this might be a
good thing when the authorities have such
trouble in keeping the tax-rate from in-
creasing.The cost of advertising these unpaid
taxes is greater, if the usual rates are
charged, than the total cost of printing the
city documents, on which bids are asked
from all the printing offices in Newton, and
on which the margin of profit is very
small.

If Treasurer Ranlett has decided to give

this "plum" by favor, it would be only fair
to divide it, and give it to each paper in
turn, so that each would get a chance at "the
public crib." A public official is supposed
to give out what work he has to be done
for the city "without fear or favor," and
the consciousness of a fair and impartial
discharge of all duties would be quite as
satisfactory to most men, as the rather
falsely puffed quality in this article.When city expenses are increasing at
such an extraordinary rate, it is desirable
that all city expenses shall be closely
looked after, and a few hundred saved here
and there would mean a great deal to the
tax-payers, who would view a reduction of
the rate with a good deal of complacency.
Such attention to details is only what
every successful man gives to his own
business, and it is only what every city
should expect and secure from its officials.
They hold their office as a public trust, and
not for their private benefit, or the benefit
of their friends, and with Newton's heavy
debt, which has been increased almost to
the limit within the past four or five years,
there is certainly need of some attention to
economical principles, and a following of
strict business methods in all the depart-
ments.ANOTHER transport ship has arrived
from Santiago with a more horrible state
of overcrowding and lack of all proper
food and supplies than the former ones.
Gen. Shafter pleads that he is not respon-
sible, as he was told the ship could accom-
modate twice as many. Strange that he
should not have thought of looking it up
for himself, instead of letting men be
crowded into quarters not fit for pigs, but
Shafter has not shown much humanity.
Secretary Alger also pleads that he is not
responsible for the acts of the men ap-
pointed and kept in office by him, although
their incompetence is responsible for more
deaths and more suffering than the bullets
of the Spaniards. If the President "has
his ear to the ground" as the correspond-
ents are so fond of asserting, he must hear
not only the cries of the fever stricken and
starving soldiers, but also the angry pro-
tests of their friends against keeping
longer in office the man who is responsible
for it all. If he still clings to Alger, he
must share Alger's responsibility. The
revelations of the inhuman treatment of
the soldiers are worse than any stories of
the Andersonville prison pen, and the ad-
ministration will be lost to all considera-
tions of humanity, if it does not take
prompt and effective steps to correct the
evils. A very bad time is coming for some
one, as an investigation is already being
demanded, and the paper owned by the
President's favorite secretary has heard
of the coming storm, even if the President
has not. It very forcibly says:"Somebody is responsible for this state
of things and we do not believe that the
friends of the men from western Massachu-
setts who were aboard will allow the mat-
ter to go without punishment for whoever
is to blame. It was little short of crim-
inal to pack 1000 men like sardines
into the inadequate deck and cargo space
of the Mobile. It was simply disgraceful
to send American soldiers on a filthy ship
destitute of any supplies suitable for sick
men. There can be no excuse for outrages
such as this. One such experience ought
to have warned the department against any
further errors of this kind. The best of
care will be given to the men now, but
that will not restore the dead to life nor
will it atone for the awful blunder of
overcrowding the troop ship."THERE is a rumor that Senator Hoar is
to be appointed minister to England, be-
cause President McKinley does not want
to offend "Boss" Platt by appointing a
New York man, and that this will open a
way for Secretary Long to be elected Sen-
ator. This deal is rather curious, and
possibly Senator Hoar may object to be
shelved after the fashion of Senator Sher-
man, in order to please some political boss,
and Massachusetts may also object. With
all his faults Senator Hoar is far above
the standard of most of the Senators in
ability and honesty, and we would much
rather trade off our Junior Senator, who
is far from being popular. Possibly the
deal is proposed as a way to make cer-
tain Mr. Lodge's reelection, as that might
be endangered by the great popular admi-
ration for Secretary Long. We do not
think Mr. Lodge would make a good am-
bassador to England, but perhaps he
could be provided for some other way.
Let him succeed Secretary Alger, as he
could not fail to be an improvement on
that feeble politician, and that would
give us Long and Hoar for Senators, and
this would satisfy Massachusetts.AMONG the signs of returning business
prosperity are the large number of people
who are looking about Newton for homes,
or boarding places for the winter. They are
not an army as yet, but the number is con-
siderable considering the hot weather we
are having. There are, as usual, in-
quiries for apartment houses, and also as
usual every one wants a spick and span
new house, and are only willing to look at
old houses on condition that a very low
rent is named. The greater number of
vacant houses are along Commonwealth
avenue, where new houses of all styles
and sizes await occupants, but in other
parts of the city, desirable houses are not
very numerous. The real estate agents
have had several very dull years, and now
that they want have to pay that Fifty
dollar tax for negotiating a mortgage, they
hope for a good deal of business this fall.ONLY five more days in August and then
perspiring humanity can expect some relief
from this hot and sticky weather. All
former records of the month have been
broken, this year, and the perspiring multi-
tude have had to stand it with what pa-
tience they could. Some would-be prop-
hets predict a hot September, but for their
own safety they should not say such
things in public.BROOKLINE people have been buying
beautiful yellow canary birds of a street
peddler, for from \$1.50 to \$2.50 each, and
now that the color is coming off, they
think it was a high price to pay for English
sparrows. The peddler is said to have
made about \$75 out of his color scheme,
and has departed to work credulous people
in other towns.THE Boston Transcript sums up the
Hawaiian affair very neatly by saying:
"The rights of a hundred thousand were
sacrificed to the desires of 3000 aliens and a
foreign country. The Hawaiians havebeen betrayed, and they know it, but what
do we care? Were not the Indians bet-
rayed, and is not this a great country?
The Kanakas do not know what is good
for them, and though they were and sink
a little, they will soon get over it, as the
slave traders used to say of the black
mothers when they sold their children
away from them. We are very Christian
people, and have just waged a war for hu-
manity, but the Kanakas do not under-
stand us yet."JAMES G. BLAINE, who is remembered
as once a resident of Newton, and who
was appointed a captain by Alger, has dis-
tinguished himself in Honolulu by getting
drunk and falling down stairs, and also by
cutting off a Chinaman's pig-tail, in a
"hilarious" moment. It was such appoint-
ments as these that have had much to do
with the total failure of the war depart-
ment.A CORRESPONDENT has a letter in an-
other column, asking several pertinent
questions about city finances, and making
some suggestions. As to his questions, he
has the same right to guess as any one, and
he intimates that there have been a good
many "guesses" about the city's income.If you have houses to let or to sell now
is the time to let people know it through
the GRAPHIC.GEN. MILES' interview is a dynamite
bomb in the Alger camp.Electrics, Allston to Watertown and
Newtonville.It may be of interest that, when the new
electric line from Union Square, Allston, to
Watertown, is open for public travel, Sun-
day, August 28th, five years will have
elapsed since application was first made by
the Newtonville and Watertown street
railway company for a franchise to lay
tracks on North Beacon street.At the time of the first application,
August 1893, for a franchise, the West End
company opposed its being granted and en-
tered into an agreement that they would
apply for the franchise and build a railway
themselves within a year. This year ter-
minated in November 1894; nothing having
been done on the part of the West End
company to carry out their agreement, ap-
plication was again made to the aldermen
of the city of Boston by the Newtonville
and Watertown street railway company.
Hearings were had but no action was taken
by the board. Application was made to
the legislature of '94-'95 for the right to
build, but the petition was opposed so
strongly by the West End interests that
nothing came of the hearings held.The fall of 1896 saw another petition for
this franchise filed with the city govern-
ment of Boston and a franchise was granted
at the last meeting of the board of alder-
men for that year, but Mayor Curtis failed
to approve it, and the franchise was not a
legal one.Again was application made to the legisla-
ture to approve this franchise, but without
success.When 1897 came, another petition for the
franchise was filed with the board of alder-
men of Boston, which was favorably acted
on at that time. This franchise was only ap-
proved by the board of railroad commis-
sioners in February, 1898, and now the
month of August finds the road completed
and ready for operation.Connecting with the several lines of the
Boston Elevated company at Union Square,
passengers can there take cars for Com-
monwealth avenue, Cambridge, Brighton,
Harvard avenue for Beacon street boule-
vard, and also Bowdoin Square, making it
very convenient for those who come from
Watertown, Waltham, Nonantum, New-
tonville and all of the other Newtons, for
the most direct route to the subway and
the heart of the city. From these points
ten minutes time can be saved in going to
and from Boston, with the trip a most de-
lightful one.The track has been constructed in the most
thorough and substantial manner. Heavy
nine inch girder rail from the John-
son Company have been used. The ties are
seven feet long, seven by six inches, and
of the best quality of chestnut. Paving
is of the high standard called for by
the superintendent of the streets of Boston.
The bridge over the Charles river at the
Arsenal has been practically rebuilt, and
under the Boston & Albany tracks the
grade has been lowered two feet six inches.

DIED.

STONE—At Abundale, Aug. 22, Miss Eliza-
beth O. Stone, 44 yrs., 10 mos., 8 ds.CLINTON—At West Newton, Aug. 22, Susan,
widow of Thomas and Elizabeth Clinton,
1 yr., 9 mos., 26 ds.BACHELDER—At Newtonville, Aug. 22, Eliza-
beth Lake, widow of John Bachelder, 79 yrs.,
2 mos., 22 ds.THRASHER—At Newton, Aug. 23, Samuel P.
Thrasher, 21 yrs., 8 mos.

September Weddings

Never before was our exhibit of
beautiful gift pieces inCut Glass
Handsome China
Fine Lamps, Etc
SO EXTENSIVE AS NOWVisitors will find assembled in the
Art Pottery Rooms (3d floor), the
Glass Department (2d floor), the
Lamp Department (gallery), the
Dinner Set Department (4th
floor), unusual specimens, the best
products of the best Potteries and
Glass Houses in the world.We have recently added to our
series (22 in all) of Historical
Plates from Wedgwood several new
views, including "The Mayflower
in Plymouth Harbor, 1620," and
"The Old Meeting House, Hing-
ham, 1681."We have opened this week beauti-
ful so-called pieces for gentlemen,
having the Harvard University
Seal, unique and attractive, costing
from \$1 to \$2 each.Also, from some pottery, novel-
ties having Golf Designs, unique
and attractive, \$1 to \$2.

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton Co

China, Glass and Lamp Merchants
120 FRANKLIN STREET
BOSTON

Confusing the Tax-Payers.

To the Editor of the GRAPHIC:—
Perhaps you can tell us the reason for so
many contradictory statements about New-
ton's tax rate. We read in the Boston
papers that it is \$16.00, and two days later
the Newton papers announce that it is
\$16.20, and no word of explanation is
vouchsafed to the wondering tax-payers of
Newton, as to the reasons for this sudden
change.Did the authorities find that such an in-
crease in the tax rate was needed to pay
the lavish city expenditures, more lavish
than at any other period of our history,
and then after a day or two discover that
there was danger in such an increase, that
the people would rise up and overturn
everything in the hope of getting more
economical officials?Was this the reason for the sudden going
back to the old rate, and every one is ask-
ing how on earth it was done. There is a
vague rumor that the city treasurer in
some mysterious way found more "esti-
mated receipts," but this is hardly cred-
ible, in such a careful and conscientious
man as Major Ranlett. He would have
known the exact "estimated" at first, and
could hardly have been persuaded to in-
crease his estimates, even to oblige any one.A difference of forty cents a thousand on
the wrong side might have led to great
changes this fall, and certainly such shift-
ing creates a bad impression. People are
asking if it is not possible that these
guesses at the city's income may not prove
to be wrong, and so lead to a deficit at the
end of the year?There is no question but what Newton is
spending too much money. We have a
force of officials and a salary list larger
than any city of our size, and there seems
to be an ambition to model our salaries and
number of clerks on the standard of Bos-
ton, without regard to the fact that we
have no Boston's income, and that the
work to be done is hardly on the same ex-
tended scale as that of Boston.Indeed, about every visitor at city hall
wonders what all the great staff of clerks
and officials in that building find to do.
Some say that such an elaborate system is
used for every petty detail, that it takes
about four men to do one man's work, and
that a good, thorough-going, business man
is needed to overhaul the whole thing.However this may be, we remember that
the aldermen exhausted this year some of
their appropriations before the first of
July, they were so fond of hack rides that
that appropriation gave out in June instead
of lasting the whole year, as has been the
case heretofore, and there were others!Certainly, Newton's tax rate ought not
to be any larger per thousand than Bos-
ton's. Our valuation is said to be higher in
proportion, and a rate of \$14 is all that
Newton's tax-payers should be required to
pay.Why not make this the rallying cry in
the coming city campaign?

TAX-PAYER.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Bil-
iousness, Indigestion, Headache.
Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.Re-opens for 38th Year
TUESDAY, SEPT. 6.
Reservation of desks made daily by
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HIGHEST GRADED institution of its kind in
America. Its plans and methods are widely
but unsuccessfully imitated.Reliable instruction by experienced teachers
and assistance in obtaining recognition from
the business public are both of inestimable value
to young people just entering commercial life,
and they can best be attained by attending a
school of RECOGNIZED STANDING.The Shorthand and Typewriting departments
are distinct from, but equal in perfection of
equipment to the Commercial departments.Pupils of either sex admitted on equal terms.
PROSPECTUS POST FREE. Office, No. 608
Washington Street. Hours, 9 a.m. till 4 p.m.
H. E. HIBBARD, - - - Principal.By S. S. GLEASON, Auctioneer, Office,
56 Main Street, Watertown.

SATURDAY, AUG. 27, 1898

At 11 o'clock in the forenoon, will be sold at

PUBLIC AUCTION,
On the Otis Pettie Estate, Elliot St., Newton
Upper Falls,

Valuable Personal Property,

Consisting of Household Furniture, Carriages,
Harnesses, Farm Tools, Implements and Appur-
tenances.The Household Furniture comprises black
walnut book-cases, library tables, sideboards,
sofas, lounges, easy chairs, chamber sets, ward-
robes, mattresses, springs, pillows and bedding,
2 sewing machines, 2 refrigerators, also many
other articles of household utility and orna-
mentation, including some pieces of antique
furniture; 2 round water tanks, capacity 150
gallons each, 1 No. 5 Mages furnace in good
condition, several parlor stoves all in good
order, stable heater.The Stable and Farm Equipment consists of
1 nearly new straight sill open Surrey, with two
seats, rubber tires, fitted with pole and shafts,
built to order for the present owners, and in
excellent condition; 1 open buggy, 1 sleigh,
2 shifting carriage poles, 1 horse roller, 1 corn
sheller, and many other tools and implements
appurtenant to a well equipped estate.The stable and outside goods will be sold at 11
o'clock from 12 o'clock on the receipt of the
taken for lunch. At 1 o'clock the household
effects will be sold.This sale offers unusual advantages for the
purchase of valuable goods at auction bargains,
as everything is to be sold without limit or
reserve.Terms Cash. Sale Positive. Remember the
day and time.

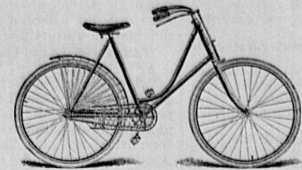
The United Order

—OF—
The Pilgrim Fathers.Is one of the leading fraternal insurance or-
ganizations. It is conducted on the lodge plan
and confined to the New England States. It has
granted assessments, a low death rate, admits
men and women on equal terms.
Its object is to unite fraternal and for their
mutual advantage acceptable persons, and to
protect the widow, orphans, or dependents of
its members by paying them on the death of the
members five hundred, one thousand or two
thousand dollars, as the member may have
desired.It has benefited thousands. It can benefit
you and your.Nonantum, No. 77, meets in Nonantum
Hall second and fourth Mondays in each month,
at 8 o'clock P. M.

1898 NEW MAIL.

17th YEAR

LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

Men's and Ladies' Patterns, Highest Quality
with all Latest Improvements.BARGAINS. We are closing out a small lot of \$85.00 wheels, entirely new at \$25.00 each;
also a few at \$20.00 each. Best bargains in Boston to-day.GOLF GOODS. Have taken agency for the celebrated D. Anderson, St. Andrews &
Scotland, make of Clubs, with Texa shaft and unbreakable head.
These are used by professionals, as by the Texa shaft the longest drives are obtained.
Henley & Silvertown Balls at \$2.35 per doz. Send for catalogue.

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No dust. No trouble to use. Exterminator.
Price, 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. If your drug-
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For Sale by BARBER BROS., Newton.Mr. Cutler's
Preparatory
SchoolFor young men and young women. Twelfth
year begins September 12. Special attention
to individual needs of pupils. Number limited.
Applications for admission should be made at
once. \$150 a year. School rooms in Associates'
Block, Centre Street, opposite Public Library.
Particulars may be had ofMr. EDWARD H. CUTLER,
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West Newton English and Classical School,

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All ages and grades from Kindergarten to
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PRINCIPALS.Mrs. Sweetser's Kindergarten and
Freebel School for Boys and Girls,
274 Highland Avenue, West Newton,
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Mrs. N. C. SWEETSER,
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you and your.Nonantum, No. 77, meets in Nonantum
Hall second and fourth Mondays in each month,
at 8 o'clock P. M.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

RATES—50 cents first insertion, for not
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Wanted.

WANTED—General work on Gentleman's
place. Understand care of horses, gar-
den work, etc. Can give first-class references.
Apply to 903 Walnut St., Newton Highlands,
Mass.WANTED—A second-hand range No. 7,
Quaker or Magee preferred. Must be in
good order. Address

FAME.

Full many songs he wrote, ah! He gave his whole youth to his art, Yet not a single line came back From other lips to cheer his heart.

"This is the last song from my pen!" He cried. His heart was like to break. He wrote it. Then from haunts of men He fled away for poor pride's sake.

His time of prime he lived alone And labored with his hands for bread, Nor ever struck a tender note, Nor willing words to music wed.

But in the twilight of his years His heart grew restless, and one morn He rose with all an old man's fears And sought the town where he was born.

He strayed within the busy street— No face he knew, and none knew him— He looked about for some retreat And found a doorway cool and dim.

And rested there. "How sore to die When there is naught to lose by death!" A beggar woman sang with glee, And whined her song with gaps for breath.

It was his song—the one he wrote That day he set his name to fast. Joy, like the lightning, flashed and smote His heart, and fame was his at last!

—J. J. Bell in Spectator.

GOLD OF SILENCE.

More harm has been wrought in this world by the gold of silence than by the silver of speech. Especially is this true of matters of the heart.

Farland came to realize it in the end, but as he left the commanding officer and walked in his deliberate way across the hosiery to where Miss Cameron stood he was priding himself upon his ability to hold his tongue and, with a wretched sort of vainglory, nursing himself to hold it for seven hours longer.

Miss Cameron was talking to the regimental quartermaster, and when she caught sight of Farland she grew radiant. The regimental quartermaster observed this and was of course annoyed. He went away and left her with the lieutenant.

It is the fate of a woman to be forever smiling. Few men have learned to distinguish that eternal smile. Those who have have observed the subtlest tragedies of life.

Farland was not of them. He was too distinctly manly to understand women. He was therefore strengthened in his resolve to keep silence when Miss Cameron's expression in nowise changed as he told her that she must excuse him from the next dance.

"I have just seen the colonel, and he has been pleased to inform me that I must leave at reveille."

"For what portion of the globe?" she asked.

She gazed over his shoulder in apparent absorption in something at the other side of the room. If Farland had been a student of the sex, he would have known that this was overacting. It was one of the many of Miss Cameron's charms that she usually drew her entire attention upon the person at hand.

"Where are you going?" she repeated.

"To join Blake's command; after that wherever the will of heaven and the craft of the Apache may lead me."

For just one instant her expression changed, but Farland was not acute.

"Upon a scout, then?" she asked.

"Upon a scout, yes. And as I have to leave before reveille, and as it is now 11 o'clock, there is no time to be lost."

Miss Cameron was smiling again.

"You will not sleep much tonight. Things must be serious."

"They are," he told her.

There was a pause—one of those intervals when the gods bemoan our mortal powers that instinct may have fair play. But we defeat their ends. We have trained instinct to lie quiet.

The lieutenant moved uneasily. Miss Cameron, with the delicate, unobtrusive discernment of woman, thought him restless to be gone. She drew herself up to her full height, and the regal poise of her head was accentuated. Farland determined that she was indifferent and hard, and his resolution was enforced.

"You must not let me keep you," she said.

Farland was far too trained to allow his anger and unhappiness to appear in more than an exaggerated unconcern. He took her extended hand.

"Shall you be here when I return?" he asked.

His resolution was near to breaking. If her tawny eyes had grown ever so little soft, he would have flung his golden wealth of silence to the winds. But her pride was mighty, and it was aroused.

"My visit comes to an end this week," she said.

"We shall probably meet again," he ventured.

She shrugged her shoulders negligently.

"Probably. One can never be sure that one has seen the last of anybody in the army." And then she added, "Goodbye!"

She would have been glad to bow her head upon her arms and to have kept her heartache in silence. Instead she gave the dance which was to have been Farland's to a married captain and succeeded perfectly in her effort to appear to enjoy it.

And Farland went out, normally and bodily, into the night. It was the code of honor—which considers not the woman—that holds that if a man may not ask a woman to marry him then and there neither may he tell her of his love. He thought he was doing right, and he was not one to rail at fate. A little tempest of temptation had ruffled the deep waters of his conscience for a time, but they were calm again. He remembered with resentment the haughtily poised head, and the placid smile and the last glimpse he had caught of her through the hosiery window—a yellow gown, swaying to the music in full enjoyment of life.

Well, she would have gone back to Bayard by the time of his return, and one could never be sure one would not forget—after years. He went into the barracks and gave his orders.

When the bright months of the hazy pealed their revolve welcome to the sun as it rose above the mountains, far across the prairie, Farland and his command were trotting toward Mount Graham, and Miss Cameron, still in the yellow gown, stood at her window with her hands clasped before her and watched the line of the receding column.

Farland stopped at Bayard two months later. The scout was over, and he was taking his command back to Fort Grant. They were to strike the railroad at Silver City, nine miles away, upon the following day.

He meant to see Miss Cameron. There was no longer a reason for silence. He waited with impatience while the commanding officer arranged for the disposition of the men. Then he walked with him across the parade. The primroses of the evening were opening, a great pale flower bursting out here and there in the grass, until even as he went all the ground was starred with them, and the children from the officers' line and the landresses' row were

running, laughing and screaming and calling out, to rather the handful of fragile bloom that would be wilted before tattoo.

Upon occasions of necessity the commandant's long, lank body could bestir itself, but there was no such occasion now, and Major Cameron resented Farland's haste.

"I say, Farland," he protested, "slow up. What is your hurry? You will not get dinner before retreat anyway."

Little the lieutenant reckoned of dinner. But he obliged himself to walk more reasonably. Major Cameron talked of the scout and its outcome. Farland tried to listen and to answer. In his joyful anticipation he forgot that he was a sorry looking sight to go a-wooing; that his face was burned and his nose peeling, and his hair half cut, and his clothes ragged and dusty. Self-consciousness was not one of his faults. The major broke off suddenly in the midst of a tirade against Indian agents, those pet aversions of the line.

"I suppose you are about worn out," he said.

"No," said Farland, "not in the least. Why?"

"You appear not to be able to keep your mind upon anything. You have no notion of what I said last."

"You said 'Mescaleros' last."

"But you have no idea whatever what I said about the Mescaleros."

"I am afraid that's so," Farland admitted.

"And over there at the corral you answered three questions that I hadn't asked."

Farland apologized civilly, but he had seen through the window Miss Cameron standing with clasped hands and head thrown back before the open fire. It was a favorite pose with her, and it recalled so much. The major might as well have addressed his concluding remarks to the flag-staff.

They went into the hall, and the commandant opened the door. "There is Clare," he said. "I believe you know each other. I will go and get Mrs. Cameron." He went away and closed the door again.

Farland was not demonstrative, but neither was he one to delay in carrying out a resolve. He took the hand that the girl held out to him and then went to the fireplace and rested his arm upon the mantel and looked at her speculatively.

"I am going to be very rash," he said, "and very precipitate."

She smiled incredulously. "How unlike you!" she said.

"Perhaps, but it is not unlike me to go straight to the point, I think."

She vouchsafed no encouragement. "It is true," she answered. "I had long since determined that he was an unscrupulous liar—worse than that, indeed, because he made more pretensions than most men. Now, when she looked into his keen gray eyes, that consoling fiction vanished. She wondered why he did not speak at once of the one thing that might reasonably be expected to be of interest—to herself, at least. But she folded her hands in front of her again and stood very erect.

"When I saw you last in the hosiery at Grant," he said, "I was to all intents and purposes upon half pay. My mother was alive then, and I was supporting her."

She looked at him, puzzled. Why should he tell her this now? While there had yet been time he had been charged enough of his confidences. While there had yet been time—She looked at him as he stood there before the fire, young and strong, with his pistol belt showing beneath his faded blouse, the kerchief knotted around his neck, the dusty boots with their spurred heels, his face so absurdly sun and wind burned, glowing with blond redness in the firelight. While there had yet been time—She checked an inclination to throw out her arms and cry aloud.

"That is why," he went on, "I did not feel justified in telling you—though you might, I should think, have seen—that I loved you."

She went up to him and put her hand upon his shoulder and tried to speak.

"Well, what?" he asked. He was submitting dully to some blow which he saw in her hardening eyes was going to fall.

"I"—she was forcing the words from her throat with a harsh, dry sound—"I married Captain Whitcomb three weeks ago because I did not know."

Farland turned away and drew a chair near to the fire. The movement was quite natural, quite free from any gesture of tragedy. He was too stunned to feel the pain at once. That would come afterward and stay through many years. He sat down in the chair and watched the flaming mosquito root. It was a little hard for him to draw his breath, and the pain was beginning now too.

Clare stood upon the other side of the hearth and looked dully ahead of her. Then she drew her hand slowly across her eyes.

"I must go home," she said.

Farland did not answer her, and she went out and closed the door.—Gwendolen Overton in Argonaut.

Frank Inconsistency.

John Hunter, one of the pioneers in the practice of medicine 100 years ago, was absolutely blind to any theory unsupported by facts. While many men were guessing out things he was seeking to prove them.

"I love to think," he said to one of his colleagues, though he afterward qualified the statement by an almost contradictory one.

"But why think? Why not make the experiments?"

Like other men of real genius, he was not afraid of seeming inconsistent. Sir Astley Cooper once asked him, with some surprise, if he had not once stated an opinion directly at variance with one he had just put forth, and he replied:

"Very likely. I hope I grow wiser every year."

Again a pupil inquired if he had not written to a certain effect.

"Never ask me what I have said," he returned, "or what I have written. But if you ask me what my present opinions are I will tell you."

Sometimes, too, he would say to pupils who were taking down notes: "You had better not write down that observation. Very likely I shall think differently next year."—Youth's Companion.

Suspicion.

"I really believe," said Mr. Meekton, "that I would like to be a chef."

His wife dropped her knife and fork and frowned.

"Leonidas," she exclaimed severely, "I believe you have been reading some of those silly paragraphs about the way cooks browbeat the woman of the house!"—Washington Star.

Vicarious Punishment.

"Why do you moisten that stamp so viciously?"

"I like to fancy I'm licking a Spaniard!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"MY SONGS ARE ALL OF THEE."

My songs are all of thee, what though I sing Of morning when the sun is yet in sight, Of evening or the melancholy night, Of birds that o'er the reddening waters wing, Of some of fire, of winds or music that cling To mountain tops, of winter all in white, Of rivers that toward ocean take their flight, Of summer when the rose is blossoming, I think no thought that is not thine; no breath Of life I breathe beyond thy sanctity. Thou art the voice that silence uttereth, And of all sound thou art the sense. From thee

The music of my song and what it saith Is but the beat of thy heart, throbbing through me.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

NORWELL TREASURE.

"Why, it's absolutely absurd, Mr. Barrie, and you ought to be ashamed even to listen that if she had the book it must be in the house somewhere? She has had no opportunity to dispose of it."

Robert Barrie, Scotchman, had tried hard to keep his temper through this interview with young Sprague for many reasons. One of these was his suspicion that Sprague loved his daughter, Marion, the very apple of his eye. Another was his respect for Sprague himself, and perhaps the strongest of all his boasts that he never let his temper master him.

This occasion, however, was too much. To be told by a young "wuppersnapper" that he ought to be ashamed of anything was not to be tolerated. Besides, Sprague himself evidently did not know that the book had been found in the house of his aunt, Barbara Myles. He turned on his caller, purple anger mounting to his forehead and shouted:

"Yes, I can see that the book must of course be in the house." He came a step nearer and added: "And it was found there this morning. Here it is now."

And he held out the priceless copy of Isaac Walton that had long been the pride of Norwell. Sprague turned white and seemed about to fall. "Found in my aunt's house, you say?" he faltered.

"Aye," answered Barrie. "Now, can you deny she stole it?" "Who else knew more of its value? Didn't she tell Miss Timmins it would sell for at least \$500 and she knew where she could use the money well? I don't know that she hasn't used her position as librarian to steal other books. Heaven knows when she got any money to send to you at college. I shall call a meeting of the library trustees at once and see if they will not agree with me to prosecute her to the extent of the law. And now don't you step over my threshold again so long as you live. I don't want anything to do with any breed of thieves, either you or your!"

Sprague took a sudden step and "tackled" Barrie as he had many a time tackled a running half back at football practice. Barrie fell heavily and looked half afraid up into the stern young face above him.

"Now get up," said Sprague, "and if you ever say another word against my aunt in my presence I'll—I'll give you another lesson in football tricks of the goal kicking description." He finished, half smiling to himself.

Only the morning before this interview the town of Norwell had been thrown into a spasm of excitement by the news that "our book" had been stolen. When Peter Hackett died, he divided his really notable library among the public libraries of his native state, and to Norwell fell his famous Walton, the object of many a book-worm's pilgrimage to his library. Its bequest was hedged about by many conditions, the foremost of which was the solemn injunction that under no circumstances was it to be removed from the library.

It was this particular condition which caused Barbara Myles to experience a continual oppressing sense of responsibility. The Walton was never absent from her mind, and she visited its resting place in the library a dozen times a day.

Beyond the slender salary which came from her position she had little except an unusual education and the bibliophile's love and had no other means of support, relative, and she loved him with the love of a mother. Robert Barrie, bringing her the quarter's salary, his daughter Marion, and of late eccentric Job Doyle comprised the list of her Norwell callers.

Young Sprague repaid her love and sacrifice with almost the devotion of a lover. He knew the story of the extra cataloguing done for the big city library that he might complete his college course. His love for Marion Barrie, too, was no secret from his gentle little aunt, and she fed him, hungry for news of his sweetheart, with constant letters.

She herself had discovered the loss and reported it to the chairman of trustees, Robert Barrie, with fear and trembling. He had told the village constable, and that Sherlock Holmes, being told the remark made to Miss Timmins about the value of the Walton, immediately arrested Barbara Myles. It was this that caused her only interview ending with the football lesson.

John Sprague left the house realizing that probably his love dream was over for good and all, but not sorry, on the whole, that he had defended his aunt's good name in such a summary fashion.

The news of the finding of the book staggered him, and he sought to explain it to himself, never once questioning his aunt's honesty. On his way to her house, where she was confined in the absence of a man suitable jail, he met Job Doyle. Job was an eccentric and absentminded as Pudd'n-head Wilson and withal a bookworm of the wormiest kind. This morning he was full of the missing book and as indignantly as Sprague himself at the turn affairs had taken.

"John, my son," said he, "what fuddle-headed piece of business is this? If I could get hold of that constable, I believe I'd beat him. I do, why, the fool, to think Barbara—I mean Miss Myles—took it. The angel Gabriel might steal it, but she wouldn't. See here, John, I suppose I ought to tell you something, seeing you are the only living relative she's got. I'm in love with that little woman—yes, sir, I am, and by old Isaac Walton himself. I'm going to marry her if she'll say yes. Meanwhile we'll get her out of this scrape, you and I."

"Mr. Doyle," said Sprague, "I am surprised. Go in and win, though. I'll do all I can to help things along. But this is no time to talk of such things. I've been to Barrie's, and we had a scrap, and he's forbidden me the house."

"Poor boy!" replied Doyle. "And Marion, how does she feel?"

"I haven't seen her since she got here, but it's easy to imagine how she will treat me."

"That reminds me. I went to see Barrie this morning, and a new maid came to the door whom I never saw, and when she asked me my name I couldn't tell her. No, sir, I couldn't, and she thought she'd got a lunatic, I guess, because she slammed the door in my face, and I couldn't think what my name was."

"I've a great story to tell you, boys," said a man to a group at the city hall. "I don't think any of you ever heard me tell it before."

"It is a really good one?" asked one of the party doubtfully.

"It certainly is."

"Then you never told it before," echoed the crowd.—Philadelphia Call.

till I got round the corner. But about the book. Of course the thing has just been mislaid, and I'll make Barrie smart for this. Why, darn it all, I was reading the book myself that afternoon, and I went home with Barbara—I'll call her that this time without the Miss—and she didn't have it. Put it back, Fuddle-headed fool, I'll come home!"

John went straight to his aunt's, determined not to tell her of the little interview with Barrie and its ending. But could he rule otherwise? He found Marion Barrie in the house, and realizing how hopeless his love must be now, was hardly civil to her. Even his aunt noticed it and said:

"Why, John, Marion has been my only comfort, except always you, since this happened, and you act as if you were angry with her. Oh, what are you going to do with me, John? What did Mr. Barrie say?"

And John could keep in no longer. It all came in a rush of passionate words, restrained only by Marion's presence.

As she listened the color left her face, and a great tear filled each eye. She loved her father, but now she realized that she loved John Sprague more, and as she realized it her eyes told the story.

Barbara had stolen from the room, and they were alone. John finished with, "And that's why I have little to say to you, Miss Barrie!" Ah, no, John, not that! I—I—and she blushed and hesitated—"I don't agree with father, John."

Ten minutes later they sought Barbara Myles to assure her that neither "agreed with father."

"Now, John," said Marion, "I believe that you and I can fathom this. Of course the most natural theory is that some enemy of Miss Myles has put this book here in this house, but there are two facts against that. No one has been in the house but old Job Doyle, and Miss Myles hasn't any enemies. But there was the book."

"Where was it found?" asked John.

"In the box under the seat here by the fireplace," answered Barbara. "How could it have come there unless after I had left here the morning I found it was gone some one had come here and placed it in the box?"

"Were there any signs of any one's coming in, Aunt Barbara? Tell us the whole story again from the last time you saw the book," said John.

"When I came home to lunch, the book was there in its accustomed place. That was the last I saw of it. Oh, no—Job Doyle had it that afternoon!"

"Yes, he told me so when I met him. Did he put it back?"

"Why, John, you don't think—of course he put it back."

"Did you see it after you saw it in his hands? Think hard now."

The poor little woman blushed and looked uncomfortable and finally said: "No. Mr. Doyle was waiting outside for me, and it was storming fiercely. So I just put out the remaining lights, and I do believe I did not look to see if the Walton were safe."

"Yes, yes," said John. "What then?"

"Why, we walked home together," she said shyly, "and I asked Job in to have a cup of tea, and he took off his coat and put it—"

"Where?" demanded John.

"Why—why in the settle—why—John, you don't think—why, where are you going, John?"

John rushed out of the house, saying something as he went about "that absent-minded chap will forget where he lives next."

He went to Job Doyle's house, and the maid told him she expected her master back at any moment. So he concluded to wait. Soon in came Job, wearing a far-away look, and greeted John with a very formal "How do you do, sir? What can I do for you?"

"Tell us what you stole the Walton for," said John.

"God bless my soul!" ejaculated Job. "What do you mean, sir?"

"Nothing but what I said," said John, laughing in spite of himself. "Now, see here, Mr. Doyle, you told me you were reading the book that afternoon. Did you put it back? Now, for Barbara's sake, Doyle, do try and recollect."

"No, I have no recollection of replacing it."

"Now, as a matter of fact, isn't this what happened? You read the Walton all the afternoon, and when 6 o'clock struck and Aunt Barbara began to put the lights out you put your great coat on—"

"And, like a fuddle-headed fool that I am, slipped the book into my pocket."

"Exactly."

"But how did it get into the settle?"

"Simplest thing in the world. When you went into the house—"

"I took my coat off, and it slipped out of the pocket."

"Right again."

"Well, John Sprague, I'm a baldheaded idiot! Come on down to Barrie's and tell him the story, and then we'll go out hunting for the constable with a shotgun."

"No; you'd better send for Mr. Barrie and tell him about it."

Accordingly Mr. Barrie was sent for, and Job told him the whole story, concluding with:

"Robert Barrie, you'd better take back some things you said this morning to John here. But if you want to play any football tricks on me, why, I guess I'd make a good way back. Did you ever in your life meet a bigger adulated ape than me?"

And Robert Barrie was forced to admit that he never had.—Pioneer Press.

Jack Tar and the Actor.

A famous Irish actor of the last century, named John Moody, early in life, before he went on the stage, had been to Jamaica and worked his passage home as a sailor before the mast. One night some time after he had been engaged at Drury Lane, when he was acting Stephano in "The Tempest," a sailor in the front row of the pit got up, and standing upon the seat, hallooed out: "What cheer, Jack Moody; what cheer, messmate!"

This unexpected address rather astonished the audience. Moody, however, stepped forward, and recognizing the man, called out: "Don't Hulet, keep your jawing tacks aboard. Don't disturb the crew and passengers. When the show is over, make sail for the stage door, and we'll finish the evening over a jug of punch. But till then, Tom, keep your locker shut."

Moody, it is related, was as good as his word.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Really Good Story.

"I've a great story to tell you, boys," said a man to a group at the city hall. "I don't think any of you ever heard me tell it before."

"It is a really good one?" asked one of the party doubtfully.

"It certainly is."

"Then you never told it before," echoed the crowd.—Philadelphia Call.

Pale and Thin

Could Not Help Himself for Three Months—Impure Blood Causes Great Suffering—How Relief Came—Better than Ever Before.

"I have been in poor health owing to impure blood, weak stomach, biliousness and sick headaches, ever since I was a child eight years old. I have suffered everything for the past 14 years. I got so low that I could not help myself for three months, and was pale and thin. My neighbors did not expect me to live through the winter. I asked my doctor if I could take Hood's Sarsaparilla and he said that I could take as much of it as I liked. I very soon found it helped me very much. I continued its use until I had taken six bottles, and at that time I looked better than I ever did since I can remember. I shall never be without Hood's Sarsaparilla as long as I can get it. It helped me more than any other medicine that I have ever taken. I advise anyone who is in poor health to try this great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. I love my life to this medicine." ELIZA A. RUMMEL, Box 1178, Claremont, N. H.

All druggists, \$1.50 per bottle. Get only Hood's.

Legal Notices

By S. R. KNIGHTS & CO., Office 73 Tremont St., Boston, Room 650.

Mortgagee's Sale of Estate
on Turlington Road, Newton Centre.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by John F. Rely and Rose Rely his wife in her own right to the Bank River Savings Bank dated July 22d A. D. 1897, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex (80 District) Libro 252 folio 372, will be sold at public auction on the premises on Tuesday the 13th day of September A. D. 1898, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, for a breach of the conditions of said mortgage deed all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed namely:

Break Some Favorite Milk Biscuit

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Favorite Milk Biscuit are delicious for lunch. Delicious with salad, soup or ice cream—enjoyable at any time. Sold everywhere with the word "Favorite" on every biscuit.



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You can always find one of Holmes' Expressmen at their stand, NEWTON BAGGAGE ROOM, from 8.30 A. M. to 8.30 P. M., where a call may be left, or leave orders at G. P. Atkins', Grocer, or Newton Business Exchange, 402 Centre St. Telephone connection.

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NEWTON FREE LIBRARY.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Allen, Mary Wood. The Marvels of our Bodily Dwelling: Physiology made Interesting. 102.835	
Baldwin, James Mark. Story of the Mind. 101.895	
Balzac, Honore de. Modeste Mignon. 64.1898	
Biedermann, W. Electro-Physiology, Vol. 2. 106.475	
Bompiani, Sophia V. Short History of the Italian Waldenses, who have inhabited the Valleys of the Cottian Alps from Ancient Times to the Present. 72.446	
Colton, John M. Annals of Switzerland. 72.445	
Curtis, George William. Early Letters to John S. Dwight at Brook Farm and Concord; ed. by George Willis Cooke. 54.1205	
Gray, Andrew. A Treatise on Magnetism and Electricity. 105.545	
Halevy, Ludovic. Autumn Manoeuvres: Stories and Sketches. 61.1216	
Hugo, Victor. The Alps and Pyrenees. 33.502	
Lange, D. Handbook of Nature Study. 102.839	
Lloyd, Henry Demarest. Labor Copartnership. 82.216	
Montagu, Victor Alexander. A Middy's Recollections, 1853-1860. 93.737	
Richmond, Ennis. Boyhood: a Plea for Continuity in Education. 82.214	
Rowley, John. Art of Taxidermy. 102.834	
Russell, Matthew, ed. Sonnets on the Sonnet: an Anthology. 54.1204	
Sage, Henry Williams. Cornell University: Memorial Exercises in Honor of Henry Williams Sage. 96.460	
Stories by Foreign Authors. Vol. 8, Scandinavian. 61.1200	
August 24, 1898.	

NONANTUM.

—Rev. Daniel Greene has been ill for several days.

—Ellis Ward and Frank Foss have returned from Vermont.

—Mr. Daniel Gallagher is able to be out again after his recent accident.

—Frank Turner of hose company has been acting as substitute at engine 1's house.

—The Misses Alice and Maud Butler are at Old Orchard for the balance of the month.

—Mr. John T. Beal and family of Chapel street have returned from an outing on the north shore.

—Wm. Morrow, formerly of this place but now of New York, has been here visiting relatives.

—Mr. Fred Feary has returned from Bangor, where he has been attending the Bangor Theological College.

—The open-air meeting at the North Evangelical Church last Sunday evening was conducted by General Secretary Pitt F. Parker of the Newton Y. M. C. A.

—In the absence of the pastor the services at the North Evangelical church last Sunday morning were conducted by Rev. Mr. Phipps, formerly of Newton Highlands.

—The open air meeting of the Buelah Baptist Mission next Sunday afternoon will be held at 3 o'clock on the lawn in front of Mr. George Hudson's residence on Bridge street.

—Members of John Howard Lodge, I. O. G. T. of Cambridge were entertained by Charity Lodge, I. O. G. T., in the Dalby street atheneum. A large gathering enjoyed a musical and literary program, and refreshments followed.

—The lawn party given on the lawn in front of Mrs. Fancher's residence on Pleasant street Wednesday was well attended, proving both a social and financial success. It was given for the benefit of the Buelah Baptist mission, and netted a substantial sum.

—Joseph Goodman, 5 years old, whose home is in Mahoney's block, fell from a Newton & Boston electric about 6 o'clock last Monday evening, and was slightly injured. City physician Utley was called, and the boy removed to his home by Patrolman Compton.

For September board in the mountains, see adv. of Blair's House, Campton, N. H.

HAIDING WORKING BOYS.

ELABORATE PROGRAM ARRANGED FOR SATURDAY'S FESTIVAL.

The outdoor festival in the Charles River Park, Saturday, in aid of the Working Boys' Home, promises to be unique in the series of mid-summer entertainments. These annual occasions in behalf of so worthy a charity have come to be fixtures in the cycle of the season's outings, and the park lends itself admirably to the purposes of the committee.

The fun begins at 1 p. m. and continues till 10 o'clock, when the finale will be a display of fireworks. The program includes a fine card of vaudeville artists, bicycle racing by the leading New England riders, match relay bicycle races between some of the best bicycle clubs in and around Boston, a cake walk by a troupe of southern negroes, together with prize buck and wing dancing, the "tramp cyclodrome," Fred St. Onge, in his comical act, and the usual tables of refreshments conducted by the ladies of the various friendly parishes in the city. Low prices of admission will prevail, and every patron is assured that he will more than get his money's worth of pleasure and fun while he is helping a most worthy charity.

All Harvard bridge cars pass the entrance to the park.

Ashes and Paper.

To the Editor of the Graphic:—

We are having a terrible time up in our neighborhood and the peace of a quiet community is seriously threatened. You see it is just this way. My neighbor, Grower, and I are not bowed down by the weight of wealth and there are many things that we have to do with our own hands. We shovel our own snow, mow our own lawns, put out our own ashes, and sometimes we help our wives sweep the carpets. We know what it is to have our brows sweat, and often we earn our bread by the sweat that appears in other places.

George Herbert said:

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine,
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine."

This was before the days of coal, but the suggestion is broad enough to take in the drudgery of getting out ashes. But I am diverging.

Last spring I got a notice to the effect that wazons would call at my residence on the 6th day of May and take away ashes, and on every other week they would call and take away paper. There was great rejoicing. Grower and I have for many years been puzzled as to what we should do with waste paper. We have tried to burn it; but paper that you want to get rid of will not burn. I have stood over a fire in a heap of papers for hours and at the end found unscorched papers at the bottom. I firmly believe that a building constructed of folded newspapers would be fireproof. We were so delighted with the new arrangement that we took a drink. It was soft stuff. Grower came over to talk about it and drink my moccie. He hires root beer and there was none to let at that time. Everything was so festive and the root that saved the Roman Empire from destruction was out of sight in the clouds. We got along very well for some time. We got at the week the ashes were to go out and finding a common denominator, and multiplying the square root by the numerator. If the product was even it was ash week. If the product was odd it was paper week. We hit it right every week.

Now the trouble came. You see we took a vacation. We got an accommodation neighbor to take care of the hens and feed the cat and then we went up into the country where we could lie under a tree and watch the wind blow, likewise we caught fish.

We are back now and the war is on. We lost a few weeks and we are all broken up in our calculations. We don't know which the toter week is and we don't know whether it is ashes or paper.

I came home and found that I had forgotten to wind up my calendar before I went away. I ran down while I was away and I don't know how to set it. Grower put his calendar in the sun and it got so hot that the mercury exploded. We were completely off our base and away from our bearings. And so we began to calculate.

Grower got out his algebra and went to work with that x for ashes.

I went to work with geometry and started from May 6 with a line of angles, chords and parallels that was appalling. I came out with ashes and he came out with paper. We both went down to see Stanley and got him to put his x-rays on it. He worked over it awhile and told us that he found nothing but rubbish at either horn of the dilemma.

We then consulted Bill Jones. He is a Christian science man. He told us to think of what we wanted and we could have it. "Think ashes," he said, "and the cash will come." "Think paper," he said, "and the paper will come." Now that's where we are. If the city fathers had said ashes on the second and fourth weeks and paper on the first and third weeks it would have been easy, but when they tell us to take the toter week from May 6, it makes us a calculating machine. What will the unborn babies who have to put out ashes in 1920 do about it? How will they calculate the toter week May 6, 1898? I don't know. The future is filled with misery for me when I think of ashes and paper.

BUKBYRM.

SOME persons say it is natural for them to lose flesh during summer. But losing flesh is losing ground. Can you afford to approach another winter in this weakened condition? Coughs and colds, weak throats and lungs, come quickest to those who are thin in flesh, to those easily chilled, to those who have poor circulation and feeble digestion.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod liver oil with hypophosphites does just as much good in summer as in winter. It makes flesh in August as well as April. You certainly need as strong nerves in July as in January. And your weak throat and lungs should be healed and strengthened without delay.

All Druggists, 60c. and \$1.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York

HUNGER IN WARTIME

HOW IT COMPELS EXPERIMENTS UPON QUEER MEATS.

The "Siege Venison" of Paris Is Usually the First Resource—Then the Flesh of Dogs, Cats, Rats and Even Wild Beasts Is Devoured.

It is only in times of siege and famine that men discover how many different kinds of food there are besides those usually consumed. Hunger drives them to experiments upon substances which they would shrink from eating on ordinary occasions, and they frequently find that these uncommon foods, generally considered unfit for human beings, are not only nourishing but agreeable in flavor once the prejudice against them has been broken and the palate accustomed to the new taste.

There have been at times in different countries a large number of persons who made trials of odd foods for the purpose of ascertaining their fitness for consumption, but they have never succeeded in accomplishing their projected reforms. Most people cling fondly to their old ideas about what is good to eat and what is not, and only the prospect of genuine famine can persuade them to try ordinarily condemned things.

When any town or district has been besieged for such a length of time that its food supply runs short, the first proceeding usually resorted to in order to procure food for the inhabitants is the killing of horses. This meat seems to be preferred to any other of an unusual nature when the everyday beef, mutton and pork become unobtainable. The eating of horseflesh under such circumstances is a practice dating back to very early times, instances of it being mentioned among the Persians, the Greeks and other nations of antiquity.

Later it is recorded that at the siege of Antioch, in the first crusade, the horses of the besiegers were eaten in such quantities that in two months not more than 2,000 of the original 70,000 were left. At the siege of Metz 30,000 horses are said to have been eaten.

But the famous siege of Paris in the Franco-Prussian war furnishes the most interesting example of the variety of meats which may be used in great straits. During that terrible winter of 1870-1, while the German army outside prevented supplies of any kind from being brought into the unfortunate French capital, not only such familiar animals as horses, mules, dogs, cats, rats and mice supplied the tables of rich and poor alike, but even the menagerie of wild beasts in the Jardin des Plantes disappeared gradually, and neither doubt nor surprise was expressed at its destination.

Of the horses 65,000 were eaten during the siege. This meat, however, was not new to the Parisian taste—at least not to the taste of the working classes. Since 1866 it had been lawful to slaughter horses for human food, and horse butcher shops were common establishments in the city. But the entire number of horses killed in time of peace was trifling compared to this enormous total in wartime. The Parisians, with their irrepressible irony and disposition to smooth matters over, even under such circumstances as these, called the horse meat "siege venison," and there were few complaints regarding it.

According to the general testimony, not only of the French at this time, but of scientists in different countries who have tried the meat under many conditions, horseflesh possesses a flavor about half way between that of beef and game and is variously compared to venison and to hare. It is coarser in grain than beef and in this respect resembles bull beef more than any other. It has a peculiar smell, which is at first a trifle disconcerting, but which soon becomes familiar, and a certain sweetness of taste. It is darker in color and more moist than beef. Its fat, which is moist and yellow, is not generally mixed with the lean, and it soon melts and becomes rancid. The authority says that horse meat, being richer, is undoubtedly superior to beef for soup, and he goes on to declare that for roasting the best parts of a young horse are finer than any beef. The chief chemical difference between the two is that horseflesh has the greater quantity of the nitrogenous substance called creatine.

Besides the 65,000 horses eaten during the siege of Paris 1,000 asses and 2,000 mules are said to have been consumed. The flesh of the latter was pronounced delicious, exceeding horseflesh in its quality. The number of rats and mice used is not computed, but of dogs there are said to have been 1,200 and of cats 3,000. From the testimony of many persons who have eaten the flesh of cats and dogs it is said to resemble that of rabbits and when well cooked to be extremely palatable.

Of the animals in the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes the flesh of two bears which were eaten was likened to pork, both in texture and taste. Three elephants were consumed, and while there is no record of the way in which the Parisians prepared their elephant meat it is well known that it can be made pleasant to the taste when cooked in the proper way. African travelers and hunters have many tales to tell of the delicacy of baked elephant's foot. Elephant's heart and liver are also esteemed as food, and steaks cut from the animal are said to be juicy and tender.

Three kangaroos and a seal from the menagerie helped to vary still further the siege fare. The seal's flesh was compared to young lamb.

Although meat is desirable for its strength giving qualities, especially when men require unusual vigor for fighting, still vegetable foods will support life and energy for a long time. Rice is nourishing and has served as a war food. During the famous siege of Lucknow, in India, it was for a long time the only thing left to eat. The native soldiers generously requested that what little rice there was should be given to their British comrades. They would get along, they said, with the "soup"—that is, the water in which the rice had been boiled.—New York Tribune.

Charity For Publication.

A woman—she said she was a prominent society woman, and her name had a familiar and distant sound—came into this office one day last week to have printed a notice that she and a group of her friends, all prominent women, were about to do something for the soldiers. It was a charitable scheme, just like a score of others, but it happened that a reporter had just been telling about a case he had come across of a soldier in need. The woman was invited to hear his story. It did not touch her apparently.

Would she attend to the case? "Well, if we take it up, will you put it in the paper?"

The reporter took care of it.—New York Commercial Advertiser

STOP IT!

Stop lugging coal to dirty the house, over heat the kitchen, and waste fuel while you are not cooking. If you want to see how 2,000,000 housekeepers keep cool, avoid work and worry, and save cash, go buy a modern

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If your dealer does not sell Vapor Stoves and Stove Gasoline, write to the Standard Oil Company, New York City.



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ELY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure. Apply into the nostrils. It is quickly absorbed. 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; samples 10c. by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 55 Warren St., New York City

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Agent for THE GRAPHIC, and receives subscriptions and makes collections for it. He also makes terms for advertising, hand bills, and all other kinds of printing. Also, Real Estate to sell and to rent, and insurance against fire in the English and American companies.

NEWTON CENTRE.

—Ivers & Pond pianos, Farley, Newton.
—Mr. Lewis Murphy is at Salisbury Beach.

—Dr. Cook and family of Sumner street have returned.
—Mrs. Langdon has reopened her house on Lake avenue.

—Mrs. R. B. Everett has returned from a visit out-of-town.
—Mr. W. O. Knapp has returned from the Salem Willows shore.

—Mr. George Richardson and his young son are at St. Andrews, N. B.
—Mrs. McWain and Miss Edith McWain have returned from Camden, Me.

—Mr. Ernest McWain returned Tuesday night from a trip to Portland, Me.
—Mr. G. F. Richardson is at the Sea View house, Kennebunk beach, Me.

—Miss Ella E. Hood of Albany avenue is visiting her sister at West Gardner.
—Mrs. Hayden of Sumner street has returned from an extended western trip.

—Miss Lillian Ellis has returned from a several weeks outing in Lisbon, N. H.
—Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Davis of Lake avenue have returned from Hancock, N. H.

—Sergt. Bartlett of police division 3 is away on his annual vacation of two weeks.
—Miss H. P. Ware, who is a member of the A. A. S., attended the 50th anniversary.

—Mr. Austin W. Benton of Sumner street has returned from the White Mountains.
—Dr. Beatrice Brickett has opened an office at Mrs. Bodge's residence on Centre street.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Crafts have returned from Hawthorne Inn, East Gloucester.
—Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Thatcher of Beacon street are at Little Boars Head, N. H., for the summer.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Rice and Miss Harriet Paul have returned from Franconia, N. H.
—Rev. Nehemiah Boynton and family of Langley road returned this week from North Scituate.

—Mrs. J. B. Wood has returned to her residence on Homer street after an extended summer trip.
—Mr. D. B. Claffin and family of Chase street have returned from St. Andrews, New Brunswick.

—Miss Edna Ball and Miss Abbie Fuller of Oak Hill left this week for an outing at Portsmouth, R. I.
—Mr. and Mrs. Irving Doane, formerly of this place, are occupying their new cottage at Chatham.

—Mrs. E. Porter and Miss Porter of Langley road returned this week from Mt. Desert, Maine.
—Some twenty members of the Circuit Cycle club took a trip to Lake Nagog, North Acton, last Sunday.

—The members of the Methodist church will resume their services on Wednesday in Bray's small hall, Sunday, Sept. 2nd.
—Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Hall and their young son of Beacon street have returned from an extended outing in Nantucket.

—Rev. Mr. Chambers of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., occupied the pulpit at the Baptist church at both services last Sunday.
—There will be a run of Circuit Cycle club members to Nantasket next Sunday, starting from the club rooms promptly at 9 a. m.

—Mr. T. G. Fuller, carpenter and builder, has taken the shop recently occupied by Mr. Jax. A. McEllan, who has taken a shop at Newton Highlands.
—Mr. McDaniel's party will go to Salem on Wednesday, Aug. 31st. The Winthrop line boat steamer, O. E. Lewis, Atlantic avenue, at 9.45. Box lunch. If stormy, go Thursday. Open to all.

—Messrs. Carl B. Knapp and Edward Armstrong left Monday for a bicycle trip through Maine. Their plan is to stop in several prominent cities, where they will be the guests of friends.
—Mrs. Horace Consens of Beacon street fell while walking down stairs at her summer cottage at Nantasket, Tuesday. Her right hip was badly injured. She was brought home Wednesday.

—Following is the list of letters remaining in the post office: J. D. Casey, Mary E. A. B. Clark, G. E. Johnston, Harriet Lane, Mrs. William Locke, Mrs. H. James McGrath, Mrs. Griffin Miner, Mary O'Flarity, Mrs. Lottie B. Senter, William H. Smith, Anna M. Whiting.

—It is now expected that the new Methodist church building will not be completed until the first of January. Since operations were first commenced there has been a delay of three weeks caused by the rain at different times. Notwithstanding this, the builders have been making excellent progress, and at all appearances the new edifice will be a complete example of ecclesiastical architecture.

—The operations of a clever swindler has been reported to the police this week, and they are now looking for a man described as about 38 years old and wearing dark pants, dark coat and a light-colored shirt. Such a looking individual called last Monday at the residence of Mr. F. C. Pope on Ashton park, and expressing a desire to see Mrs. Pope on important business was shown in. Mr. Pope, the visitor said, had met with an accident, and though uninjured desired a change of clothing before he returned home. He had instructed the alleged messenger to call for them. In all haste Mrs. Pope placed a complete set of shoes, stockings and shirts, in a russet leather case, and gave them to her. With these he hastened to Mr. Pope's rescue. When that gentleman returned Monday evening he disclaimed all knowledge of the affair, and communicated with the police.

—The funeral of the late Walter F. Ford, senior partner in the wholesale lumber firm of Ford & Godfrey of 19 Exchange place, Boston, was held last Friday from the Newton cemetery chapel. Early in the forenoon the remains were conveyed from the late home of the deceased, at 199 Marlboro street, Boston, to the cemetery chapel. Beside the near relatives of Mr. Ford, there were present at the services more than 100 of Boston's prominent business men who knew the dead merchant in his varied capacities of president of street railroads, bank director or as one of the foremost members of the lumber trade in this city. The religious services at the chapel were beautiful and impressive. They had been arranged under the direction of Mr. Charles A. West, an old friend of the deceased. The Rev. Edward A. Horton was the officiating clergyman. The services were opened by the singing of "Eternal Goodness" by a quartet. Mr. Horton followed with the reading of scripture; Mr. Johnson sang "Twice Not Be Long," and the quartet rendered "Calling for You and Me." The service was concluded by scriptural reading and prayer by the clergyman. The entire congregation followed the body to the grave in the cemetery. The floral offerings were magnificent. Mr. Ford died Tuesday of last week.

THE HOTEL PEMBERTON, Hull. He leaves a widow and one son.

—Mr. Carl Muller has returned from his vacation at Kittery Point, Me.
—Mr. I. R. Stevens is improving from a slight, slow illness. He is now at his father's on Cape Cod, who is somewhat feeble at an advanced age.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS.

—Mr. E. Thompson is taking his annual vacation.
—The Beck family have returned from their summer outing.

—Mrs. Goodwin and daughter are at home from their summer travels.
—Mr. F. W. Dorr and family have returned from their stay at the Cape.

—Mrs. Barney and the Anderson brothers are visiting relatives in some of the Maine towns.
—Miss Alice Keating, who has been a long time ill, we are glad to hear, has improved in health.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hopkins have returned from a stay of several weeks at Ogunquit, Maine.
—The Newton Highlands Fishing Club had a day's outing on Thursday, and went to Savin's Grove.

—Miss Abby A. Fuller and Miss Edna L. Ball, of Oak Hill, have gone to Newport, for a stay of a week.
—Mr. J. W. Foster has gone to join his family at Diamond Island, on the Maine coast, and later on will go inland.

—Mr. A. B. Cook and family have returned from Bath, Me., where they have been the guests of Mrs. Cook's mother, Mrs. Winslow.
—Mr. Sanford Thompson, who has been confined to the house on account of illness for several days, is now on the mend. Dr. Eaton attended him.

—Mr. G. L. Kingsbury of Wellesey Hills has sold his estate on Harrison street, at Eliot, to Mr. Alfred A. Sherman, the grocer at the Highlands.
—Rev. George W. Phipps, D. D., of Rutland, Vt., will have charge of the services at the Congregational church next Sunday, at 10.30 and 7.30. Free seats. All welcome.

—The estate on Wood Cliff road at "Rockledge," which was built by Mr. L. A. Rice, has been sold to Mr. Woodry, who is now making improvements on the premises, and will occupy when completed.
—The professional all around athletic championships were held at the Cedar street grounds, Newton Centre, on Saturday last, and Mr. L. A. Carpenter of the Highlands, who won last year, maintains his title as the all around champion athlete of the world.

NEWTON UPPER FALLS.

—Patrolman Fuller is enjoying his annual vacation.
—Mr. Edward Gulliver is spending his vacation at Plymouth.

—Mr. W. C. Esterbrook returned yesterday from a trip to Nantucket.
—The Misses Margaret and Amy Bakeman are visiting at New Haven.

—Miss Louise Bancroft of South Lancaster is in town visiting friends.
—Mr. William Mason of Oak street is recovering from his recent illness.

—Mrs. William Dyson has returned from a two weeks' stay in New Hampshire.
—Miss Bertha and Miss Florence Billings are at Long Island, Portland Harbor, Maine.

—There are letters remaining in the post office for James Hennessey (2), and Eugene Sargent.
—The local baseball team defeated the Craigs of Roxbury last Saturday by a score of 10 to 0.

—A number from this place attended the Scotch picnic at West Roxbury on Thursday of last week.
—Mr. C. F. Osborne of the fire department has returned from his vacation spent at Ashbury Park, N. Y.

—Mr. A. J. Davis and family of Halifax, Nova Scotia, have returned home after a visit to Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Davis.
—Mr. George H. Chambers will attend the re-union of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry which will be held at the Crawford house, Boston, Monday, Sept. 5th.

WABAN.

—Mr. H. E. Wiley is enjoying his annual vacation.
—Mrs. F. Weston is visiting her parents in New York.

—Mr. W. H. Gould's family has returned from Boothbay, Me.
—Mr. Winthrop Pratt is in Marlboro this week on business.

—Mr. W. R. Dresser is entertaining friends from out of town.
—Mr. A. B. Harlow is spending his vacation among the Rangleys Lakes, Me.

—Some nice new sign boards have been placed at the heads of the different streets this week.
—Private Martin Crowley of the 7th Infantry, U. S. A., is visiting friends here this week.

—Mr. J. E. Morse has returned from his business trip West, and will soon open his house here.
—Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Locke of Lowell are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Locke, Beacon street.

—Miss E. G. Stevens of Birmingham, Alabama, is the guest of Mrs. B. S. Cloutman, Waban avenue.
—Mrs. Myron C. Pease's father, Mr. E. G. Dayport, is slowly recovering from a long and severe illness.

—Mr. and Mrs. R. H. White have returned from their camp in Sharon, where they have been all summer.
—Mrs. L. M. Flint has been stopping with friends at the Rockland House, Nantasket, the past two weeks.

—Mr. C. E. Comer has been recreating down on the Cape. His son Carl is visiting with friends in New Hampshire.
—Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Robinson and son Eliot have returned home from Hull, where they have been spending the summer.

—Letters unclaimed in post office: Annie L. Abbott, West Cunningham, G. Fred Crosby, Albert E. Gill, W. S. Goodrich, Louise McGready, Chas. Love, Hollis B. Page.

REAL ESTATE.

A. G. Weeks, Jr., has sold his house and 25,790 feet of land on Hammond street, Chestnut Hill, to a party whose name is withheld for the present. The property is assessed for \$15,000, of which \$9,500 is on the building.

The Grand Army of the Republic is a title full of significance in this year 1898. It will be encamped at Cincinnati in September, and from New England will travel via the popular Fitchburg R. R.

Train up a servant girl in the way she should go, and the first thing you know she's gone.

THE WABAN POST OFFICE.

THE NATIONAL AUTHORITIES WANT NAME CHANGED BECAUSE IT IS EASILY MISTAKEN FOR WOBURN—A SUGGESTION BY REV. WM. HALL WILLIAMS.

Christmas Cove, Me., Aug. 22nd, '98.
To the Editor of the Graphic:—

I avail of the courtesy of your columns to make a few suggestions in regard to the proposed change of name for the Waban post office. The matter ought to be one of general interest to the people of Newton. As I have been absent for several weeks I do not know the state of the discussion at home, but I feel confident that the Waban people will feel great reluctance in giving up the name. The village will inevitably take the name by which the post office may be known.

It can hardly be denied that the alleged confusion between the names Woburn and Waban is an inconvenient fact. I feel sure that most of the residents have found this out by experience. For my part I should be disposed to concede that the request of the department for some change, which may obviate this difficulty, is eminently just. From this point of view I make three suggestions, laying especial emphasis upon the first:

1. Change the spelling. I have seen the name written "Wauban" and I think there is some authority for that spelling. It has certain simple advantages over the present style. While it is true that "Woburn" and "Waban" are easily confused it would be an uncommonly stupid mistake to take "Wauban" for "Woburn." The confusion has concerned the first syllable. Now while small and small o are, in careless writing, often indistinguishable, the diphthong au bears no resemblance under the most reckless pen to the vowel o. It seems to me that this would at once solve the difficulty and save our name. The department's objection must be to the written word. The post office is not concerned with the matter of pronunciation. As a matter of fact, "Wauban" would better indicate the proper pronunciation than would the word spelled in the present objectionable fashion. This change in spelling would prevent the very common mistake of pronouncing the word with the long a. No one could mispronounce "Wauban." To back up my statement that Waban is not likely to get mixed with Woburn I am asking my friends here to write the two words, and I expect soon to be prepared with a good deal of this kind of practical evidence. I will ask any persons who think it worth while to make similar lists in order that they may be submitted as an argument for Waban. If this spelling does not meet the objections raised I would even advocate going the length of spelling it "Wauban," (truly an Indian style) for the sake of retaining our name.

The present name, however it may be spelled, is eminently appropriate. Historically it commemorates the Indian chief who was active in the earliest Christian missionary work in this region. Besides, it is more than a happy coincidence that the names Eliot and Waban should be associated geographically as they are historically, for John Eliot, the "apostle to the Indians" and the Indian chief, were fast friends. Besides these historic and poetic considerations our present name is good to the ear and to keep it saves us from the English and pretentious names that so often disgrace our towns and villages. Even a discussion of the names has not always been ridiculous. For example, "Newtonville" is a hybrid word, distinctly bad English; "Newton Centre" is prosaic; "Newton Highlands" is a shrewd misnomer; and "Newton" as denoting a single village of Newton, is at once anomalous and presumptuous. If we relinquish the name Waban there is no knowing what wretched word may be fastened upon us.

2. The name might be changed to Woodland, availing of a name actually in use near by and reducing the almost absurdly large number of names distinguishing the various parts of Newton. Woodland is a very plain place, small even in comparison with Waban, and the prospects of its development are such that it is likely to form with Waban a homogeneous community. It is, of course, impossible to predict how the residents of Woodland would look upon their new name.

3. The name might be changed to some good English name, having recognized associations with England. Our forefathers gave English names out of affection to their fatherland. The present happy relations with England, which have resulted from the sympathies of the war, might well be marked in some such way. We are on the banks of a river, which was named for an English king. Why not some such name as Stratford? Officially it might be "Stratford-on-the-Charles." The name is abundantly justified by the fact that there is at Waban a remarkable ford across the Charles, which must, I think, have been of importance in the days before bridges were built here. The academic flavor would hardly be improper in a village which is already the site of two institutions of learning. The scenery about Stratford-on-Avon is not unlike some of the scenes near Waban. Visitors have frequently spoken to me of the peculiarly English quality of our landscape.

I take it that in this matter the department will be guided by the wishes of the residents, and it is to be earnestly hoped that there may be a very full discussion before action is taken on a question of such vital and general importance.

WM. HALL WILLIAMS.

It is estimated that 150,000 people witnessed the Saratoga Floral Parade in 1897. The Parade will be on a grander scale than ever this year on Sept. 6th, and the Fitchburg R. R. makes low excursion rates.

"Hit often happens," said Uncle Eben, "dat a man'll stalt in wif de intention o' bein' a peacemaker, an' wind up by simply complicatin' de fight."—Washington Star.

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LOYALTY.

Two friends I have, long loved and trusted long.
One, turning ever toward life's fairer side
And fearing lest it slip his grasp, would hide
From his soul's inward eye all sight of wrong,
Brings me the world's most comprehending praise
As friendship's highest tribute, sees in shame
Of mine or wilful blunder naught to claim
Deep felt repentance, but in countless ways
Finds pardon for me ever and again
Because I am no worse than other men.

The second, looking up toward heaven's light,
Vet works in stifling fog and close drawn
Mid want, doubt, selfish greed, where men
Must pray
As, growing, they seek out lost gleams of right.
Fanning my life with love's clear eyes, he sees
My old mistakes, mistakes, low ends
And when I wear earth's laurels but commend
With stern "Thou canst do better things than these."

Oh, how soul reader judge me of these two.
Which, think you, is the false friend, which
The true?
—Ruth Huntington Sessions in Century.

HOLIDAYS IN MANILA.

At One Time There Were Over Forty In Every Year.
Manila loves holidays. At one time there were over 40 in each year. The number has been sadly diminished, though there are still 13 left. I understand. Each pueblo has its saint, and on that saint's day the inhabitants give themselves over, as they do on the great holidays of the church, to music, fireworks, cockfighting, processions, etc.

Almost all these processions took place at night, and the effect was most picturesque. There would be a line of marchers, men, women and children, walking in single file on each side of the street, every one with a lighted candle in his hand. There would be thousands of people walking in these processions, and all the while it was moving tens of thousands of rockets and bombs would be fired. These rockets and bombs are homemade. The rockets consist only of a joint of bamboo filled with powder, exploding with great noise, but with little light. The bombs are simply a handful of powder tightly crumpled with hemp. They cost a mere trifle, but make a great noise, and no fiesta is complete without plenty of them.

The most curious procession is participated in only by natives and the poorer mestizos. It takes place, if I remember rightly, during holy week and is a high solemnity. Every one walking in the procession is robed in his grave clothes. The garment is a long loose gray robe with a hood, and it comes to the ground. The effect is very strange, and as the people go they repeat continually, "Santa Maria, Madre de Dios, ora pro nobis!" It may seem strange that grave clothes are provided before they are needed, but in Manila they are considered a prime necessity, and every native owns those clothes, even if he is bare of all other.—Wallace Cumming in Century.

By Jove," exclaimed the bridegroom as he sat down and tugged away at his mustache, "this is too bad!"
They had just arrived at Niagara Falls, and the porter had bowed himself out after carrying up a trunk that weighed 487 pounds, for which he received a 50 cent tip.

The frightened girl dropped her traveling hat upon the center table and stood as if transfixed, with one of her gloves half off.

"What is it, Harry?" she asked.
"This is a fine go!" he muttered. "I wonder how in the world I ever came to do such a foolish thing."

Then he felt in his pockets again and cast a helpless look at the big trunk.
"You—you haven't lost your pocket-book, have you?" she asked.

"No, darling," he answered, "but I left my keys at home, and the one that opens your trunk is among them."

"Oh, is that all?" she exclaimed, with a happy sigh.
"That's all," he replied, "but I have a hairpin from her rich brown locks."

"Open it this way. Now I know that I am the only girl in whom you ever took a real interest. Otherwise you would have known. Ah, Harry, dear, I'm so happy!"
—Cleveland Leader.

What a Knot Is.
Probably there is no nautical term more frequently used than the word "knot." The word is synonymous with the nautical mile, or 6,080.27 feet, while, as every one knows, the geographical mile is 5,280 feet. This would make the knot equal to 1.1500 of geographical miles, and therefore, in order to compare the speed of a boat expressed in knots with a railroad train, it is necessary to multiply the speed in knots by 1.1500.

Another point to be remembered is that speed means a distance traveled in unit time, so when one speaks of a boat having a speed of 20 knots it is not necessary or proper to add, per hour, as the word itself was employed as a unit of speed signifies nautical miles per hour. A cruiser that makes 21 knots travels 24.15 geographical miles per hour.—Philadelphia Record.

Where the Parson Went.
In a small village in Gloucestershire the clergyman was out visiting, but was expected back to preach on the Sunday. Early on Sunday morning, however, the parish clerk received a message from the clergyman to say he would not be able to preach, as he was going to "officiate" for another clergyman. As the service drew near the clerk rang the bell, and when the time was up and the people were assembled he went into the pulpit and addressed them thus, "This is to give notice that the parson will not be able to preach here today, as he is gone 'a-fishing' along with another parson."—Pearson's Weekly.

She Was a Bit Bashful.
Mr. Peet, a very diffident man, was unable to prevent himself being introduced one evening to a fascinating young lady, who, misunderstanding his name, constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally summoned up the courage, he earnestly remonstrated, "Oh, don't call me Peters—call me Peet!"
"Ah, but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters," said the young lady, blushing, as she withdrew behind her fan.—London Telegraph.

A Subterfuge.
"How did Bluffman manage to impress his wife with such an idea of his superior intelligence?"
"Easily enough. He read all the whist news and pretended to understand it perfectly."—Washington Star.

In certain parts of Persia the thermometer stands at 100 degrees night and day for the greater part of the summer, while so unbearable a temperature as 150 degrees is not unknown in that country.

All Goods Delivered FREE at Residences in Newton.

Straw Mattings

FOR Summer Use.

We have the largest variety of mattings in New England, and our prices are very much the lowest, owing to our exceptional purchasing facilities in the East.

\$3.50 will buy a roll of forty yards. A good jointless Chinese Matting can be had of us at 15 cents per yard, in lengths to suit.

Special attention given to mail orders.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,

658 Washington St. (Opposite Boylston St.),

BOSTON.

Represented in Newton by Mr. Henry Adams.

P. S. BARTLETT 17 jewelled Waltham Watch, nickel movement, in silver case, \$15.00.

Lady's WALTHAM or Elgin Watch in gold filled case, \$8.00.

Other kinds correspondingly low priced. Fully guaranteed. Cleaned free 12th month after sale.

J. W. BEVERLY, JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,

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WATER!

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Lincoln Spring Water,
Nobscot Spring Water,
Apollinaris Spring Water,
Vatray Seltzer Water,
Lime Juice, etc., etc.

BUT Don't forget our full line
Finest Groceries,
Butter, Eggs, etc., that can be bought

W. O. Knapp & Co.
NEWTON CENTRE.

Telephone 22-3, Newton Highlands.

NEWTON CENTRE
Boarding, Livery and Hacking Stable.

Mr. F. L. Richardson and Mr. E. J. Goodnow have formed a co-partnership under the firm name of Richardson & Goodnow, and will continue the stable business heretofore conducted by Mr. E. W. Pratt, and at the old stand, corner Beacon street and Langley road. Particular attention will be paid to boarding horses and carriages.

The Livery (or letting) portion of the business will be limited to a few first-class turn outs. We shall be ready at any time, day or night, to furnish hacks and carriages for private or public parties, with experienced drivers.

Asking for a continuance of the good will and generous patronage extended to Mr. Pratt, we hope by strict attention to our business to merit the same generous patronage.

Telephone, Newton Highlands 34-4.

GROCERIES.

With First-class Groceries and prices as low as anyone can afford them, I ask for a share of your patronage.

T. R. FROST,
Successor to I. R. Stevens.

Corner Centre and Beacon Sts., Newton Centre

A. H. ROFFE,
DEALER IN
Hay and Grain, Lime, Cement,
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HACK, BOARDING
—AND—
LIVERY STABLE.